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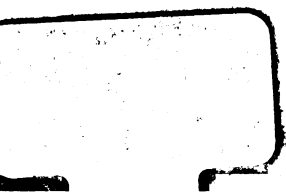
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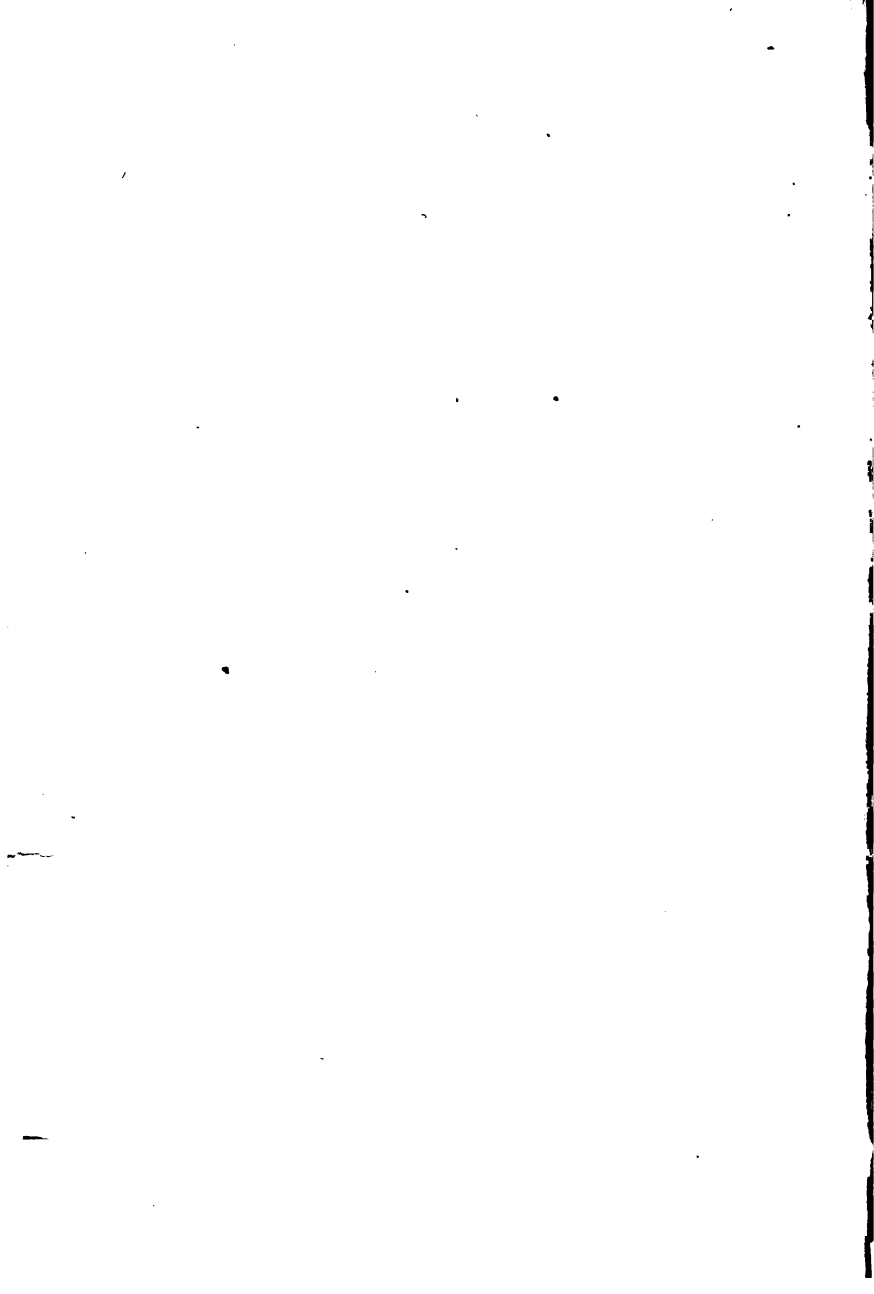
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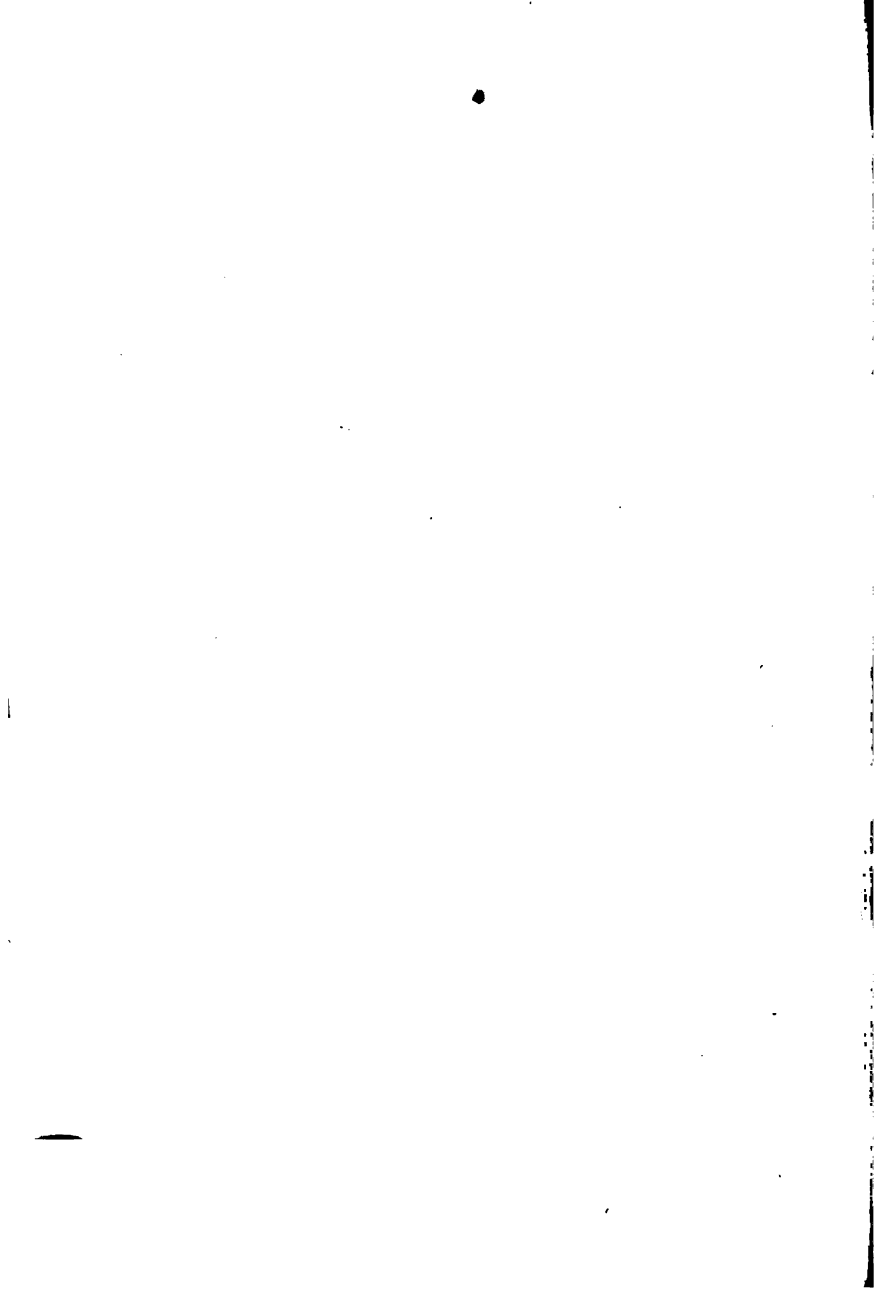
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In Memoriam

ELBERT
and
ALICE HUBBARD



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East Aurora, Erie County
New York

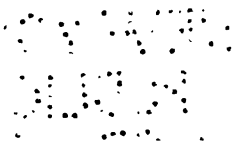
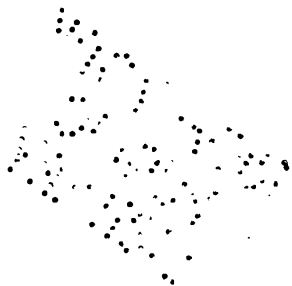
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ALBERT HUBBARD looks down on me as I write. From his position on the wall of my room he smiles at me as ever. His face is alive and full of the animation and hope and energy it always had. I have never seen that face with any other expression. Fate has been kind to me and I have been spared the sight of the smile he took to the other side. To me there has been no death—no pallor—no memory of seeing him in a sleep to be nevermore unbroken.

I know he has gone on his last little journey, and that somewhere he is traveling the way. His inspiration to me will forever hold me to my task.

Alice Hubbard went with him, and it was just as they would have chosen, hand in hand. There could be no separation. With one purpose in life here, there must be the same over there. God was good to them.

Of what the world of earnest men and women thought of them and of the inspiration they furnished the world, only a little can be gotten together in one small volume like this.

1924

JUN

WINDY FROM C. D.

There are countless thousands whose lives or thought have been influenced as have those whose tributes we have here compiled. I could not begin to print all the beautiful letters that have come to me.

But to the world of friends who knew and loved Elbert and Alice Hubbard do I give my appreciation, and to these would I offer this little diversified collection of letters of tender affection, love, respect, praise and glorification, with the hope that there may be read into them the true value of their innermost meaning.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Elbert Hubbard". The signature is written in dark ink and features a long, sweeping horizontal line at the end, followed by a small vertical stroke.

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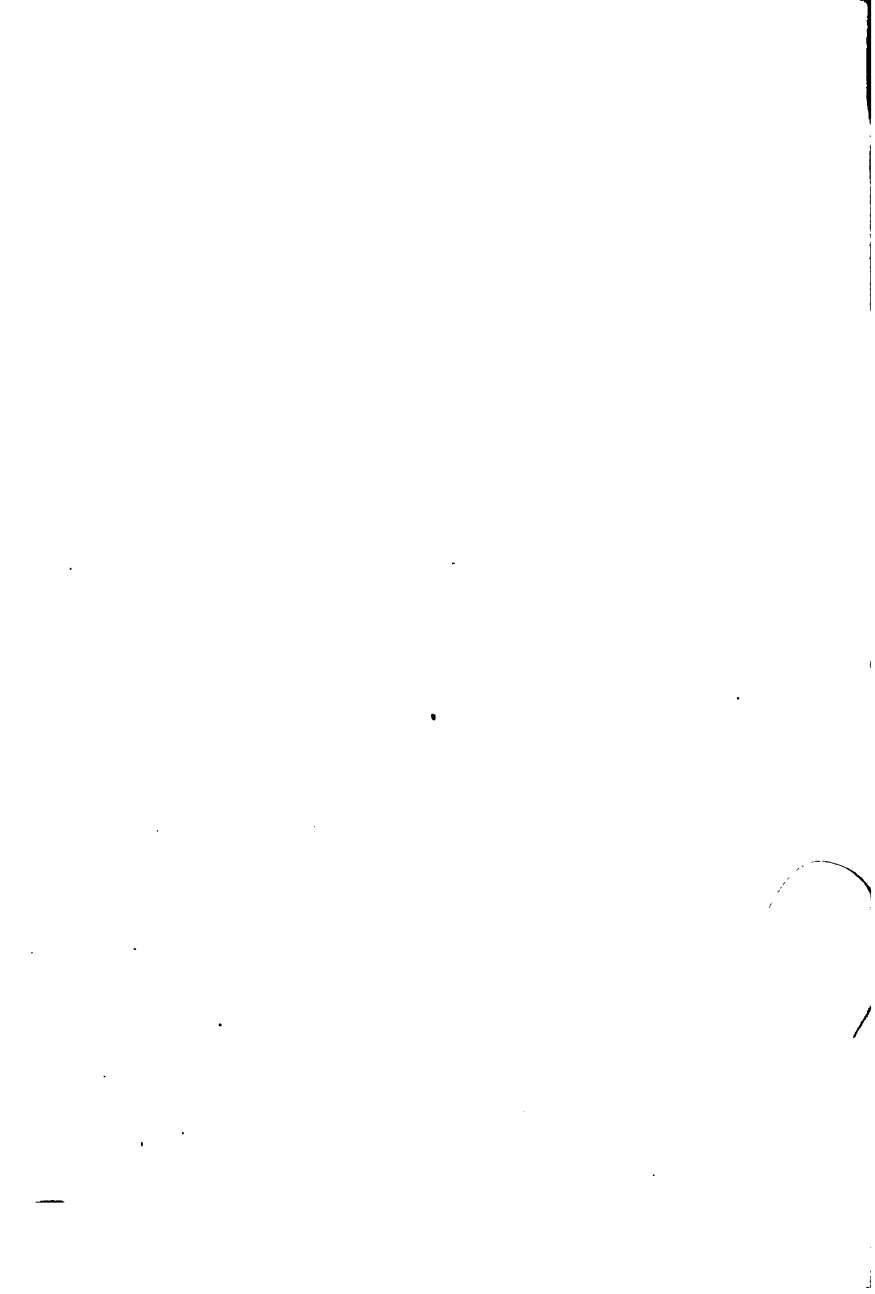
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In Memoriam

TIME takes them home that we loved, fair names
and famous,

To the soft, long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom of
death;

But the flower of their souls he shall take not away
to shame us,

Nor the lips lack song forever that now lack
breath.

For with us shall the music and perfume that die not
dwell,

Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we
farewell.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*



NE of the greatest intellectual giants in American history has passed over the Great Divide. He was a knight errant of gentleness and justice. His lance was a shaft of wit. He impaled hypocrisy on the spear of ridicule. He espoused as his own cause the

cause of all the lowly.

Last night my wife and I read some of his scintillating philosophy, with amazement at his wisdom, with laughter for his wit, and tears for his loss.

In his *Little Journeys* to the homes of great men and women, Elbert Hubbard has done what no other biographer has ever done so well. He has given us a look not only into their deeds, but also into the heart and soul of their personality.

When a man is dead, he must trust to his reputation with Saint Peter, and lean on his biographer. If Saint Peter has in him a heart of understanding, with also the saving grace of humor, and if he reads the papers, especially "The Fra" and "The Philistine," he has come to know Elbert Hubbard as we knew him, and the doors of Celestia were waiting wide open.

Elbert was of such timber as the old-time gods were made. His face was a reason why God made man in His own image ♣ ♣

A wise man once said that no great man is great to his valet, and another wise man added—because his valet is not a great man. The greatest biographer of the world

next to Elbert Hubbard was Boswell, who made it possible for us to see Samuel Johnson in all his bigness, without dwarfing him with his many littlenesses. Johnson was big enough, after what was little in him had been subtracted.

Elbert Hubbard may have had some littlenesses—all of us have—but if he did, he hid them with amazing skill.

He was a great philosopher—a very great philosopher—and the philosopher is the greatest of men.

He stood far in advance of the world, and pulled the world after him. The world never appreciates such men until it has caught up with them. It will be some time yet before the world gets alongside Elbert Hubbard when he left his work.

Put the face of Elbert Hubbard beside that of Dante, and we can measure Elbert's size the better. He saw, as Dante did, all the faults, failures, shortcomings and wickedness of human nature ; but he had the knowledge that all our littlenesses and wickednesses are but weaknesses, and he saw and felt, what Dante did not, all of the glorious greatness and goodness with which this world teems, and he faced the world with laughter in his eyes and a song in his throat. His heart was always full of the gladness of living.

The poet has said of Lincoln, " He mixed a laughter

with the serious stuff." Elbert Hubbard was ever ready with his shafts of wit, and yet he always launched them kindly, and he did what they did not who sunk the "Lusitania"—he gave warning when he was to launch a torpedo, and he torpedoed none but belligerents.

The last letter that I received from him was a note of warning that he was going to write a sketch of me in which I should be made to suffer enough to make it readable, and he asked if I had any objection. I wrote him that I had been hit so much by my enemies that I would welcome an upper-cut or a cross-counter from a friend ☞ ☞

Three years ago, Mrs. Maxim and I spent a couple of days with Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard at East Aurora, and we felt when we came away as one felt who had been in the presence of Caesar, and we felt that Mrs. Hubbard was a wife worthy of Caesar. ¶ He was a man of immeasurable size—a man so big that one might just as well try to tell the weight of a house by lifting at it, as to try to size him up. He was an honor to human nature, and a redeemer of our faith in human nature. He was a man to make the angels look our way and bow to us in friendly recognition, and boast that we are their kindred.

*Maxim Park,
Landing P. O., N. J.*

Hudson Maxim.

I KNEW Elbert Hubbard ; and I liked him. He was much more a trenchant and pleasing writer than he was an eloquent and convincing speaker. To judge his character from his writings, one would think he was arrogant, opinionative and intolerant ; but he was anything else than that. He was as ready to grant free opinion and free speech to others as he was to demand these rights for himself. In private conversation, he was a good listener as well as a good talker. He was a bundle of contradictions—and he knew it; and his philosophy of life was subject to frequent and radical revisions—and he did it himself. He was not a fossil ; he was a living thing that assimilates and grows. He was as variable as the weather-vane, it may be ; but, like the weather-vane, he marked the direction of the currents of public opinion. — —

Some of the time he was right—some of the time he was wrong ; but all of the time he was thoughtful—and made others think.

I did n't like him so much as an author as I liked him as a man—a broad-minded, kindly-hearted human being, who was bent on doing what he sincerely believed to be right. I did n't subscribe to all the tenets of his philosophy of life—by no means ; but I liked to read his articles, because he was a stylist, a master of modern,

fluent English—and because he always offered me an opportunity for mental exercise. But most I liked him because he had a sane sense of humor—and did n't take himself or the world too seriously.

Malta, Ohio

James Ball Naylor.

I HEARD the news of Elbert Hubbard's death on the "Lusitania" with the same ghastly horror that every one else experienced who knew him or read his works. His death is the most to be deplored of any man for many decades. He was the apostle of peace. He was one of the most valiant enemies of superstition. He was one of the rarest humorists and profoundest philosophers. Brave, kind, full of Faith, Hope and Charity, I venture to say he went down with the same brave stoicism with which he faced life.

Flushing, L. I., N. Y.

Richard F. Outcault.

I KNOW that he met his end calmly, sorry that he could not finish out his years of activity, that rightly belonged to his strong, vigorous body, and yet satisfied that he had lived his years full of hard work. Although I have never seen him, yet I have always felt, since first I saw his writings, that we were personal friends, and I mourn him as a brother.

Waterville, Me.

M. W. Bessey, M. D.

I HAD known Elbert Hubbard many years, and had great admiration for his versatility and ability as a pungent writer.

While not always agreeing with him, I found much to admire, and believe that time will give him a much higher place in the ranks as a thinker and writer than has yet been accorded him.

He was a perfect exemplification of our old copy-book adage that "the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom."

The death of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard is really to be deplored as a public calamity.

New York City

John D. Archbold.

WHEN Elbert and Alice Hubbard died, humanity lost two real friends. Elbert Hubbard was an American patriot in the truest sense, although the best efforts of his wonderful mind were always dedicated to humanity in general without regard to race or creed. One thing that appealed to me very strongly was his constant warfare on humbug and hypocrisy wherever he found it. If the organization he left behind can carry on his work with the spirit and energy of its founder, it must become an institution that will always deserve the grateful appreciation of the American People.

New York City

Daniel G. Reid.

I KNEW Elbert Hubbard intimately more than ten years, and in my opinion he was a great and good man •••

His naturally generous and charitable disposition made him ever ready to overlook the mistakes and infirmities of his fellowmen.

His philosophy was that of Commonsense, and much of his writing will live as long as the English Language.

Dover, N. H.

Marilla Ricker.

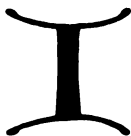


THE shocking tragedy of the " Lusitania " and the blow to The Roycrofters in the taking away of the Fra are of a nature to leave one speechless, and particularly when this catastrophe comes home so keenly as it does to those who knew and regarded the man whose initiative, whose energy, and whose almost unexampled versatility, p'aced The Roycrofters and their productions upon the high literary plane where they stand today.

To know Elbert Hubbard was to admire his business qualities. Whether during a chat at the office, on the veranda of the Inn, walking across field or rummaging around on the farm; as we often did together, his many-sidedness and mental alertness afforded both pleasure and inspiration •••

*Jacob Dold Packing Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.*

J. C. Dold.



It is impossible for me to express my grief, also that of the members of my band, at the loss to us, and the world, of Elbert and Alice Hubbard ☸ ☸

Mr. Hubbard radiated love and good-fellowship on all he came in contact with, and we loved him from the bottom of our hearts.

When we heard of the loss of the "Lusitania," and that our dear friends were gone, it seemed as though it were a blow aimed at us personally, and yet can hardly realize that it is true.

Mr. Hubbard's influence is, and will always be, with us. The members of my band, and myself, are better through contact with his personality, and it is with the deepest sorrow that we part with him, if only for a short time ☸ ☸

*President Canadian Conservatory
of Music, Winnipeg, Canada*

S. L. Barrowclough.



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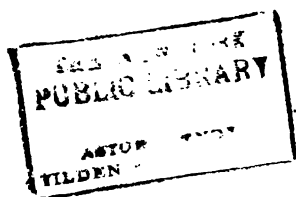
**ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION**



Alice Hubbard



Elbert Hubbard



The mintage of wisdom is to know
that rest is rust, and that real life
is in love, laughter and work ♪ ♪

"AVE ATQUE VALE!"

To Elbert and Alice Hubbard

HAIL to ye, passing beyond and afar,
Hail and farewell!
All the great good ye did here among men
Our lives shall tell.

Daily ye strove with hand and with soul
For things that are best;
Toil and beauty and freedom and truth.
Haply ye rest.

Swift to destroy the Hydra of wrong,
Swift to defend,
Patient and loving and urging to life,
Glad to the end.

Together ye joyed in the battle of life,
Together ye won,
Hand clasped in hand ye fronted the dark
And the rising sun.

All the great good ye did here among men
Our lives shall tell.
Hail to ye, passing beyond and afar,
Hail and farewell!

Detroit, Mich.

Leo J. Rabbette.



VERY clever man once said to me that he thought it was a mistake to read many books. This was such a radical statement that it astonished me. It seemed to be against all the advice I had ever received, and opposed to the common belief of those who care for improvement or culture.

I expressed my astonishment and he continued, "At least I would not advise a man who wished to be a Thinker, to read up on a subject which interested him until he had formed some opinion—subject, of course, to modification and amenable to argument."

"Why?" said I.

"I can only answer that by asking another question," said he. "How many men do you know who can form an opinion—with a clear mind from their store of reason and observation of life?"

"Can you not trace most expressed opinions to the latest book, the newest magazine, the environment of the speaker, the common thought of his associates?"

¶ I was obliged to admit the truth of his dictum.

Of all the folks we know, rub elbows with, chat, converse or argue with, how many have, as the saying is, "made up their minds" for themselves? What sheep most of us are! Lucky if we have a benevolent leader, but following the sophistical or treacherous one just as blindly, like the poor animals in the Chicago stock-yards, which are led into the death-run by the trained

bellwether facetiously called "Judas." ¶ I think, of those who knew Elbert Hubbard, the thing that most impressed them was that "he made up his mind for himself."

That he was a master of phrase, a genius of the written and spoken word, accounted for his public vogue. But those who knew him and had the privilege of personal conversation were impressed most by the absolute clarity with which he approached any proposition from the standpoint of his own reason and observation. There were many things upon which we did not agree—notably, Faith. The last time I talked with him, it was upon this topic. He said : " Faith is a talent which most of us possess. The difficulty is that religionists seem to crowd it all into unbelievable dogma and have none left for daily relations."

In spite of his not being of a religion he was a deeply religious man.

He refused the finite concepts of the infinite which many schools and creeds maintained.

But he revered the " Mystery of Life and Eternity." He has solved it now.

And if devotion to mankind has Divine appeal he has attained a full reward.

*Lambs Club
New York City*

Wilton Lackaye.

DOWN to the depths went Elbert Hubbard, with smiling eyes that knew no fear, and all the lovely mermaids rubbered, and Neptune shouted, "See who 's here!" Well might there be a great commotion throughout the sea, from East to West, for seldom has old Father Ocean clasped hands with such a splendid guest. The inkstand waits upon his table, his pen is rusting in the sun; there is no living hand that 's able to do the work he left undone. There is no brain so keen and witty, no voice with his caressing tones; and Elbert, in the Deep Sea city, is swapping yarns with Davy Jones. And all the world that reads evinces its sorrow that he 's dwelling there; not all the warring kings and princes are worth a ringlet of his hair. Death keeps a record in his cupboard of victims of the monarchs' hate; "a million men and Elbert Hubbard," so goes the tally, up to date. If it would bring you back, Elbertus, to twang your harp with golden strings, it would not worry us or hurt us to drown a wagonload of kings.

Emporia, Kansas

Walt Mason.



Men of the Elbert Hubbard type are rare and I consider it a privilege to have numbered him among my personal friends ♣ ♣

Atlantic City, N. J.

Nettie E. Armhold.

ELBERT HUBBARD

YOU, my friend, are gone, and my heart is heavy.
You and I spoke from the same platform that
last evening when you bade farewell to your loyal men
and women •••••

You said you might not come back again, and it was
tragically so.

Your hand-clasp is still warm in mine, and your voice
still speaks in gentle tones of love and counsel.

You have gone home so soon, but you are God's and He
has only taken back His own.

New York City

Grenville Kleiser.

TO THE FRA

HE felt, and gave, what men supremely need,
The loyal love of one great honest heart.
And, from his breast, no transport didst depart,
That was not freighted with a noble deed.

Pittsfield, Mass.

George Beebe.

ELBERT HUBBARD was very farseeing in his
outlook on life; and although I never had the
pleasure of seeing him, one could not pick up anything
that he wrote without getting a fresh ray of hope.

*Chesterford Gardens
Hampstead, London, N. W.*

Ernest Brown.

HRA ELBERTUS is dead. The clay that housed his active mind and kindly critical spirit floats somewhere on the broad breast of the Atlantic with the flotsam and the jetsam. His loss is a part of the price we pay to Moloch. We shall miss him, for he was always entertaining and many times instructive. There will be no more Little Journeys, only the Long One. God rest his soul and temper ours.

Chicago, Ill.

W. E. Wroe.

WHEREAS : Elbert Hubbard, a great Man, who was honored and loved by all who knew him, has fallen a victim to the atrocities of War.

And Whereas: He was a Brother in our great and noble Order and was keenly interested in the development of Mooseheart, the Mecca of all Loyal Moose;

And Whereas: His broad sympathies, wise counsel and able leadership will be missed in his own school that he loved so well;

Therefore, It is the unanimous sense of Indianapolis Lodge No. 17, Loyal Order of Moose, that we extend to you, The Roycrofters of East Aurora, New York, our heartfelt sympathy and Fraternal love in this your hour of sorrow.

*Lodge No. 17
Loyal Order of Moose
Indianapolis, Ind.*

*Rev. R. C. Smith,
Dr. H. W. McKane,
A. A. Womack,
Committee.*

NOW many poor, discouraged, tired, heart-broken brain-workers have received new encouragement and energy that enabled them to struggle on, until they reached success! And their reward for their honest efforts was all due to the sensible advice and encouragement given them by that wonderful, productive mind of Elbert Hubbard. The inspirationable effect gained by his communications to his readers could not be overestimated, and will be missed by many thousands who turned to his writings for encouragement when they felt in need of it ♦♦♦

No other man, since the days of Colonel Robert Ingersoll, has been able to coin the words that fit the situation and give the definition so briefly and so thoroughly as Elbert Hubbard. I knew him well; he was a man, physically and mentally, capable of taking care of himself in just such an emergency as that in which he lost his life; but he was a man who would not spare his own life if those in his care might perish. Like many thousands of his friends, I look about me for his successor, but I can find no one. I am afraid we shall never see his like again. Elbert Hubbard, the man with the wonderful productive mind—hundreds of thousands of people are better off for his having lived.

*The Olympia
Purchase, N. Y.*

William Muldoon.

I believe that no one can harm us but ourselves; that sin is misdirected energy; that there is no devil but fear; and that the universe is planned for good. We know that work is a blessing, that Winter is as necessary as Summer, that Night is as useful as Day, that Death is a manifestation of Life, and just as good. I believe in the Now and Here. I believe in you and I believe in a power that is in ourselves that makes for righteousness ☛ ☛.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

OH the harbor of quaint old Queenstown
Will guard your cherished dead ;
A grander place could not be found,
A tenderer pitying bed.

The Irish heart is bursting
With nature for mankind,
The Irish surf will guard you well,
'T is there sweet rest you 'll find.

Oh the Queenstown wave caresses
With Irish tears and sighs,
And many a prayer will fall on you there
From the seafaring passerby.

The heart that is wildly waiting
For the dear ones who went down
Can never again sleep as peaceful and calm
As you in the port of Queenstown.

The Emerald tomb that holds you
Wears sunshine on its breast;
Not woe but the beautiful stillness of peace
Seems to float on its opal crest.

Mary Garrigan Barry.



His doom linked in history with a world-shaking event ; with the life-renewing, endlessly cleansing ocean for a sepulcher ; one in death as in life with the woman of his heart of hearts, Elbert Hubbard found the end appointed.

How he faced that end, we know who knew how he lived—bravely, with a smile.

His work lives on. That we know. There are hundreds of thousands of people whose lives are larger, broader, deeper, higher, because of Elbert Hubbard. He brought them into the noble companionship of the good and the great. He taught them the secret of delight in work well done in a spirit of love for others. He showed how living might be truly an art, how it might be a continuous evolution of character in the individual, affecting with a forward and upward impulse the life of all.

¶ Once, at East Aurora, I had followed the Fra, at some distance, as he drove a flock of sheep from the Roycroft Shop out to the farm. I sat down to rest on a stone. As I did so a man came along and sat down near me on another stone.

"What do you think of that fellow?" said he, with a jerk of the thumb in the direction the Shepherd had taken ☛ ☛

"He 's all right," I replied.

"I should say he is," remarked the man. "I wish I could say all he's done for me." ☛ "Yes?"

" Yes. But for him I 'd never been anything but a poor Jew cigar drummer."


" What are you now? "

" Well, I don't know. But I 'm not what I would have been but for him. God! When I think of all the fine big things in the world that I 'd never have known of but for him, I feel like—well, like a fellow who has been saved from death."

" How was it? "

" Oh, one day, in the smoking-room on a Pullman I picked up a book that some one had left there and I began to read it. It was a " Little Journey "—to the home of Harriet Martineau. I 'd never heard of her before, and I did n't quite catch on to a lot of what I 'd read, but it got me—I don't know how. She was n't thinking of the sort of thing I had been used to thinking was important. I 'd never read much but newspapers, you know. Well, I saw that the book was one of a list of books about other people. As I had time, I got and read them all."

" And then? "

" Say, I was like Moses looking at the Promised Land. It was a new world, I tell you—all beautiful and glorious. The people he introduced me to meant something, and they seemed to tell me they were what all people might become." 

"But Moses never entered the Promised Land." ❦

"That 's the point. It does n't matter so much about Moses or about me. Other people did, other people would enter the Promised Land because Moses saw it."

¶ This incident is the story, the moral, of Elbert Hubbard's larger life. He pioneered the many to the Mount of Vision, and the way he pointed out was taken by quite a few who brought vision to realization.

No amount of criticism can obscure the fact that Elbert Hubbard was an extremely successful popularizer of culture, a quickener of perception, a stabilizer of incertitude of purpose, a propounder of the gospel of the satisfaction to be found in the possession of taste ❦

For the uncounted many he provided life with a meaning, discoverable in self-development. He set people who never heard of Hegel to externalizing themselves in their living, to eternalizing themselves in actualizing their ideas.

Wherever his influence penetrated, there were and are and ever will be found men and women living for the greater honor and glory of manhood and womanhood. These people took and still take from him the cosmic view ❦ ❦

His gospel was and is a gospel of enlargement, of freedom. He bade people look into themselves and find the good, not alone in themselves but in others. He showed



them how they might put themselves "en rapport" with the world-tendencies, using those tendencies and being used by them for a fuller realization of personality and for a better ordering of society as a whole. Elbert Hubbard was a pragmatist before Bergson.

Often enough his preaching was misunderstood. Looked at as he looked at it, there was nothing selfish in his doctrine. The only work worth while, he said, was work which served others. He did not disdain the world's rewards, but held they were only incidental. The reward was but compensation from those served. He preached the first great modern sermon on Efficiency, in "A Message to Garcia," but his was not the efficiency to be exacted of "the other fellow." It did not take the form of getting the most work for the least money from the man necessity compelled to work for another. What the hand finds to do, he said, that do with all your might. "Act well your part ; there all the honor lies."

Efficiency with Hubbard meant getting the best of yourself out of yourself—the leading out of your personality—education, in a word.

The Fra took the world as he found it. Pretty nearly everything in the world had a reason for being there. If it was wrong, correct it. If right, use it to get all possible good out of it. Things once good had lapsed into mere superstitions. Institutions once beneficial had ossified

or petrified. Wipe them out or restore them in proper adjustment to changed conditions.

He had no panacea for the world's ills : they were to be worked away by men and women with courage to tackle the job  

Hubbard's was essentially an individualist philosophy, of course ; but he held, and to an extent proved, that no one could do very much for himself without, of necessity, doing as much or more for others, all and sundry. He believed that the many could use the Superman for their own good, that the successful set a mark ever forward for an increasing number of other men eventually to reach, as a point of departure for further advance.

¶ While he believed in the successful man, he believed that all men could be successful, if they mastered themselves to a purpose not wholly selfish. Elbert Hubbard never praised a man for getting rich, but for enriching others. He glorified no one for what that person got for himself, but for what that person gave to others.

So much for his doctrine. The man himself was unique. There was no other American so self-contained—not self-centered. No small element of his indisputable charm was his perennial serenity. He was at peace with himself. However the wild world wagged or wobbled, the Fra was a calm at the heart of the storm. Nothing was of so much importance as not to lose one's balance.

And his equanimity was marked by a large tolerance, for he even suffered fools gladly. Humor he had, because of that tolerance. He was not so self-contained that he could not step out of himself and take a look at himself, and laugh with you at the spectacle confronting him •••

In twenty years of friendship I never heard Elbert Hubbard say a bitter word against anybody. I've talked with him about people who abused him with tongue and pen, and he never responded in kind. Never have I known him to fail in real appreciation of any good work by any man. We did not always agree in our estimates of men or movements, but he was not a man to impute to others lowness of motive. His great strength was that he was sure of his own purposes, and did not waste time on the consideration of the purposes of others ••• He had a glorious inconsistency, too. Preaching the gospel of getting along on your own hook, he was not unready of help for those who could not make a go of it. We heard very little of those who got a lift from Hubbard. We heard nothing of it from him. I know of those for whom he did much, with no reward but ingratitude. ¶ In all the years I knew him he never failed me when I called on him for anything. And I never found him in the least vain of his success. He seemed devoted to the day's work, and he made every day a full day. I admired

particularly the wonderful, quiet, absorptive quality of him, how he took in all kinds of information, how intuitively he understood character.

His simplicity made many people think him inscrutable. Even his public speeches I liked for their naivete. He talked of himself and of his work, of course ; but why not? Were not they what the people came to hear about? What had he to say other than: " Be yourself, find your work and do it, and be kind " ? All those things he did.

¶ I found his writing's power, too, in its simplicity. I can not recall one piece of " fine writin' " in all his work. He put everything he had to say in the most direct fashion. His " style " was like none other. It was himself, easy yet firm, not overloaded with decoration, colloquial. What he had read, he had digested. What he thought he did not speak until he distilled the thought to its essence. He was wise in that he considered things dispassionately.

At times I thought him, in personal contact, a mystic, and perhaps he was, but the mysticism blended exquisitely in his accord with commonsense.

I don't recall that he ever went off very far after a theory. He was concerned with the world of here and now, with folk who are as they are, improvable probably, but hardly perfectable. He would have Time take its time with them evolutionally, with man helping where

he could without stopping the machinery or getting caught in the cogs.

But I might write of him endlessly in an attempt at analysis and then not get anywhere. There was that in Hubbard which would not analyze. It was something of an idiosyncrasy with the universal and the particular. He seemed to take it all in, sympathetically enough, in that slow, steady smile of his. And he had a way of looking at people and just saying nothing that was disconcerting to those who were shamming to themselves and to him. ¶ "Bill," said he one day to me with mock solemnity, in Strauss' Studio, "Bill, it helps a heap in getting into and on to other people if you're on to yourself."

HLICE HUBBARD was a splendid woman, a noble specimen of her sex. She was a preponderant factor in the making of Hubbard. She gave to him and fostered, after the giving, most of his idealism. She was his inspiration when, after a successful career in business, he took a special course in college. She loved him and she suffered for her love in silence during long years.

A woman of strong character, with the urge of expression upon her, nevertheless she effaced herself for his sake and bore uncomplainingly the burden of a tumultuously visited upon her by the misunderstanding many.

¶ When in the course of the grinding years she

emerged from the cloud that enveloped her, and took her place by his side, after passing through an ordeal of bitterness to them both, and to others, she stepped to her place shiningly, for all that she bore the traces of sadness and suffering in her face. She was a brave woman to do such a thing, but she did it without bravado. She took up her work in a nice simplicity, and when she spoke or wrote it was not for herself she did so, but for her sex.

She brought the knowledge she had herself won in a finely sustained stand for convictions translated into act to the assistance of the cause of all women against subordination, splendid or squalid, of their individuality. For her experience she had paid her painful price, but the experience left in her no deposit of bitterness. ¶ To East Aurora she came as one looked upon askance, and in, as we say, no time at all, she was the beloved mother of an institution of man and woman making value. With her advent began the greater prosperity of the Roycroft establishment.

Though the world does not know it, hers was the better business brain of the two. She put organization into the place. She expanded its scope. She brought it down from a rather misty idealism to a practical business undertaking.

While Hubbard preached abroad and planted, Alice,

like Apollos, watered, and the god who smiles on work gave the increase. Alice Hubbard was the business dynamo of the Roycroft Shop, and she made it pay better than it had ever paid before. She knew how to handle people, workers or purchasers, and much of Hubbard's supreme good sense consisted simply in "letting Alice have her way."

She wrote well, like a man. She was not a sentimentalist or a sensationalist. She wrote as one with an intense energy that scorned any pedestrianism in the style of verbal communication. All excess of decoration, all wordy fiddle-faddle, was burned away by the force and fire of her purpose. She asserted: she did not argue. Only those who knew well both Elbert and Alice knew the quality of their attachment. I so knew them, and I know that Alice's judgment upon any man or any matter of importance was the final determinant with Elbert. He would dream, but she held him to the purpose of doing.

Between the two, they made the water-tank that was East Aurora into, after a fashion, one of the "Meccas of the mind" for many people just initiated in the kindergarten of culture. To know the Alice Hubbard who mothered the girls and boys of the Roycroft establishment was to know her at her womanliest best. ¶ She always impressed me as a person of great power

in reserve. There was never evidenced in her any of that lack of inhibition said to be characteristic of femininity in conversation. She impressed me as one who had pondered deeply many things and reached conclusions. She had very broad views, but held them with a certain reticence.

Her devotion to Elbert was not inconsistent with a humorous appreciation of what many of his critics said about him. She had less pose than he.

And she was a splendid example of the large-viewed, modern mother, in her training and education of their daughter, the lovely physically, and suavely poised mentally, Miriam.

Alice Hubbard was a woman of the new time, but yet a woman, and so, subordinated in fame to her partner. For all her capability in affairs she lacked nothing of tenderness—and among the things I like to remember is that she was always a firm and true friend to me. Of the man's love for the woman who died with him I can not trust myself to write at any length.

Once, walking at East Aurora, he spoke to me of her. He spoke in reverent wonder of her in the most profound gratitude for the amplitude she had given his life, of the affection she evoked in the little community of Roycrofters. "I can't tell you, Bill," he said. "I can't explain it to you; it's the divinest thing I know, the

power of Alice to make hearts glow all about her." She vivified his world, strengthened his spirit, softened him to gentler issues, put an inner fire of poetry into his pre-eminent practicality. Alice for him nobly represented all women. Because of what she was to him he devoted himself to the cause of Woman. He could prophesy no better of the emancipation of the sex than that it would tend to make all women like Alice. What she imparted to him passed from him to the many who followed him. In their lives he and she were one and in death they were not divided.

Elbert and Alice Hubbard were slain by War. In their slaying it is some consolation to see that War has torpedoed himself. Their dying has multiplied indefinitely the number of the enemies of War, the number of those with whom is a passion the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love. Even in their ending these two served gloriously the cause of a higher humanity.

Their bodies are in old ocean's keeping, rocked in the endless rhythm of her heaving breast. But their spirits reign within our hearts, which, unlike the sea, will not give up their dead.

St. Louis, Mo.

William Marion Reedy.

What the world really needs is more kindness.

Upon every face is written the record of the life the man has led: the prayers, the aspirations, the disappointments, all he hoped to be and was not — all are written there — nothing is hidden, nor indeed can be.

FRA ELBERTUS

HIS was the mind that planned
The hand that wrought
Far better than we knew
In deed and thought.

His was the master mind
To do and dare.
His was the wit
To strip crude Falsehood bare.

Here toiled the Craftsman
Whom we all revered.
Here lives the Monument
That he hath reared.

His was the Soul
Superior to Fame ;
'Mid the Immortals
We enshrine his name.

Elmira, N. Y.

Homer Hyde.



ELBERT HUBBARD is gone. And to those of us who knew him as a friend the loss must always remain as a gap which can not be filled. Elbert Hubbard was unique. He made for himself a place in the literary history of America different from any of the others, but a place which many men would almost give their eyes to possess and be able to fill.

The whole world will miss this man of strength, of virility, and of outspoken words. His marvelous, long-ago-written bit, "A Message to Garcia," was read by millions and in all countries, for it was translated and published in practically every language in use today. It gave a great throb of inspiration, of courage to many a struggling young man. His more recently written terse, sharp, fearless sentences, epigrams and essays, now so familiar to us all on both sides of the Atlantic, will become Classics and will be quoted for many years to come. — —

And now our friend lies dead, and those "drops of ink," by which his wonderful mind permitted him to "make millions think," must dry and crystallize into recollections only. — —

Many years I have known this man and as many years admired his extraordinarily original mind. In Chicago I first met him, and since that day, twenty-five or more years ago, I have watched his progress and the development of his most interesting enterprise, for Elbert

Hubbard did so much else besides writing; and when a few weeks ago I received his letter telling me of his contemplated trip to England, I cabled my reply and the welcome which I knew that this, my adopted home of London, would give him. My page even yet bears the memorandum of expectation, for on the Seventh of May I had noted that my friend was to arrive, my friend who was to be my guest of honor at a dinner of literary men, journalists, public men and men well known in London, many invitations for which dinner I had already given. ¶ They would have appreciated, enjoyed and admired him here in London, and we here and he would have been richer for his coming, because each would have felt his friendship increased. But Elbert Hubbard is gone. It is n't death which disturbs. It must come to us all, and as I grow older its terrors to me have absolutely faded away, but it is the loss which makes my heart heavy and my eyes clouded with mist—the loss of that wonderful privilege—a friend.

*President Selfridge and Company, Ltd.
London, England.*

H. Gordon Selfridge.

The terrible news that has come to me of the sinking of the "Lusitania" brings to me a sorrow I must suffer in common with all those who have known Elbert Hubbard and who have been helped by his great genius.

Sarasota, Florida

Rube Allyn.

MY MARTYRED FRIENDS

HE was a king and doubly crowned,
A king of hearts and intellect,
Broad as the universe unbound,
And unafraid, with head erect.
He dared to speak his mind and tell
The truth, and just because he knew
Life's game, and how to do things well,
He always hit the bull's-eye true.

He was a man with soul so broad
That while in Nature's fond embrace,
We recognized the brand of God
Reflected in his splendid face.
We recognized the love he gave
And love has played the noblest part
In life, yes and in death of brave
Elbertus and his other heart.

She was a queen, his consort true
As tempered steel, her womanhood
Built far better than she knew,
Living and dying, making good.
Sprinkling the sunshine of success,
And representing all the arts,
Imbued with love and tenderness,
Dear Roycroft king and queen of hearts.

My king he was, my queen was she
Since once beside a singing brook,
I called him Pard, and her Pardee,
When Elbert said, "We 'll print your book."
My hat is off, my eyes a-sluice,
Dear King and Queen, 't is Heaven's brew
That wets my soul and jars it loose,
Because of love I have for you.

And surely He who reigns above,
Who notes the sparrow's fall, will see
That those who give so much of love
Will share His reciprocity.
And sure as Christ was crucified
By Hell's most cruel pirate crew,
Thus be the Kaiser classified,
These martyrs died for me and you.

These heroes unprepared, unwarned,
Unconscious of the devilish game
Of sending innocence unarmed,
To that eternal "Hall of Fame."
O King of Kings, uphold the right,
Let wisdom rule that war may cease;
But if we are compelled to fight,
Let 's fight for Universal Peace !

San Marcial, N. M.

"Capt. Jack" Crawford.

Y dear old friend! The tears come at the thought that I've seen your smiling countenance, grasped your kindly hand, received your friendly letter for the last time—Until Eternity ♫ ♫

Fate has played you ill. And yet methinks, I can see you cool, collected and prepared to die; aye, when Charon's craft hove into sight.

Your creeds were all golden wisdom, tempered with kindness and love.

The sweet memory of your creed of charity, love and helpfulness, will ever remain indelible on the inner walls of our heart.

I have not only read all your philosophic teachings, adopting most of them, but I have known you intimately, and can only designate you, as has been termed of another great man:

“ With malice toward none—

With kindness to all.”

Philadelphia, Pa.

Robert H. G. Smeltzer.

THE unfortunate ending of the late Elbert Hubbard is a distinct loss to every good citizen of the United States. I always have been an ardent admirer of his teachings, which will be an everlasting monument.

*Sergeant-Major 13th Cavalry
Columbus, N. M.*

Henry A. Bootz.

HLICE HUBBARD always stood bravely before the world in the advocacy of the cause of woman, using her fine literary gifts unsparingly in the setting forth of woman's right to be considered one half of the human race, and in defense of all womanhood against the blatant cruelty and injustice of the social order. She had the broadest possible human sympathies ; she looked with kindly gaze upon man, woman and child—censuring none, denouncing none. In a word, she embodied to the full the rounded character eminently worthy of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's noble apostrophe to George Sand :
"Thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man."

Moylan, Pa.

Doctor Anna Howard Shaw.

I THINK of Elbert Hubbard as a remarkable example of self-achievement, kindly judgment of others, keen business insight, indefatigable industry, a man with a Big Idea and fearless in its expression and I hope permanent realization. I recall my long conversation with Mrs. Hubbard, her womanly courtesy, her wit, her thoughtfulness. As I glance up at the volumes of "Fras" and "Philistines" on my shelves I can not refrain from feeling that I too have lost friends in this tragic war.

*The Curry Memorial School of Education
University of Virginia*

Alfred L. Hall-Quest.

THOUSANDS upon thousands have been inspired and ennobled by the writings of Elbert Hubbard. He was loved and revered by a nation. It is a mistake to say that he commercialized his talents. If he made literature profitable it was on account of the inherent worth of what he said. He removed the rubbish—looked behind the veneer—said what he thought, not what others thought, accepted truth in its humblest garb, and rejected error though fostered by power.

*Continental State Bank
Groesbeck, Texas*

Francis A. Collins.

STRONG Heart, true Heart,
You 've gone the way of men!
Great Heart, fine Heart,
Beyond the old world's ken.
'T will be a many weary year,
Till we see your like again.

New York City

Jessie Tarbox Beals.

IT was never my pleasure to meet a more attractive personality than Elbert Hubbard. There will be no one to take his place. No man of modern times was so amply endowed with brains as he, and now "that he is no more an inhabitant of the earth the larks miss him and the lions mourn the bravest of the brave."

Talladega, Ala.

Leroy Bowie.

IN common with unnumbered thousands I have found much that was satisfying, pleasure-giving and helpful in the writings of that brilliant and misunderstood philosopher, Elbert Hubbard.

He made the world brighter for many a man and woman, and therefore he lived not in vain.

Perhaps there was a false note now and then in his work, but, even so, the words of true philosophy and the doctrines of sincere optimism he spoke and preached, and the sunshine he scattered along the pathways of men, far outbalanced any shortcomings, and he made no claim to being perfect.

Elbert Hubbard will be missed, greatly missed, but his memory will be kept green in many a heart that found solace, comfort and pleasure in his written works.

Grand Junction, Colo.

Mrs. Maude W. Bunting.



**Men are valuable just in proportion
as they are able and willing to work
in harmony with other men ♣ ♣**

TO ELBERT AND ALICE HUBBARD

GREAT Lights whose virile tho'ts blazed 'round the
world

In signal gleams and gleams that 'wakened men,
The silent deep has claimed thee for its own ;
We may not hear thy cheery tones again.

Silence profound—and Ocean's trackless waste ;
No flower'd mound where we may kneel in tears :
But ah, 't is needed not—such souls as thine
Shall be remember'd through eternal years.

Thy voices now are hush'd—thy presses still ;
And naught save " Silent Essays " thrill each pen :
Great world-gaps have ye left—and yet thy words
Still live and vibrate in the hearts of men !

New York City

Olive G. Owen



THE first time the " Lusitania " made a trip across the ocean I was a passenger on her. I have been a passenger on her many times since. Every voyage on that ship for me was a pleasant one. She has carried my friends coming and going. I have marked my mail " S. S. Lusitania," and I have watched for the mail, the propositions and the contracts she has brought me.

When the " Lusitania " sailed for the last time she had eleven of my friends on board. But in spite of all this, when I learned of the disaster which had overtaken her my first thought was of the safety of Elbert Hubbard. It would surely be a comparatively simple trick to build another " Lusitania," but an impossibility to produce another Elbert Hubbard.

The most flattering portrait that the greatest artist of all the world and all the ages might paint would fail to give the music of the old-time voice. The greatest sculptor could not give the old-time grip of the hand. The greatest assets the world possesses are its great minds. When a great mind goes, the world is indeed poorer.

Hubbard was a great mind.

We would be barbarians still if we depended alone upon the strength and endurance of human labor.

The progress of the world is measured by brain-throbs and not by centuries.

Hubbard meant much to me, and if I had his wonderful ability to condense a nebulous cloud into one small and perfect crystal of thought, and then express that thought in simple and beautiful language, I could preach many a sermon from the life and work of Elbert Hubbard, plant many a guidepost along the road of human progress, and lighten the load of human burdens.

But we can't all be extraordinary. Some of us must work with our hands and feet to load and carry the bricks to build the temple which the Great Architect has designed.

While I still belong to the "hands and feet" brigade, I aspire to be a master workman in my own field, and Elbert Hubbard has helped me much in that aspiration.

¶ It was his "Message to Garcia" that first awakened my keen interest in Hubbard and commended him to my admiration. The "Message to Garcia" was also a message to me. It has been a message to others, and can be a message to those yet unborn.

Since my appreciation was first awakened I have enjoyed much pleasure and profit from the work of Elbert Hubbard.

It is hard to think that such a dynamic mind has been silenced forever. It seems as though it must be only a bad dream.

And yet measured by the work he has done, the people

he has known, and the part he has played in the affairs of men, Elbert Hubbard has lived several lifetimes. Most lives are pitifully narrow, even though they may stretch beyond the traditional period of threescore years and ten ; but his life, although short, was along the broad highway, and he was a part of or was in touch with almost every human activity, and so when calculated from proper measurements of his life's dimensions he had lived much.

Whenever I met Hubbard, even if it were no more than a momentary accidental meeting that did not go beyond a give-and-take " josh " on both sides, yet I parted from him with a scrap more of either wisdom or inspiration.

The man who can give inspiration to those he meets is a success indeed, even though he rests in an unmarked grave. Our lives are short at best, but things we do may live forever.

Hubbard knew the world better than the world knew him, and, while he made his mark, and a brilliant one, it will grow in size and brilliancy as time rolls on. In his daily life he was an animated sermon on the delightful trinity of life as it should be—Good Humor, Good-Fellowship and Good Health.

He was a fearless writer, and little minds were often prejudiced against him by little things he wrote.

He would have had more friends in this generation had he been more of a demagogue ; but he will be loved and remembered by coming generations when the demagogues of this generation are forgotten—or, if these demagogues are remembered at all, they will simply be remembered as being so weak that for the mere sake of gaining an indifferent livelihood they could not help but play and prey on the base passion of hate in their fellowmen ❷ ❷

If one has talent either as a writer or as a talker they find the shortest road to popularity is to misuse their talents by filling the working-people's minds with fancied wrongs.

Hubbard chose to coax music and harmony from the less responsive chord of good-fellowship rather than applause from the oversensitized chord of prejudice ❷ He not only did not fill the working-people's minds with fancied wrongs, but he established industries and filled the working-people's pay-envelopes with real money with which they could buy the comforts of life.

Elbert Hubbard, for a man possessed with a heart, was one of the best businessmen I ever knew. As a creator of business enterprise he made a grand success ; and if we had one man for every ten thousand of population with the creative and business genius of Elbert Hubbard, unemployment would disappear and our country

would be prosperous beyond the most optimistic dream of the most optimistic dreamer.

Hubbard was versatile and a success from no matter what viewpoint he will be judged.

Most men depend upon imitation for success. Elbert Hubbard was creative and original, and the foundation-stone of his success was initiation, not imitation.

He was kind and optimistic. He preached the gospel of usefulness and happiness.

He would not want his friends to be plunged in gloom over his untimely death ; and if he had been compelled to meet his fate alone, without thinking of the distress of others, we know how grandly he would have played his part. He would have sent back to us all a pleasing and consoling message.

If I should meet a similar fate my friends could build no monument that would please me so well as to give the broadest possible application to the work I had finished, and to carry on to its full harvest the work I was doing when death struck the tools from my hands.

¶ Let those of us who knew him, loved him and admired him, give the widest application to the work he has done, by giving the widest possible circulation to what he has written. ¶ Let us do what we can to give the magazines he founded the influence and usefulness that they would have attained had he lived

He can not write more, but we can carry his messages that teach usefulness and produce happiness to those who have never heard them. I will try to do my duty whether you do yours or not ; but surely we can steal a minute from the day now and then, or more often an hour from our sleep, to carry the work Elbert Hubbard has done, and the work he was doing, to those who will appreciate his labors as much as we do. ¶ So with this appeal, and the willingness and determination to do my part, I will go back to plow and plant in my own field.

New York City

Henry L. Doherty.

HMASTER mind, a kindly and benign soul, a big, generous, wholesome heart, a mental Colossus — Hubbard's passing has shocked us inexpressibly. Alice Hubbard, the beautiful soul, has accompanied him on his journey to the beyond.

They radiated goodness. They bettered the world for their living.

Our grief is poignant and we falter at English in our feeble effort to reflect this.

*Hotel Sherman
Chicago, Ill.*

*Joseph Beifeld,
Frank W. Bering,
Eugene V. Beifeld,
Ernest L. Beifeld.*

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THE CABIN IN THE WOODS
WHERE ELBERT HUBBARD WROTE "LITTLE JOURNEYS"

I WANT you all to accept my heartfelt sympathy in the loss of those who were father and mother to you. The blow was hard. I wish the whole world knew Fra Elbertus as I knew him.

I know that he believed in the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man, as gentle as a child, as brave as a lion. I know he loved God's Book, the Book of all Books, for he told me the Bible was his companion—but how he did hate sham and hypocrisy.

I have often told him I wished he had the childlike faith in the Son of God that I have. I hope that he who is to take his place among you in East Aurora may have the mantle fall from Father on Son.

New York City

James S. Coward.

FRA ELBERTUS was more determined than Napoleon; more brilliant than Ingersoll; more loving than Lincoln; history will record him as such and his works and deeds will be a divine inheritance for posterity.

*Otoe (Okla.) Agency
United States Indian Service*

Charles G. Morris.

We have all suffered a great loss; nevertheless, although gone, their spirit will ever remain with us.

*Young Men's Hebrew Association
Brooklyn, N. Y.*

*N. C. Greenfield,
President.*

THE friendship that Elbert Hubbard had for me, and which it is possible I may not have as deeply considered as I should, was none the less something not overlooked and which now, when these words to you can mean nothing to him, was real and lasting. Some few of his letters I have before me, the earliest being dated December Second, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-five. I shall place it with a copy of his first volume received by me so many years ago. I well remember the impression that his "Message to Garcia" produced not only upon the millions but upon a single individual, myself. It is one of the minor masterpieces, but it is a masterpiece that I hope will go on making its appeal for many a year to come.

Portland, Maine

Thomas Bird Mosher.



Prayer is an emotional exercise ; an endeavor to bring the will into a state of harmony with the Divine Will; a rest and a composure that gives strength by putting us in position to partake of the strength of the Universal ♣ ♣

ELBERT HUBBARD

HE saw the Good in every man,
In every nation, tribe and clan.
He could not see that " Adam fell "
And doomed the race to endless hell !
But said that Christ would make us men—
Now, here on earth, and then,
Whate'er our lot may be,
Entombed in graveyard, lake or sea,
" The life we 've lived is what will tell "
And fix in us a heaven or hell
From which we never can escape
By any law, or rule or Fate.
He loved the trees and native birds
And plead for them with earnest words.
When some would doubt the writer's pen
" Elbertus " spoke to brainy men
And said to every one of these,
" This is the Brother to the Trees."

Kent, Ohio

John Davey.



THE "Little Journeys" are ended: the long journey on the Great Adventure has been begun. May Great Soul and Twin Soul fare well at its ending. Beneath the fronds of sea-palms Elbert Hubbard and the elect lady of the "White Hyacinths" hand in hand lie together.

There is no question about this fact. Their lives together prove that even the mad rush of the wondering waters as the stately ship settled to her doom could not have sundered these two. There could have been no place in a departing boat for this woman with the man of her heart not at her side.

When the world hereafter shall think of the two great tragedies of the sea, two women will stand out above the wrack and horror, filling the eyes with tears and prompting hearts to give out more of tenderness and love—Mrs. Isador Straus and Alice Hubbard.

Was it not John Boyle O'Reilly who wrote, "The world was made when a man was born"? I never think of Elbert Hubbard that that line does not come into my mind ☛ ☛

Outside of his wonderful intellectual gifts, Elbert Hubbard was a man plus. It is twenty years since I first met him. In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-five, I think it was, I picked up a magazinelet called, "The Philistine." Just then the small magazine was a fad. More than one thousand were attempted, and one only has lived ☛

"The Philistine" had more wit, more good-natured satire, more spirit, more virility, than all the big magazines put together.

It had struck an entirely new note in current literature. It was as audacious as a spring breeze, as cocksure of itself as a college graduate, as good-natured beneath its satire and wit as a young girl at her first party.

I could not believe so good a thing could last, and later I learned that it was only proposed to issue a number or two—tenderly but surely flay a few Pharisees of letters—and then let it subside.

But so great was the interest taken by those who were later to become the worldwide Roycroft family that its continuance was announced, and I was one of the earliest subscribers.

And now for twenty years no number but I have read, as well as every one of the marvelous "Little Journeys," "The Fra," and every book that ever came from this great brain.

A year later I met the man. And for all these years, though we have met but seldom, the wonderful strength of mind and heart and body of Elbert Hubbard has been to me an inspiration.

His capacity for work was almost my chiefest delight in him. If he ever knew fatigue no one else knew that he knew it. He relaxed at times, but it was like the

stretching of a great lion—simply getting the limbs in position for a more fierce attack. I can imagine that in the Roycroft shops there were no shirkers. With such an example before them men could not be idle. Men have told me that Elbert Hubbard had his faults. Thank God! What a drab world this would be if men were perfect! It would abolish Christianity, and make virtue a drug in the market. Only by striving can an ideal be reached, and once it is reached the work of life is ended.

¶ I am told that Elbert Hubbard sat at meat with publicans and sinners. And I know of Another One who did the same thing. And for it men reviled Him and at last crucified Him.

I have heard that Elbert Hubbard took the woman who had known sin and gave her his hand, and a word of cheer, and a place to work and forget, and a way to walk by which she could come back to her womanhood. And that Other One did the same thing, and let one of the lost bathe his feet, and wipe them with her hair, and He went to the Cross. But the Man of Sorrows never complained, not even when the five wounds were sucking out his life's blood; and Elbert Hubbard laughed at what the Pharisees said and went his way rejoicing. ☛ ☛

I know that men with the prison pallor came to him and told their story and their need, and this man opened

the door of hope and walked part way with these condemned ones toward a new life, and other men condemned him. But these other men were not worthy to unloose the latches of his shoes.

It was the Man of Sorrows who said to one of these malefactors, "This night shalt thou be with me in Paradise." And the weak world asks us to accept the Man of Galilee and then sneers when we try to follow Him ~~se se~~

It has been said that Hubbard took other men's thoughts and rewrote them. I do not doubt it in the least. But I have never been able to find a writer or a public speaker who did not do the same thing.

And with Holmes let us say, "'T is his at last who says best."

The paper-capped workman in Amsterdam takes a dull stone and works with it at his wheel until thirty-two or sixty-four gleaming facets make it a gem fit for a queen's throat. And so the real thinker takes the dull pebble thoughtlessly thrown by the poor workman on the printed page, and makes it sparkle as a royal gem.

¶ There was one over at Stratford, known upon a time as Will Shakespeare, who was a master mind at stealing (if you prefer the word) the thoughts of other men ; but those other men are unnamed and unknown today, and the gentle Will is still the Best Seller in all languages

and among all peoples ! ¶ I have no grievance against that man who takes my old lamps and gives me new ones in exchange for them, especially when my lamps were of the old-time oil style and the new ones are electric ♫ ♫

If the readers of "The Philistine" were as familiar as myself with the public speech of many men (through my nearly forty years' work as a lecturer in the Lyceum and the Chautauquas), they would be surprised at the amount of matter used in lecture, sermon and address that was originally coined by Elbert Hubbard.

I know that I seldom make an address that a Hubbardism does not come as naturally into my thought as the "Ladies and Gentlemen" with which I begin my speech ♫ ♫

I doubt if any writer of any time has so enriched literature and speech with gems of fancy and of direct appeal as has this man asleep where the waves chant his requiem.

Much of Hubbard's work was necessarily ephemeral. But a wonderfully great part of it will live forever ♫ The world will never let go of the lesson taught in "A Message to Garcia."

"White Hyacinths" has strengthened love in thousands of homes.

His business talks have increased the nation's wealth .

through giving men the knowledge of doing better work, and increasing the output. His clear brain took the toil out of work and business management and made both a joy and a delight. ¶ And the man who works as one who knows he is doing good work soon does more work, and that means more wealth.

Above all the varied output of this stilled brain I believe the worthiest was the "Little Journeys." I have them all, and a library of one hundred times the volume could not give me the knowledge of these great men and women that the monographs of the "Journeys" have given me ♫ ♫

They were audacious, witty, informative, pathetic, at times really impudent. Why, there are "Journeys" purporting to tell of a great man that are nothing in the world but the story of Elbert Hubbard.

Take his Lincoln, for instance. You read page after page about Elbert Hubbard, and all at once he seems to remember that he started to write about Lincoln, and slips in a paragraph or two. Then some more Hubbard, and then back to the Emancipator. It is delightfully inconsistent, and really somewhat impudent; but hear me, when you have finished those few pages you know Lincoln, the man, better than you ever knew him before, and better than you can know him if you memorize the big life of Lincoln by Nicolay and Hay ♫ ♫

And so in all the "Journeys," this wonderful brain caught only the salient things, the needed things, the life and work of the man or the woman, and in a monograph of a dozen pages he put what other men would require two volumes to tell. And the two volumes would forget to put in the soul of the man written of, and this was what Hubbard never forgot. At the end of the "Little Journeys" you know the real man or woman—soul, brain and body—as well as about the little things that made up his or her life.

And so these "Journeys" are to be the literary monument of Elbert Hubbard, and I doubt not the day will soon come when they will be as universally used as textbooks in our schools as are the speller and the geography 🍀 🍀

But the life of labor is ended. The skies were so fair, the future was so bright, but the end must come 🍀 I shall not think of it as a tragedy. I have said that Elbert Hubbard was a man, plus. A man who has lived well can always die well. The man who has not feared life, but met its every demand with a smile, who has known want and bitter toil, yet laughed and sang as cheerily as when wealth and fame and honor found him, will not fear death.

And then he was not alone. The woman whose pen was as ready as his own to plead for the betterment of the


world of men and women, and who had been his companion in work and play for years, was beside him at the last.

And when it was seen that there was no hope of life, I am going to feel that Elbert and Alice Hubbard, smiling as on the little journeys they had been wont to take together about East Aurora, went smiling to see what the Great Adventure might be.

And as they journey on the quest, unafraid, content, may the gods on that wonderful highway be good to them, for they were good to us ; and if tears and love can help them as they fare farther and farther into the Silence, they have them in abundance out of the grateful memories of those to whom these lives were a blessing and a benediction.

Hamilton, Ohio

Lou J. Beauchamp.


ALICE and Elbert Hubbard were two of the brightest and most beautiful characters that blessed this world of ours. While we mourn the great loss—the irreparable loss—we can feel a deep pride and thankfulness for the great good they have both done and the lasting examples of their greatness and goodness which they have fortunately left in their writings, as a rich inheritance for future generations.

Boston, Mass.

Stephen E. Barton.



HERE are four grades of people from the viewpoint of efficiency.

First, the Indifferent.

Second, the Student.

Third, the Adept.

Fourth, the Master.

Elbert Hubbard was a master in his chosen kind of work: a Master Philosopher, a Master Writer, a Master Advertising Man, a Master Salesman.

There are four grades of intelligence: Ignorance, Knowledge, Learning and Wisdom.

Elbert Hubbard was a man of Wisdom.

There are four grades of people from the viewpoint of mental vision:

The man who looks no further ahead than the present is mentally blind.

The one who plans for a year is a General.

The one who plans for a lifetime is a Genius.

The one who plans for generations yet to be is a Seer—a Prophet.

Hubbard was a Seer—he was one of the Prophets of his time.

There are two planes of human consciousness: Self and the Universal.

Hubbard was on the upper deck—the universal, the cosmic

Big in body; big in brain; big in emotion; big in will; and that is what makes the big all-around man.

When the "Lusitania" was torpedoed and Hubbard sank into the sea, the light of a literary and philosophical genius was extinguished. No; that is not true. His light is not gone out; it still shines and will continue to radiate the light of wisdom for generations yet to be. Elbert Hubbard and Alice Hubbard are not dead.

¶ Though their bodies be made food for fishes, their minds will live through the books which they have written and the deeds which they have done. They have earned their rest, and the verdict of the many is, "Well done!"

Area, Ill.

A. F. Sheldon.

I AM one of those who learned to love Elbert Hubbard through knowing him and reading him.

¶ I am proud to say that James Whitcomb Riley has written me the following lines: "Hubbard's was a mountain spirit, free, strong and utterly untrammelled in this very complicated world of ours. We can ill afford to lose his voice."

And Riley is right!

And I belong to that goodly portion of the world that is deeply interested in The Roycrofters.

Highland, Kansas

Warren Kitzmiller.

WHEREAS, In the unspeakable disaster which overtook the "Lusitania," Elbert Hubbard, a friend and fellow Jovian, has been taken from us, and Whereas, By his untimely end, not only the electrical fraternity, but the whole country suffers the loss of one who has enriched its literature, encouraged its arts, and exalted the place of electricity in the world's work, and Whereas, We ourselves no longer will enjoy the matchless wit and good counsel which he freely gave us, now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the "Chicago Jovian League," record our heartfelt sympathy for the loss of our well-beloved friend, "Fra Elbertus," and

Resolved, That a copy of this Resolution be engrossed and presented to the members of his family who survive him ♪ ♪

Chicago, Ill.
May 10, 1915

*Frederic P. Vose,
John G. Learned,
George R. Jones,
Committee.*

I HAVE never been to your wonderful country, nor have I seen Elbert Hubbard over here, but for years past I have read with great delight so much that he has written that it is as though one knew him intimately.

*Editor "Engineering Notes"
London, England*

Henry J. Morden.

IT is my belief that Elbert and Alice Hubbard have only begun their great career. Is Lincoln dead? Are Robert and Elizabeth Browning dead? They represent immortality such as only work and achievement of the world's master minds can, and, as the succeeding years roll on, what they lived for, what they struggled for, what they accomplished, takes on greater life, renewed activity, until ere long the world accepts them as the perfected great teachers of mankind—the unit of the Divine. The Master of Nazareth attained immortality, not of the discarded earthly physical body, but the immortality of the Divine elements toward which this short experience is but a step by which we are able to gain an added atom. And so Elbert and Alice Hubbard—the immortal—are ever present, active, alive and potent for good. They would regret our bowing our heads in sorrow because their physical identity is lost. Let us rejoice in a keener appreciation of their worth which must be felt in the evolution of mankind; and in the hours of uncertainty we shall find in them a guiding light, and in their work a book of reference to illumine our path.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Edw. Morris.

Get your happiness out of your work or you will never know what happiness is.



"THE DOCTOR AND GRANDMA" — ELBERT HUBBARD'S PARENTS

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

AT the weekly meeting of the Fort Worth (Texas) Advertising Men's Club, Wednesday, May Twelfth, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, sorrow and regret were expressed at the untimely death of Elbert Hubbard, of East Aurora, New York, and the committee then appointed to draft resolutions to suitably express the sentiments of the Club, submits the following:

Whereas: Elbert Hubbard was an author and writer of international fame; a student of Nature; a lover of mankind; a genius in original thought; an educator of the highest order; an inspirer to grander and nobler things; a star of the first magnitude in the advertising field, and

Whereas: He honored this Club by accepting an invitation to share its hospitality, and further contributed most generously to its edification, by one of his instructive talks on Optimism and Advertising, and

Whereas: Elbert Hubbard was elected, then and there, by a unanimous vote, to a life membership in the Fort Worth Advertising Men's Club, and

Whereas: Death has brought the plans of a long and useful life to an untimely end, and robbed Home, Nation and Mankind of a Spartan among men, therefore be it Resolved: That the Fort Worth Advertising Men's Club do honor, and show respect to the memory of its

distinguished member by rising, and remain standing during the reading of these resolutions, and be it further

Resolved: That this Club express its realization of the irreparable loss to itself and to all mankind in being robbed of a "Man among men"; who gave to the world more than he claimed for himself; bestowing high and noble aspirations upon his fellowmen, love upon children, and kindness upon animal life, and had thus attained the pinnacle of unqualified success; and be it further

Resolved: That a copy of these Resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Club, a copy be sent to the sorrowing home at East Aurora, New York, and copies be given to the press.

*Fort Worth Advertising Men's Club
Fort Worth, Texas*

*T. J. Williams,
C. A. Gilliam,
Lewis H. Tandy,
Committee.*



The big reward is not for the man
who will lighten our burdens, but
for him rather who will give us
strength to carry them ●●●

HUBBARD

I NTO the sea's soft arms
Thy peerless form hath passed;
Imbedded in the deep
Thy rest is sweet at last.

Thy trustful soul serene
Knew naught of fear nor frown;
The soothing swoon of sleep
Hath won thee fame's renown.

So strong through still and storm;
Thy part the hero's part:
All honor now is thine;
Immortal now thou art.

Reading, Pa.

Nathaniel Ferguson.



THE best thing about Elbert Hubbard was what one may call the "play-boy" quality. He was good fun. He added to the gaiety of nations—at all events, to the gaiety of the American nation, the only nation that could have produced him, or could understand him.

On a bed-rock of shrewd Yankee farmer was superimposed a composite, rather than a complex, personality. He was inhabited by many co-operating opposites—that, as was natural, never quite blended, to the outside observer, at all events, in one consistent whole. His methods, mannerisms, attitudes and activities derived from many traditional American strains. There was in him something of a Methodist preacher, something of an Ingersoll freethinker, much of the old-time itinerant printer and journalist, with a hankering after scholarship and a turn for philosophy, a little of the strolling player, something of the cowboy, and very much of the old-fashioned medicine-man.

Perhaps he genuinely believed himself to be something of a prophet. At all events, whatever else he believed, he made a good showing of believing in himself—though I am inclined to think that that belief included more of a saving grace of humility in it than his dramatic egoism made appear: an egoism mercifully tempered with humor, always modified by a private wink for his friends. His role was that of the great man

—a role more or less forced upon him by followers, for whose sake he had to live up.

Those followers were somewhat heterogeneous—he had a private humorous eye on them, too—and, on the whole, I feel that he deserved a better brand of disciple. He had it in him to command an audience more fit than he achieved, but his catholic empiricism attracted an unfair percentage of the half-baked and the hysterical. He was too hospitable to cheap heresies, and his own central good sense was obscured by a cloud of witnessing cranks, faddists and quack-salvers.

While one admires his capacity for going his own way, in defiance of the scoffer, it would have done him no harm sometimes to heed his critics, some of whom had a genuine affection for him, and were anxious to keep him in the paths of his earlier ideals.

He saw too many half and quarter truths, and truths that were but a tenth part true, and his mistake was to endorse them all as of equal value. His wholesome belief in thrift and industry, in personal push and efficiency, led him to glorify the capacity of "getting there" at all costs; and in his later development, I am afraid—though I should prefer to think myself wrong—that he had come too much to estimate success by the cash-register.

Possibly it was a disgust we all feel at the frequent

shiftlessness and shoddy pretentiousness of "labor" that led him to celebrate the masterful virtues of capitalists—forgetful of the fact that money power is mostly stolen power : every dollar in whosoever's hands representing a theft of strength—a theft of the worker's strength. Perhaps Hubbard did not realize, when he preached his "a dollar earned" doctrine, that, as society is at present constituted, no one can really earn a dollar—that, in fact, there is no such thing as an "honest" dollar.

However, Hubbard is not the only successful man who has grown conservative as he has grown older. It is hard not to. Let us remember other things. Let us remember how well he could write, often how humanly and inspiringly. He had a gift for vivid description and vigorous narrative. He had wit and could rise to eloquence. It is to be regretted that his knack in the use of racy slang latterly overgrew the better qualities of his style ; but, fortunately, in literature the good remains, and someone should make a selection of his best things. It would, I think, give him a permanent place among American essayists and humorists.

Let us remember what a magnetic companion he was, always full of fun, and ready for a lark. Let us remember how refreshingly picturesque he was in a drab world—a matter for no little gratitude ; and, whatever one might

find to criticize, he had created an atmosphere at "Roycroft" which had no little romantic charm. He had made beautiful, spacious buildings—in his own phrase he had "built strong"—he had filled them with beautiful, simple furniture; and the various Roycroft shops were busy turning out things that, at all events, aimed at beauty. The place, one felt, was, for the most part, the embodiment of a fine enthusiasm for a healthy, exhilarating completeness of life, in which work and play, talk and books, outdoor Nature and indoor Art, made a full day, touched somehow to fair issues and somewhere in it the music of a dream.

Not least in my memory are those evenings in the "Chapel," when the Fra would gather us around him, and talk in his very human and often inspiring way. At his worst, he could always make us laugh, and at his best he could soar and take us with him, for he had a real gift of oratory; and I have to thank him for some high moments in the Roycroft Chapel.

The best in Elbert Hubbard came out then—one gratefully acknowledged the thrill of something like greatness in him in such hours—and, as I recall them, with a wistfulness made the more poignant by the thought of his tragic fate, I realize more than ever what a real success of personality was his.

To have, as we say, "put over" on us his personifica-

tion of himself as "the Fra" was no small triumph, and was more significant than at first appears. We said "the Fra," or "Fra Elbertus," much as we used to say, "the Sage of Chelsea." It was that taking himself with, so to say, humorous seriousness that appealed to that very quality of humorous seriousness in the American character. So with his other whimsical personifications—"Ali Baba," "Felix," "The Illuminati," and so on: there was a charming child's play in it all that caught the innate boyishness of the American fancy. But a man must be of a certain bigness of mold to carry others with him in such little jokes with himself, to get the world to come play with him in his private fairyland. So I end as I began, and bring my little wreath to the Play-Boy of East Aurora.

The Fra and I once made a half-serious compact that, when one of us should come to die, the other should preach his funeral sermon. Alas! dear Fra, and alas!

South Norwalk, Conn.

Richard Le Gallienne.



THE world has lost a great man and many of us a great friend by his untimely end. No doubt you will have hundreds of letters from England condoling with you, but bear in mind that hundreds of people will grieve besides those who write.

Hampstead, London, Eng.

Arthur C. Kelly.

ELBERT HUBBARD was one of the first men in this country to show an appreciation of what we were doing for the children. He wrote about it so generously. We knew we did n't deserve all of that generous kindness that he showed every one who was doing anything worth while; but it made us strive to be worthy of the estimate he placed upon that work.

Our principle of trusting boys, of putting responsibility upon them, sending prisoners alone to institutions (when they had to be sent), interested him tremendously. He did us the honor to mention it in one or two of his lectures and several times in his writings. It not only helped the work here, but it helped it everywhere—as his life was devoted to helping all good things. Elbert was certainly a genius. There is no one to take his place in our literature. Like the great man that he was and is, he will be even better appreciated a hundred years from now.

Like others, I have sent out thousands of copies of his "Message to Garcia." His life was full of just such inspirational writings—the sort that helped men in all stations of life, from the railroad president to the office boy, from the Supreme Court judge to the constable. He taught us to rely upon ourselves; to have faith in one another. He was a real Christian; a courageous man,

willing to suffer for his ideas ; he taught us to despise the sham and hypocrisy in some of our institutions, but he had nothing against the institutions themselves when they stood for what they pretended to stand for.

¶ Like all great men he was misunderstood, maligned and ridiculed by some ; but I doubt if there were any who did not admire his real genius, his ability, his love for truth, and his wonderful skill in unmasking pretense ♫ ♫

I followed him in " The Philistine," " The Fra " and his " Little Journeys " for more than a decade. I am better for it—as thousands of others are. If I have succeeded in doing anything worth while he is certainly one of the men to whom I am indebted ♫ I loved Elbert Hubbard for the good that was in him and the good that he did. He was a lovable, kindly, companionable man. It was my privilege to have a number of interesting visits with him in recent years. He loved all men—and of course that means women and children as well. He only hated the things that he considered bad.

*Judge Juvenile Court
Denver, Col.*

Ben B. Lindsey.



The truth is that in human service there is no low or high degree ; the woman who scrubs is as worthy of respect as the man who preaches.

IT is a noble custom to speak well of the dead. But even if it were not the custom, one could not speak otherwise of Elbert Hubbard. In the passing of Elbert Hubbard, the young men and women of this country have lost a friend. His great contribution was the power to arouse persons from slumber and inspire them to think, to work, to live! He knocked at the bedchamber of mankind and shouted, "Wake up!" And I know more than one person who dates his first awakening to the cries of Elbert Hubbard.

In economic doctrine he seemed to lean toward capitalism, and such writings of his as the laudation of the Standard Oil Company were a far departure from his character as sham-smasher. Since Ingersoll he was the severest critic of orthodox Christianity; and if we profit by criticism, it is fair to believe that the Church has profited by his onslaughts.

Aside from all that may be said of him in the way of adverse criticism, he was a tremendous power in this country, an extremely fascinating writer with a style all his own, a lover and encourager of youth, in the main a follower of truth, and though it may not be a great virtue, he was a first-rate businessman.

Personally, I am grateful to him. He always spoke a good word of my humble efforts. The last letter I had

from him was dated April Third, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, but a little over a month before he went down to his death. I had sent him a copy of my last book, and he closed his letter with these generous words : " I am reading it with pleasure and profit. You have certainly given a most delightful presentation of a great theme. I congratulate you and everybody. So here is a hand-grasp and I am ever your sincere—Elbert Hubbard." The congested emotion in the breast of the American people at the murder of this great man and all the others aboard the ill-fated " Lusitania " is like to break out in some unfortunate way. The sinking of this ship is but one of the effects of the mad-dog age of the world. Let us bear our grief and horror; and if we can not appease the dog, let us be silent.

Terre Haute, Ind.

Max Ehrmann.

I HAVE personally known Elbert Hubbard ever since I was a mere boy. On numerous occasions I have been his guest, and many have been the heart-to-heart talks we have had. I stayed with him throughout the month of January last, and I may say that I know him real well. He was my friend and I was his friend. ¶ Elbert Hubbard was not perfect; but he was a Man. In his passing America has suffered a big loss.

Glens Falls, N. Y.

Samuel Banks.

ALTHOUGH your distinguished father has passed out, he is not dead; for his name will live on and on in history as one who has benefited his generation and many more generations to come.

If it were possible I would gladly share with you a part of this great sorrow that has fallen so heavily on your heart

As the months come and go I will wait in vain for the coming of his strengthening words that have done so much to influence my life. What he did for me he did for thousands of others.

It is not possible for me to express in words the sorrow that I feel at this time.

Elbert Hubbard was the greatest writer of his time. In sorrow I subscribe my name as one who will always revere his memory.

Beeville, Texas

J. C. Burrows.

NATE ordained Hubbard to fall, but he did not fall alone. His incomparable companion fell with him, the woman to whom he dedicated one of his books, one of the greatest books ever written, praising women that are the happiness of a home — an inexhaustible spring where man finds energy to win in life.

*"El Moderado"
Matanzas, Cuba*

M. Funes.

GLBERT HUBBARD seemed a man endowed with real genius, and as one always whimsically and humorously aware of it, so that it was a continual joy for him to labor and accomplish things. Usually his industry coupled with his versatility seemed to be that of one utterly delighted with his work, with never a question as to its fine result. Taken all in all his was a daring, gallant spirit; and though the world was his serious sphere, still he felt it with the fervor born of a joyous nature ❧ ❧

Indianapolis, Indiana

James Whitcomb Riley.

I FEEL sure Mr. Hubbard will live in American history as the greatest philosopher we have ever produced ❧ ❧

He has opened the Light of Reason to thousands upon thousands of hungry souls, and I bless him for all he has done and will continue to do for me and mine ❧

Wallace, Idaho

Daisie Woods Allen.

I HAVE read everything that I could lay my hands on of Mr. Hubbard's writings, and I desire to say in all sincerity that there has not been an American writer who has influenced me more than he has done.

Toronto, Canada

William Alvey.

I LOVED Elbert Hubbard with all my heart. I first met him twenty years ago and have read with much interest and profit everything he wrote. He made me "think," and he taught me to love my fellow-man and the "Great Out-of-Doors." In turn I tried in my humble way to spread his gospel of love, labor, laughter and smiles by doing just those things. He builded better than he knew, and while his voice is now stilled and his presence no more mingles among us, his works will live as long as mankind exists. To the names of all great men who have lived their lives and died to the end that the world would be better by their living must now be added the name of Elbert Hubbard.

The Great Natural Force who doeth all things well saw fit to take with this man his beloved wife, Alice Hubbard. They both labored for the betterment of humanity, and their works will enlighten and enrich untold millions for ages to come.

Pensacola, Fla.

Frank H. Henning.



Idleness is the only real sin. A blacksmith singing at his forge, sparks a-flying, anvil ringing, the man materializing an idea — what is finer! ♣ ♣

ELBERT HUBBARD



HE sweet peaceful blue of the ocean deep
Has smothered his flesh in eternal sleep ;
Yes, sleep for the body, God willed it so ;
God wanted a careless world to know
That here was a man with brain and soul
Who gazed at one star, a wonderful goal,
With an uplifting word and sentence to cheer
To the end of his world on wave's bottomless bier.
That star was humanity, listless and bold,
Critical, fickle, mischievous and cold.
He talked to that star and plead with that star,
" Oh, people, I wonder just how you are.
I want to help you, to let you come in
On the true art of living, I want you to win.
I do want to tell you that work is the thing
That keeps men from worry, from misery's sling ;
That business and love should go hand in hand
To breed everlasting peace in our land.
I 'd have you be honest and healthy and clean,
Live right and do right, despising what 's mean."
God wanted the world to know of the worth
Of this heroic man, his high breeding and birth,
And methinks that his sayings and rich, wise quips
Will re-echo for all time from ears and lips ;
And humanity, that star that he loved so well,
Will revere him, this true man, as ages swell.

Denver, Col.

Elliott F. Head.



THOSE torpedoes which crowned Teutonic savagery by sinking a Lusitania-load of women, children and peaceful men took from this stage of being one I am glad and proud to have known well—Elbert Hubbard, Philistine and Fra.

In the years of our friendliness, he showed me much of his true self, and because it was a fine and kind self that thrived to unusual symmetry in many ways, there is joy in giving to this May morning which domes his sleep a few thoughts for remembrance.

I never heard him speak unkindly of any one, or harshly to any one.

His pen, always vital and at times a poignard dipped in acid, left no wounds upon the defenseless.

When it flew wild at thought of the misery and wrongs born of what he called "pretended authority," the arm that wielded it was one of conviction, and if it spelled sentiments that pained or angered, where is the tongue which has not at some time, in some way, done likewise! I deplored, and still do, the way it toyed sarcastically with certain deep-rooted customs of belief, yet I gloried, and always shall, in its ceaseless flashing against Fear.

As a Philistine he battled hard against the things he thought were endangering the welfare and happiness of the people.

As Fra he fought for those he thought would help bring

more health and justice. ¶ When he misjudged as to one or the other, was he different from you or me? He was misjudged more than he misjudged.

Because his personal conception of one of the major relations of life differed from what yours or mine may be, he was scorned by many. Yet which of us can judge in this matter? ¶ Let who will cast stones.

As for us, let us tear out that page and banish it to the fires of forgetfulness.

Let us turn to the boyish man whose aim was, "Do the best you can, and be kind."

Let us turn to the man whose creed was this: "I believe that no one can harm us but ourselves, that sin is misdirected energy, that there is no devil but fear, and that the universe is planned for good. I believe that work is a blessing, that Winter is as necessary as Summer, that night is as useful as day, that death is a manifestation of life, and just as good. I believe in the Now and Here. I believe in you and I believe in a Power that is in ourselves that makes for righteousness." ❧ ❧

Let us remember, with thanksgiving, the farm-boy who released the gold of Emerson from the mental safe-deposit boxes of highbrows and, more than any one else, made it coin current among the minds of the mass. This alone is a monument. Elbert Hubbard did more

than this. ¶ He made people Think ♫ His pen was plowshare as well as poignard.

He turned up gray matter that had been tramped down by centuries of inherited prejudices, and if in so doing he wounded pride, he more than repaid by aiding progress ♫ ♫

He made thousands stop, look and listen.

And doves and canaries are not useful at the crossings.

¶ It takes a clanging bell !

Of his place in the ranks of writers, Time will tell all that need be known.

Next to the Bible itself, his wonderful " Message to Garcia " has the largest and widest circulation of any one book in the world.

Yet I never heard him boast of this. I never heard him boast of anything but his cattle and hogs and chickens.

¶ Nothing " Roycroftie " ever has been as interesting as was the Fra himself. He was a man of quiet, charming manner, wholly unlike what his readers who never had seen him would have pictured. His long, curly hair, and longer black crepe-de-chine tie ; his broad-brimmed black felt hat and loose-fitting ordinary sack-suit, conspired always to make him a marked figure in any crowd ♫ ♫

Once, when we were walking through Broad Street Station, he smiled at the staring crowd and in a low

voice said to me : " These curls always git 'em. They think God made a mistake when He put hair on a man's head." ♣ ♣

He was chock-full of humor, and had one of the sweetest smiles I ever saw on a man's face. When he laughed, as he often did, he crackled his voice mightily, and yet, somehow it never seemed a real laugh. In early life he was a Socialist, an avowed follower of Tolstoy and Marx, but as his business and his bank-account grew, he began to sympathize with John D. and the other rich men. Indeed, of late years he had stood out as one of the boldest defenders of " big business."

At East Aurora he built up one of the most unusual and interesting institutions in this or any other country ♣ His original intention was to make it a sort of center for the expression of high thought and the publication of fine literature, a place where any one with the courage of his convictions might come and be heard patiently and courteously. He loved free speech.

And as a speaker he was one of the best that ever faced the footlights.

From the minute he smiled at the audience (his opening sentence always was a broad smile which begat its kind) until he dropped his last word into the mental poor-box of his hearers, therewith enriching them in no small measure, he was, in a certain way, fascinating.

No man ever told a story more deftly or with finer effect. He used words as a great painter uses color, and his tongue was a brush capable of varied strokes. He was a past-master in the art of knowing when to keep still. His pauses were as effective as his best-rounded periods, and his face was as mobile as the late John Bunny's, only in a different way. He never spoke from notes, though always he had a pocket full of notes. For he did most of his writing while traveling on trains, and he traveled most of the time.

As a companion, at work or play (and when he worked you might have thought he was playing) he was as delightful as any man I ever met. Never shall I forget one rare July evening, when, in a little tent the poet had put up outside the Shop at East Aurora, Richard Le Gallienne, the Fra and I sat talking of the place and power of poetry.

All the spun gold of his nature seemed to come to the surface, and he glowed with that enthusiasm for the finer things which permeate the souls of those who have overcome the call of goods and chattels. Of Omar, the tentmaker, and Old Walt of Camden; of Swinburne, Poe and Henley, we talked until the moon began to go downhill and the first cock had crowed.

Then, as we walked back to the Phalansterie—that is Roycroft for hotel—he turned and said :

"Leigh, life is damn fine when you look at the right side of it."

In the May (Nineteen Hundred Fifteen) number of "The Philistine" Elbert Hubbard wrote jestingly of himself as a "drowning man who sees the record of his life streaming out behind him."

He did not know how soon this jest would be transformed into the seriousness of his last look at the sky.

¶ In that same number he said, "Well do we speak of 'the waters of life.' " ¶ And for him, as for all those who with him were tossed into the sea's great arms, I think those waters of death were the waters of life. For him, surely, they will wash out the transient scars of those human weaknesses which keep us all brothers, leaving for the years to come a heritage of thoughts and words which can not but add to the joy and usefulness of living.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

HE kindly smile, the merry twinkle of his eyes, the gracious clasp of his hand, shall always be a blessed benediction in my life; and I know that my expression of sympathy and love to you all is echoed round the entire world by those who were fortunate enough to live in the embrace of his greatness.

Columbus, Ohio

Mrs. E. C. Bolin.

WHEN the ocean traveler going east looks off to the left and sees the moss-covered, time-worn watch-tower of the "Head of Old Kinsale" rising above its setting of green, it whispers to him of a journey near its end. Surely it sent such a message to Elbert Hubbard when from the deck of the "Lusitania" he caught a breath of May blossoms that the winds carried to him from the glens and fields of Ireland — that land of smiles and tears, of clouds and sunshine, to which Fate decreed he should pen his last loving heart-throb before entering on his final "Little Journey."

A stab in the dark, a blow undeserved and in history unparalleled sends that great ship, with its wealth of human lives, across the divide between two eternities to where no voice save that of the great, moaning sea shall speak of their whereabouts.

We have no word from Hubbard, but knowing him as I do I can imagine him in that supreme transition hour whispering words of cheer and hope to those around him.

¶ We who love Elbert Hubbard do not mourn for him. There was so much of joy and gladness and sunshine in his nature that no word of sadness could fittingly be spoken of him, and we shall love him so long as we stay here ☛ ☛

Washington, D. C.

Terence V. Powderly.

HAVE I lost a Friend? Yes indeed, one so big and wonderful that he has helped me to rise to a height that, now he has left, I look out with calm eyes undimmed by tears and am filled with a great awe. He has helped me in my own soul's struggle for freedom. He has given me courage to speak the truth and to be true. If any man be able, let him estimate what he has done for the world. I am unable to say in words that others may understand what he has done for me.

*Horticulturist
Miami, Fla.*

William A. Bell.

MANY an inspiration has been caught by myself when reading some of the Hubbard prescriptions for happiness and right thinking. He has placed his English readers under an additional obligation by the fair and just, yet fearless manner in which he has espoused the cause of humanity in the present mighty conflict now waging in Europe.

*General Manager
Selfridge and Co., Ltd.
London, Eng.*

P. A. Best.

The passing away of Elbert Hubbard leaves a vacuum in the world that can never be filled. A man of brilliant mind, fearless and honorable and outspoken, his loss is irreparable ☸ ☸

*Yetsan
Oyster Bay, N. Y.*

Louisa Lee Anstey.

ELBERT HUBBARD was my ideal American of his generation. It was he who was my inspiration. Never was there a time when I needed a thought that he failed me. Often in my deepest dreams have I walked with him, and heard him speak.

It was he who could give to me the idea and then most beautifully clothe it.

When happiest I went to find him, thumbing through some book from the Roycroft Shop. When in deepest despair, during the time when even the sunlight of life could not be seen, I sought his comforting influence at some indexed passage, well worn by frequent reading.

¶ To have loved him—as a brother—with the depth of deepest devotion, and with true steadfastness, is one of my greatest joys, a treasured pleasure.

Penland, N. C.

J. Milton Bailey.

REGRET and sorrow for the loss of Elbert Hubbard, taken from us in the prime of his life, is, will be, universal. He was a noble and true American citizen.

¶ But, while he is not now with us, his master mind having been called to his Heavenly Father, he nevertheless will live with us in the spirit, and reverently, silently, we can commune with him.

Edw. C. Beetem,

Charles G. Beetem.

Carlisle, Pa.

ALBERT HUBBARD enjoyed a strong personality, and for that reason attracted critics and friends, but the good achieved by him in his life is the best demonstration that it was well spent and that the world is all the better for his having lived.

If nothing else had been accomplished by Mr. Hubbard except the wonderful development in typographical art, he has left the world a rich inheritance. We speak of this one of his smaller achievements for the reason that it is the least known among his many missions.

Even the advertising pages of his magazines are works of art and the last word in all that is perfect in typography. In all things Mr. Hubbard was thorough. He had a quaint yet most forceful style of composition and writing. One never wearied of reading his articles. He selected his subjects in the most unexpected nooks and corners, but his language was always pungent and to the point ☛ ☛

Editor "The Welsh-American"
Pittsburgh, Pa.

T. Owen Charles.



Sympathy is the first attribute of love as well as its last. And I am not sure but that sympathy is love's own self, vitalized mayhap by some divine actinic ray. Only a thorn-crowned, bleeding Christ could have won the adoration of a world. Only the souls that have suffered are well loved. Thus does Golgotha find its recompense. Hark and take courage, ye who are in bonds !

ELBERT HUBBARD

HE helped to liberate imprisoned thought ;
He gave men work, not creeds.
Courage and hope to downcast souls he brought—
Surely these are good deeds !
Surely this friend of many, found a Friend,
To help him, at the end.

Short Beach, Conn.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



ALICE HUBBARD, who was lost at sea with the "Lusitania," was a visitor at Potato Hill farm last Summer, and the thing we noticed most was her fondness for her husband. When she arrived in the Hills, she found a letter from him awaiting

her, sent in my care. She carried the letter in her hand all day, and made frequent references to the writer of it which caused me to think more of both of them. As a newspaper reporter does, she made frequent sly notes, and these were written on the back of the envelope; I noticed this because I have done the same thing for forty-odd years.

Mrs. Hubbard appeared to be as fond of her husband, and as submissive, as are those patient wives who issue no clarion notes to protest against Slavery. In the Roycroft magazines, Alice Hubbard was one of the fiercest Amazons preparing for battle at Doctor Anna Shaw's Armageddon; but in private life she was certainly the gentlest warrior in this wide, wide world. Had Doctor Anna Shaw been present when Mrs. Hubbard was talking about her husband, Doctor Anna would certainly have been displeased because of the show of gentle affection; indeed, Doctor Anna would probably have said to Mrs. Hubbard, in the deep voice of the real Suffragist: "Alice, Control Yourself!"

We had feared that Mrs. Hubbard would talk a good deal about Suffrage, in the disagreeable way you are all

familiar with, and probably dislike: I had even feared she would try to "convert" me, since Suffragists are always engaged in missionary work; but she never mentioned the subject.

Instead of being a large woman, we found her very small, and as slender as a young girl; she could have worn Adelaide's clothes; and Adelaide weighs about a hundred pounds.

I frequently found myself doing all the talking, and from the time we met her at the morning train from the West until we took her to the evening train for the East, she was very quiet; but on her return home, she wrote me:

"I am just coming out of it—it meaning paying for my glorious trip to Kansas. My work is quite evened up; I have had my joy, and paid for it. Is n't that nearly the quintessence of joy? I thank you more than I can say for an immortal day. I live it over and over—on my horse out in the sunshine and storm. Thank you, and Adelaide and Edna; I am deeply grateful that you have their loving attention. I do not wonder that you love them; and Potato Hill is the most beautiful place human being could find for building a home, even though he searched the world over. I am grateful to have spent a long, lovely day there."

In "The Philistine" for June, printed after Mrs.

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" MONTICELLO " — HOME OF ELBERT AND ALICE HUBBARD

Hubbard's death, some one wrote, " Alice wrote a two-thousand-word account of the Potato Hill prophet, and I suppressed it."

In the afternoon we walked about the Potato Hill neighborhood, and Mrs. Hubbard was shown the " sights." She was as appreciative as a visitor from a little town; no weary submission to being shown around, such as a Chicago woman would have shown, in spite of every high resolve to be polite and patient while in the country *se se*

The Roycrofters publish a series of books called " Little Journeys," which are educational as well as beautifully written and printed, as they tell about the great men and women, and the great events of the world. I believe Mrs. Hubbard had much to do with the preparation of these famous volumes, although I could not induce her to say so. In his writings, Elbert Hubbard displays a greater fund of information than any other American writer. As he is a great genius and not a great scholar, probably he got much of this information from his wife, who was a schoolteacher before her marriage.

Adelaide and Edna prepared an excellent dinner, but Mrs. Hubbard ate very sparingly. I remember her saying she found it necessary to constantly " watch " her husband, to prevent his eating too much. And how he lectured the rest of us for the bad habit of which he was

guilty! ¶ After Mrs. Hubbard left the Hills, the neighbors got together as a Turn Over Club, and the first question asked was, "How old is she?" A lady's age is a delicate question; but we decided she was around forty-eight. Her hair indicated around forty-eight, as did the care with which she selected and ate her food. (Note.—Later she wrote me that she was older than forty-eight, and praised my moderation.)

Mrs. Hubbard was on her way to visit her daughter Miriam, in school at Madison, Wisconsin. The Associated Press once sent out a telegram saying that Miriam was exactly the right weight and height for a girl of nineteen; that her waist-measure and bust-measure were exactly what they should be, according to the medical gentlemen who study the human family. Therefore it is probable that Miriam is a little proud; but I know she was satisfied when she showed her mother to the other girls. Indeed, if Mrs. Hubbard had appeared at the Madison school as Miriam's poor relation, the other girls and the teachers would have particularly admired her as a representative of those women entirely unknown out in the world, but who are much beloved at home by husbands and children, and who do most of the good justly credited to women. I never met Elbert Hubbard but once; he sent for me two years ago, to spend the day with him in Kansas

City, and I was not as comfortable with him as I was with his wife; but I recall his saying that a man able to write a really good thing once a year was a genius: and Elbert Hubbard could do better than that. I was much pleased with the man's personality; his gentle politeness to Adelaide was noticeable. Adelaide wanted a new suit and we visited a ladies' tailor, and asked Mr. Hubbard to pick out the material and style, which he did, taking great interest in the commission. The tailor had seen Mr. Hubbard at the Orpheum, as had his clerk, and both of these took much interest in him; we also saw the tailors stealing glances at him from the workroom. Going down in the elevator, a woman introduced herself to him; he was known everywhere. We visited many places, and we were much pleased with him, but somehow we did not feel as free with him as we did with his wife. He was the host at dinner, and talked entertainingly; and very slowly—we remember that in particular. We remarked, also, his politeness and gentleness. As he was a very famous man, perhaps we were not as agreeably surprised in him as we were in his wife. He talked a great deal of "Alice"; all of his acquaintances remarked that, and his best book, "White Hyacinths," was about her. He said laughingly, to Adelaide, that there were only two writers whose writings his wife read completely.

" You may think I am one of them," he said smilingly; " but I am not: she is one of them, and your Uncle Ed. is the other."

I admired both the Hubbards without reserve—not because they were friendly with me, for I admired them long before. Our acquaintance began with a letter from him: he wrote first, enclosing a hundred-dollar check on the Roycroft Bank to pay my expenses to East Aurora; but I sent it back, and have never been there. Long before I met Elbert Hubbard, and long before he had written me, I admired him unreservedly, as a master at his trade. After meeting him, I did not admire him more. Meeting him was a greater event than meeting his wife, because she was not a noted genius, nor was she as widely known; but my great admiration for Mrs. Hubbard came after knowing her. In all the women I like, there is a certain womanly modesty and gentleness; Adelaide and Edna, my nieces, have it. Alice Hubbard had it. I like the shy, retiring type of woman. Alice Hubbard was that type. A woman I greatly admire is the wife of a farmer. I admire her because she is so fond of her husband and children, and is so useful, modest and highly esteemed. Alice Hubbard not only reminded me of this farmer's wife, but looked like her. When I think of the Hubbards, dead, floating about the sea, I believe the memory of Mrs. Hubbard affects me

most. Elbert Hubbard was rich and famous, a man, and heard applause wherever he went: but his wife worked hard at home, with little appreciation and few vacations. When I met her, she did n't look very well; and she was so quiet and gentle, and admired Elbert and Miriam so much.

I remarked that she understood the philosophy of life; whatever was true she accepted: she had been tried by fire, and purified. She was a good writer, and said clever things, recollections of extensive reading; but she was not a genius, while her husband had flashes of it which illuminated like a stroke of lightning; only envy can deny it. But I think of her as a gentle, intelligent, useful mother of whom her daughter Miriam may think with mournful pride and satisfaction.

Atchison, Kansas

E. W. Howe.

ELBERT and Alice Hubbard did a great work at East Aurora, and helped to center the thoughts of the country on some of the very complicated and difficult problems of the present day. That they should have been taken away at a time when that work was so much needed is a great misfortune to the world, and, of course, a dreadful loss to those who were near and dear to them.

*South Station
Boston, Mass.*

Howard Elliott.



WHEN the ill-fated "Lusitania" was sent to the bottom of the deep blue it carried with it our friend Elbert Hubbard and his White Hyacinth. ¶ The loss to the literary world was keenly felt.

Those of us so fortunate as to meet him in the Roycroft Inn, where his great pulsating heart and plain but affable manners seemed to give us a renewed strength and a greater desire to get real pleasure out of whatever our various vocations and professions called us to do, can but say he was a great man.

He whose life pulsates with human love and cheering words as did Hubbard's will not be found frowning in the hour of doom.

Though the liquid grave claimed his mortal body, his writings will rise above as a beautiful halo arched above human hearts whose whispers of love will continue to vibrate in the minds of those who admired him.

No intellect could wield such power as did his, without having a spark of the divine in its construction. Though it has ceased to ink its pen, yet its influence will continue to tear the crape from the doors of dead superstitions and let in the sunshine of a more active life. ♣ We will miss the personal touch of Fra Elbertus and his White Hyacinth—as I have heard him call his wife—yet the writings, the sayings, and philosophy of

both will ever linger with us in our days wherein our minds grow and expand to a larger usefulness ; to cover the narrow, but broaden the highways of human forbearance 30 30

Denver, Col.

Frederick T. Denson.

I KNEW Mr. Hubbard not only as writer, editor, and a man to read about, but personally as a human being and a friend.

Not that I had any particular call upon his friendship because of my close acquaintance with him, but because his was a friendship of a man, for a man.

He was gifted with a deeper insight into the humanity of man than any other person I ever met.

He understood !

It was like a little child going to Jesus with his troubles.

He was never too busy to see you, nor so deeply engrossed with other matters that his soul would not instantly unfold to you, and he became at once a comforter, because he understood !

Denver, Col.

Fred Patee.

The human understanding never attains to the heights of philosophic perfection reached by Elbert Hubbard, unaided by sympathy and love.

Boston, Mass.

Faxon Bowen.

FOR years I have valued Elbert Hubbard among my friends. His genius and his kindly philosophy marked him a man among men. I am now reminded most forcibly of his prophetic words in "The Fra," shortly after the sinking of the "Titanic." His own tribute to the Straus's, through the strange vagaries of Fate, might now be well dedicated to the Hubbards: "You knew how to do three great things—how to live, how to love and how to die. To pass out as did Mr. and Mrs. Isador Straus is glorious. Few have such a privilege. In life they were never separated and in death they are not divided." ♣ Elbert Hubbard died in the fulfilment of his famous preachment—he carried his own message to Garcia ♣ ♣

Detroit, Mich.

Hugh Chalmers.



No greater blessing than the artistic conscience can come to any worker in art, be he sculptor, writer, singer or painter. Hold fast to it, and it shall be your compass when the sun is darkened. To please the public is little; but to satisfy your Other Self, that self which looks over your shoulder and watches your every thought and deed, is much. No artistic success worth having is possible unless you satisfy that Other Self.

ELBERT HUBBARD

HE was my friend ! Plain folk and simplest kind
Will thus remember him. He looked for wit
And character. He on them, bee-like, lit,
And drained their honeys with a generous mind.

For all he gave again to all. And now
In pall of Erin's mystic wave he lies,
The gorse his golden wreath. All Nature sighs
Immaculate, above his vanished brow.

He was a seer ! If all the world had known
The heart-beat of his wit, then obsolete
Were war ! Let one black rock beyond his feet
Read now, in letters gold : " The people's own ! "

La Grange, Texas

Florence Duncan.



EN say too seldom, "I love you."

The Fra taught mainly one thing—
—that hate is stupid and futile, that
only love is creative ; consequently
that malice, ill-temper, " knocking "
and inhumanity are elements of
failure, not of success : and he had

no use for long hours, docking or fines as a means to
good work. Good work, he said, came through harmony,
co-operation, helpfulness—in a word, through love. In
over seven millions of words that he wrote, almost
every one finds much to disagree with, but it is hard to
find sign of any ill-feeling.

He saw clearly that every success, however attained,
indicates some admirable qualities. Perhaps he empha-
sized too little in his words the compelling influence of
social conditions, due to our system of legalized monop-
oly : although he always said that all that is needed to
make individuals good is healthy conditions and proper
employment.

But in his work he never lost sight of the influence of
the social condition. The first time he showed me the
Roycroft plant, with its well-lighted, sanitary rooms
and modern appliances, he said, before I had a chance
to ask about wages and profits : " Well, Bolton, you see
we have come to a sweatshop, just as you said we must.
Only we provide the best for the workers that we can
get ; we treat them well." That was his quaint way of
saying that no one can be righteous all by himself, that

(unless he has a monopoly) notwithstanding all he can do, if he is to be commercially successful, he is forced to make his business pay by allowing the hands less than they produce. ¶ Elbertus had no use for social theories that can not demonstrate themselves: he saw that impracticability meant disaster.

Others will write about "Lady Hyacinthe," who had so profound an influence on her husband; so I need only say that, although there were few things on which she and I thought alike, I have never received more graceful and spontaneous kindness than from her.

I remember once at lunch with Elbertus. I asked him if he thought he had really benefited East Aurora. "Of course we have," he said. "When we went there, work was scarce and uncertain and wages low: now look at the steady employment and the good wages we pay."

¶ I went on: "Has that made East Aurora a more desirable place to live?"

"Sure," he answered; "look how the town has grown."

¶ "How has that affected the price of land?"

"Why," he said, "when we went there, land that sells for thousands now could be had for the hire of a hack."

¶ "Then," I urged, "it is the landlord who really gets the main benefit of all your work."


"Yes," he said gleefully; "but it's all right; I am the landlord." ❧ ❧

That, I think, was his whimsical way of putting it, for I believe he never cared much to invest in land, nor to get monopolies for himself. Elbert believed that Nature has no use for the man that does not work, and that when any one ceases to be useful, the Law of the Universe quickly kills the drone. Elbert was not afraid of life : When he published " A Letter From a Lady in Boston," an attack on marital ownership, it lost him a hundred subscribers a week. So he published it again, " to show what kind of letters it was that lost him a hundred subscribers a week." After McKinley was assassinated, and most of us hid our colors, he bravely published his famous article, " Why I Am an Anarchist." Therefore we know that he met " friendly and beautiful death " fearlessly.

Multitudes survive our Fra who blessed his name and will always listen to his voice because he first taught them to think about vital things and not to be afraid of any expression of Truth or ashamed of any expression of Love.

New York City

Bolton Hall.



The man who allows his life to justify itself, and lets his work speak, and who when reviled reviles not again, must be a very great and lofty soul.

ALBERT HUBBARD was an individual. He was so much of an individual that he stood by himself. Yet he was forever trying to sink his individuality in his effort to give the greatest possible service to the largest possible group. ••

He impressed me as a man who would rather understand human nature than anything else. I have an idea that he felt that if he could completely understand human nature he could completely and easily serve humanity. He was in love with humanity. He deeply admired human achievement, but he was exceedingly tolerant of human weakness. He understood human nature in its relaxed moments just as he did when it was weighed with depressing burdens or when it was demonstrating extraordinary mental or physical achievement. He knew it was the same human nature always. I would say that he was a truly great man if I could say it for no other reason than that while I have heard many people criticize him personally I never heard him speak unkindly of any human being. For a man's acts or policies he might have criticism, but for the man personally I can not conceive of his holding animosity. ¶ His influence can not be measured, because of the wide range of topics he covered in his writings, and the tremendous circulation that they had. Certainly few men

have ever built up what he did, through sheer intensity of personality and thorough command of their own individualities. ¶ I am glad I have so many of his books. I want my library to hold everything he wrote. Thus I can always keep in close touch with him. Whatever he wrote made the reader think.

No man of my acquaintance had as many friends in different walks of life. I suppose that to each of them he was a different Elbert Hubbard. He knew how to harmonize himself with others. He could talk athletics to a boy, college education to a girl, art to a woman, business to a man, politics, philosophy, literature or anything else to anybody.

Twenty years from now he will still be alive. Because he knew human nature, he knew that within that length of time after his life had ended, human nature itself will have selected the enduring part of his work—which is the largest part.

He was optimistic, constructive, aggressive, philosophical and practical. He reflected the spirit of his time, all the more advantageously because he brought to his work a remarkable endowment of individuality. But, how Elbert Hubbard could have written a true "Little Journey" to his own home! None of the rest of us have that talent.

Chicago, Ill.

John Lee Mahin.

I MOST highly appreciate the privilege of adding a word in behalf of my friends Elbert and Alice Hubbard, particularly Mrs. Hubbard, as I knew her intimately.

Mrs. Hubbard expected to be one of the speakers at our National Convention, after which she intended to return with me to pay me a visit at my home in Tacoma, Villa DeVoe. The last letter I received from her was written on April Twenty-seventh, in which she said: "You may be interested to know that Mr. Hubbard and I leave for Europe May First and expect to return here June Eighteenth. I would like to talk on 'War and Woman' for your Convention when I return."

My sorrow at her departure was very great, and at our San Francisco Convention we held memorial services in her honor. These services were most impressive and were conducted by the venerable Reverend Olympia Brown, the first woman ordained to preach in the United States, she being a Universalist. As Mrs. Hubbard could not be present to speak, excerpts from her writings were read at the Convention; after which, loving and appropriate resolutions were passed.

*President National Council of Women Voters
Tacoma, Wash.*

Emma Smith DeVoe.

There may be some substitute for good-nature, but so far it has not been discovered.



ELBERT HUBBARD AND HIS HORSE, GARNETT



ALL classes of men who have heard his lectures or read his writings owe much to Elbert Hubbard. Probably those who follow the printing craft owe most of all. Every piece of printed matter that bears the imprint of The Roycrofters is a valuable addition to the art preservative: something for the printer to study, to follow as an example of the beauty of simplicity. And Fra Elbertus is dead—but his kindly spirit will live with many of us for years to come.

Washington, D. C.

Byron S. Adams.

THE world has in my opinion met with a loss, from which we see no way of recovery, in the death of this great-hearted and brilliant man. While he did not know me personally, though I have received an occasional communication from him, I knew him personally, and greatly admired him.

Los Angeles, Cal.

C. C. Pierce.

IN all those who lost their lives in the "Lusitania" there was not a better or nobler man than Elbert Hubbard, nor one who had done better work or will be more universally mourned—for Fra Elbertus had made true friends in all parts of the world—men and women he had cheered and helped.

Pretoria, South Africa

John E. Clegg.

WITH the whole world I have mourned the loss of my friends and the friends of all mankind, Elbert and Alice Hubbard.

Nature only produces one such man as Elbert Hubbard in a generation. His keen insight, wonderful gift in the use of the English language, poetic genius, his power for epigrammatic construction, and unusual ability for practical things made him a marked man. It fell to him, as to few, to move the world by pen and word. He made us to weep and to laugh, and to ever replace him will be an impossibility. His friends are numbered by the tens of thousands among all classes, and his useful life and tragic death will never be forgotten by them.

*Euclid Avenue Baptist Church
Cleveland, Ohio*

W. W. Bustard, D. D.



To benefit others, you must be reasonably happy: there must be animation through useful activity, good-cheer, kindness and health — health of mind and health of body 30

ELBERT HUBBARD

GREAT soul that scanned the dim horizons,
That tore from Truth the mocking masks,
That heard the chiming in the Towers,
That grappled, conquered giant tasks!

How strong an arm he lent for justice,
How valorous flung his phrase for right,
And how he strove to lift the humble,
To break the bonds of vicious might!

So, you who come this day for praising,
Say fair of him gone down at sea—
Brave soul outbound on life's adventure—
"He lived his life as life should be."

Dallas, Texas

W. F. McCaleb.

**SPEECH BEFORE THE PILGRIM PUBLICITY
ASSOCIATION IN THE ROYCROFT INN
SALON, JUNE 16, 1915**



IT does n't seem as if a conventional word at the close of this perfect day would be necessary. Somehow or other you have opened the flood-gates, and I simply can not resist paying my tribute to my friend.

It is a story that will never grow old, the story of Elbert Hubbard, and as I stand here tonight, I think of what he would have liked us to do had he been here and occupied the pulpit, as he has many times in the past.

We come not to mourn. He would not have desired that. We come to rejoice in this beautiful month, this beautiful day of the bridal month. We come amid the beauties of the things, and the environments in which he fulfilled a life destiny, the like of which is not rivaled in the annals of any public man or any man in literature today.

Go over to the Chapel, go to the remotest hamlet or village in this country, and you find the impress of the power of Elbert Hubbard.

We can not think of him as dead. It was a word he never used, and in his "Man of Sorrows"—which I have been reading within the hour at the suggestion of his Mother, after a beautiful talk with her (she was re-reading his description of the Man of Nazareth)—the

last words uttered by Christ on earth are the last words in that book: "And his spirit was commended to Him who gave it." And somehow I can feel in those words the religion, the wonderful uplift and the inspiring memory of dear Fra Elbertus.

Many is the time we have gathered in this room on festival and joyous occasions, and that smile that never can be forgotten greeted us, and those cynical words flecked at us made us see our foibles and our fancies. This is his work. But it is only the outward shell of his work. In the hearts, minds and intellects of those who read his epigrams, which are flashed all over the world, translated into every language, we find the imprint of our dear friend who had planned to meet us here tonight. ¶ He is not here; but somehow his presence is here. As on the last night in dear old Roycroft, when he left after bidding farewell to his people, it seemed I could feel the analogy of his words and Lincoln's to his people at Springfield. The last words of the Fra uttered in the temple, in God's own temple of the woods, also in this place which he left, were: "God be with you till we meet again!"—a quotation which has touched and thrilled our hearts.

This afternoon I had another delightful visit with that Mother, and I must tell you of an instance that will remain to me one of the most beautiful pictures in the

life of any man I have ever known or ever read about.

¶ It was, I think, about a year ago, or a little more, that I returned from my home in the West, and the Fra had the tables decorated with petunias—his touch, his idea, that day. And those petunias at once flashed to me thrills of my own home.

I had gone out to the old home and found the house had been torn down. There stood the old chimney—a cold picture in ruins. I had looked into the cellar where we used to keep the cabbages, rutabagas and potatoes, and had gone out to the barn where the cows stood patiently waiting to be milked. Then I went down the old lane, down to the plum-orchard, and to the old bed of petunias blushing with the glow of a mother's love and shining in the beautiful sunlight of that home scene. I gathered them in my arms, simply, as a mother would have gathered her child, carried them out to the hill-side, and dropped them petal by petal on my mother's grave. And the language of the flowers seemed to say that the chasm was bridged. There seemed to be no chasm, no death ☛ ☛

I came back and told the story. The Fra stood at my right. After the meeting we went out to the Tea-House, and the Fra said: "Joe, you old heart-mush, you old heart-throbs, you 've got me tonight. I want you to go over and meet my Mother in her cottage here."

We went over, and that night, with all the glory of the Mother aroused, she told me of her son and his wonderful achievements. But when he came to say good-night to her and she placed her arms around his neck, it seemed as if her baby boy had come back; that, as the tides ebbed and flowed, the love she had given the babe was returning in the full maturity of that love of her stalwart and noble son.

That night far afield we sat on a log in the pasture. Under the witchery of the moonlight he spoke of the ages past. All the great panorama of history seemed potently familiar to him — Pericles, Euripides, and those who are in the musty tomes of the library. But he resurrected them and brought them to the people. He brought back to this country the realization of the true value of literature.

You have played on the grounds and greensward this afternoon in the glow of this beautiful day. We played ball with that soft-nosed ball. He said it was n't right to use the hard league-ball, so he used this great big comfortable ball, and we threw it at each other and he reminded me of the days of "ante-over." He remembered the days back on the farm.

His career is expressed in one word. It was not indicated. It was expressed. And that was the word that has been the greatest word of all words—Love.

He loved people. He loved to help them. ¶ I am but one of thousands of young men whom he has taken by the hand and sat down and talked with. We have sat at his feet and absorbed the inspiration of those great visions that he had — always so beautiful, so full of cheer and hope.

The next day he had me at work. We were moving those cases that you saw today in which were letters sacred to him. That letter from Rockefeller was in reply to one in which Mr. Hubbard had notified Mr. Rockefeller that the black sheep he admired had been sent as a gift and had been named Judge Landis in memory of the twenty-nine-million-dollar fine. He never lost the sense of humor! And the reply that he received you will find over there in the case.

In those cases you will find treasures that I doubt you could equal in the archives of literature today.

He received his inspiration down in dear old New England. He has often told me that the unfoldment of his great life was when he touched and mingled in the environment of that great school and galaxy of American writers, such as Emerson.

Then we went over to the library on that quiet afternoon, where are books of his writings, manuscripts bound in volumes—volume after volume.

There are the pages of the immortal "Message to

Garcia," interwoven with corrections, on the familiar yellow paper that he seemed to love.

One of his favorite colors was yellow—the yellow with the glow of the sunrise and the glow of the sunset. Yellow was somehow the emblem of optimism, of hope. And in that library, as we sat there looking at the books, he said, " This will be my monument."

He did n't seem to desire to have things just as other people ♣ ♣

In those books are the work that has come out from his soul through his finger-tips. Every writer knows what this means! There were pages that splashed with indignation, with enthusiasm—as Martin Luther, when writing, threw his ink-bottle at the devil one night ♣ There were pages that have the scent of lavender and old lace, pages that have the figure of field and the furrow and the farm and outdoors which he ever loved.

¶ There were pages that had the tribute to womanhood—" White Hyacinths," all in that row of manuscript ♣ ♣

As I sat there and looked, I felt, " Will the time come when the Fra will not be here? " I could n't conceive of it being possible!

And yet when he sailed on that boat, one of the last letters I think he wrote was a hurried note to a few friends, one of which I received. It was full of

jolly-rollicking, devil-may-care spirit. ¶ If he could have chosen his passing out, it would have been just as it was. Hand in hand with Alice Hubbard, the woman he loved, he sank and faded away. He was transported, as it were, bodily, and left behind no shrine, no bit of mound and grass, nothing but the memory and the personality and the spirit of Elbert Hubbard.

¶ And you know that in that powerful physique, that life of abstemious living, how little patience he had with weakness and with the tremblings that were the result of indiscretion.

Imagine that great stalwart man having to come, as he inevitably would have had to come, to the breaking down and lying on the bed of illness, passing out in the ordinary way of human kind; with the machinery rusting and wearing out.

But God in His infinite wisdom and mercy has taken him away. Perhaps he would have wished it.

I was in Washington when the tremor was shaking this country, when fists were doubled with rage to feel that our own loved ones had been sacrificed by that murderous torpedo. Oh, the cruelty of it all!

And yet we can almost see coming out of that vast deep, the spirit of Elbert Hubbard, and with that placid, sweet smile: standing there with his locks tossing in the breezes, his hands uplifted with his blessing and

benediction upon all who pass that way. ¶ And as my time comes, as your time comes, whether it comes in threescore—(and he nearly reached the threescore mark: fifty-eight summers had passed since the mother had, from the valley of death, looked into the face of her babe, her proud baby boy—and what an inspiration it was to see that dear lady today, there with his pictures of different ages and without a quaver in her voice although her heart is breaking, but with the stalwart, Spartan spirit of the boy to whom she gave birth, she is looking the future fearlessly in the face)—when I open the door to eternity, if it is fourscore or threescore, it matters not, I am going to open the door as our dear friend the Fra opened the door to all eternity, with the feeling that my Redeemer liveth, with the feeling that outside the door, just in the other room into which our loved ones have passed, we will greet that flood of sunshine on the everlasting dawn of heaven and find a greeting on God's good-morning ☛

Boston, Mass.

Joseph Mitchell Chapple.

THE constant reading of Elbert Hubbard's works has made me his enthusiastic admirer, so that today I feel as if I had lost a beloved friend.

Havana, Cuba

Julia Martinez.

I WAS with Elbert Hubbard when he wrote that splendid article about the sinking of the "Titanic." I particularly remember how he was impressed by the loyalty of Mrs. Straus in remaining with her husband until the waters closed over them. I know that Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard met death in the same way.

I have always felt that I knew Mr. Hubbard perhaps as well as any man did, outside of his immediate family. To know him was to love him. On our many trips together, we were companions, not employer and employee. Not only did he have a superior intellect, but the inner man rang true.

Cleveland, Ohio

Percy A. Beach.

AS a teacher I have read Elbert Hubbard and have been inspired by his writings for a number of years. When a mere youth my spirits were quickened and my ambitions stirred by his "Little Journeys." I feel that the world has lost a great man, and that especially these United States will miss his counsel in these terrible times.

*Supt. City Schools
Macon, Miss.*

Joe McMillin.

The Hubbards were great, talented and useful workers for the betterment of the world. We have too few like them

Altoona, Pa.

William F. Gable.

I AM glad of an opportunity to say how deeply I have been stirred by the manner in which Elbert and Alice Hubbard were done to death. That high intelligence, sweet life, and noble purposes should be thus brought to an end overwhelms us with sorrow for the fallen estate of those who could perpetrate such a crime. But to have lived nobly, to have loved truly—this is something Fate could not deny to those capable of it. These two, no doubt, would have preferred, had they been permitted to choose, that the blow should come to them together, without long and lingering sorrow. Nature was more kind to them than man. When the soft waves swept over them it was a sweet caress as compared with the rending of their members that had been so cunningly prepared ♦♦♦

*Green Hill
North Cohasset, Mass.*

David Jayne Hill.



The thought of the love of God can not be grasped in the slightest degree, even as a working hypothesis, by a man who does not know human love.

ELBERT HUBBARD



**WHAT 'S power? Is it a nation's throb?
Is it the trained and armored mob?
Is it leviathans that plow the deep?
Is it projectiles that there ruin seek?
Is it to raze, ravish, and destroy,
Make earth a waste devoid of joy,
Turn back for years the hand of time,
And make brute force an end sublime?**

**'T is none of these. Beneath the wave
Ruined casket holds power to save.
'T is breath of thought, whose bubbles rise
To fertile earth, and clear the skies;
Thought power, whose living concrete form
He sowed and reaped, earth to adorn;
Gave eyesight to the groping blind;
And freedom to the slave-held mind.**

**Life was a glorious growth and power,
To bloom and ripen every hour.
His creed was in an endless "do";
No beaten trail could he pursue;
All talents used to weight his blow
To fell the hypocrite and foe.
He proved the truth in all he wrought,
That power—is honest living thought.**

*Metropolitan Hospital
New York City*

T. AlBurtis Putnam.

I returned, and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong . . . but time and chance happeneth unto all.



THIS text from the Preacher was often on the lips of Elbert Hubbard in the days of our intimacy, the beginning of which was twenty years ago. It supplied the title for his novelized life of John Brown of Ossawatomie (perhaps his most ambitious attempt

at book-writing). He recurred to it again and again in his essays, as if it were the ground-note of his thought. Beyond question, it haunted him like a threat of Destiny, for having come a little late to his chosen work, no man was ever more wrought upon by a fury to achieve—to accomplish—to do his stint at whatever cost, and pass on !

And like a finger pointed with flame, it rose before my mind with the first rumor of his terrible fate. There, I said, is the burden of all the years . . . the unseen menace that so often oppressed his spirit. And the Preacher's words knelled in my ear with a crushing weight of irony. For here indeed was a case, if ever there were one, in which the race was not to the swift nor the battle to the strong.

Elbert Hubbard was a fatalist. I saw this from an early moment of our acquaintance. Many took this trait for a pose ; some deduced from it a character for heartlessness, which they freely thrust upon him. Both were

wrong. His fatalism was deeply rooted in his nature, and it imparted a certain melancholy Hamlet-like charm to his personality (I speak of him as I first knew him). His gait was that of a man who would be wise and cautious in all ways, but who knew that the ordering of ultimate destinies is not within any man's power. He carried himself bravely and jauntily, yet with circumspection ; and often he seemed to pause and listen for a word of the Fates.

I could not imagine him playing the coward to Destiny. Short as was the grace allowed him, I believe he stood up like a brave man in the last awful moment, and that no man on the " Lusitania " met his death with a stronger soul.

But he died not alone. The woman who had been the great love of his life—and for whom in the eyes of the world he had made shipwreck of his life—shared his death. Hand in hand they went together into the Silence, called home by the Searcher of hearts, to whom alone is judgment. I must think it was a lovely and enviable consummation for these two, with just the touch of tragedy needed to make their story immortal : she, I am sure, would not have avoided such a death to live a queen !

But swift upon this thought, with its gracious and healing implications, comes regret at the striking down

of the strong worker, the paralysis of that hive of industry of which he was the busy directing brain, the dismay of a community which loses in him its bond of union and support, the grief of the many throughout the country who admired his ready and versatile talent. ¶ And once more we realize that the empty space where but just now stood a strong man is the most woeful thing in Nature.

The present writer was unlucky enough to have been estranged from Elbert Hubbard some fourteen years ago by circumstances which need not now be recalled. The quarrel was actively served and diligently promoted by our common friends—I don't think the hearts of the principals were ever much in it. But it was a very pretty quarrel, eagerly ministered to by the creatures of envy, hatred and jealousy. There was bitter talk and counter-talk which the common friends alluded to traded back and forth with a quite incredible alacrity, never forgetting to dot and carry one in the process. And alas ! there was too much bitter writing which I for my part would most gladly blot out. I can only hope that no ill-conditioned person may take it into his head to reprint any words of mine put forth long ago in anger and bitterness. I have no sort of fellowship with those who will not let the dead rest and who would heap obloquy and judgment upon the grave.

I loved Elbert Hubbard in the first years of our comradeship, and though we fell out at length and were never really reconciled, I never hated him. How could I hate a man who seemed to share the ideals of my youth—a friend with whom I have laughed and held communion in the things of the mind?

Perhaps I am not to be pitied for the estrangement, in a way, as it gives me leave to recall the Elbert Hubbard of eighteen or twenty years ago—a quaintly romantic figure, with its bravado of long hair and eccentric costume; the dark magnetic eye with its hint of power; the mobile face, a little stern, that yet easily yielded to mirth—if it were not too fantastic, I would almost say, a blend of Alfred Jingle and Robert Louis the beloved. His smile was very beautiful in those days: both men and women readily yielded to its fascinating charm. The dreamer was then uppermost in Elbert Hubbard, so that those who knew the man only in his later, harder period may scarce recognize this portrait.

Alas, the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong!

It is the man I knew and loved, the "bon camarade," the melancholy Jaques of our lighter literature, as rare a spirit as ever wore the motley, who now stands before me as I trace these words: summoning me to remember him in the light of those vanished years when

friendship was as precious and perturbing as love itself—when the heart gave of its fulness and kept no record of its bounty—when the Dream and the Glory were the dearer that it lured us both.

Yes—yes, I remember.

Sleep well, my friend !

South Norwalk, Conn.

Michael Monahan.

GALBERT HUBBARD and life were synonymous. Wherever he went life was quickened, inspired. He was a galvanic force.

His was a life of adventure, adventure in the realm of mind and understanding; adventure in life and thought; but his was an adventure without violence.

He preached the gospel of the universal man, and he himself was a universal man.

East Aurora, N. Y.

James W. Beckman.

I VALUED the friendship of your distinguished father and I look upon his death as a national loss. He was one of the most remarkable men this country has ever produced. His original way of saying things, his genial humor, his absence of malice and his great constructive ability made him a rare man who has left his stamp of personality upon his times.

*Literary Executor of Walt Whitman
Philadelphia, Pa.*

Thomas B. Harned.

IT is difficult to express in words just what the friendship of Elbert and Alice Hubbard meant to me—Elbert, whom I had both seen and heard, though had never spoken to, and Alice, having not seen, whom yet I loved.

"The Voice that is stilled" was to me the sweetest memory of my life. Always in the Silence he loved, could I hear its rhythmic rise and fall, and ever some word of hope and blessing reached my listening ear.

To Alice, I looked for the understanding and sympathy of our mutual sex, and drew upon her unfailing store of wisdom, only learned through the travail of suffering. She stood, for me, on the highest pinnacle of womanhood, and to reach her level was my despair.

Strange as it may sound, I was never able to overcome a foolish fear of losing them, if I rashly rushed my present personality into the Roycroft Shop; but now that they can see me as I am, from behind the veil, I am content. I can never lose them, they know now how I loved them, they know me as I knew them, "One with the Father"; and when my time for the great unmasking comes, we shall meet "face to face," loving, and beloved, as of yore.

Meanwhile, I must perpetuate their memory in deeds of love for Love's sake, so shall they continue to live in me and I in them.

WHEN rich men die, men ask, "What did they leave?"
And then they calculate,
In terms of stocks and bonds their vast estate.
But who can estimate
The overflowing wealth of heart and mind,
Left by these truest lovers of mankind?
To all who knew and loved this Peerless Pair,
Matched, perfect souls, than Sultan's pearls more rare,
Who looked on Life, and seeing, found it fair,
Loved it, and called it "Day";
Who bade us rise to heights, and showed the way
Through "Love and Work and Play."
"Their work is done," they say;
But we, who knew and loved them whisper, "Nay!"
Not till our throbbing hearts shall cease to beat,
They live in us, and in our lives repeat
(Though but the faintest echo of their Voice)
The melody they made of Love complete.
So may some highest note reach where they are,
Upon what happy star,
That hearing, they must fain leap and rejoice,
And sweetly smiling, say,
"All 's right with them as in our Heaven, Amen!
They know and go the Way,
Love never faileth, we shall meet again."

Harrison, N. Y.

Earle Remington Hines.

I AM taking advantage of the very first opportunity after the adjournment of the Pan-American Financial Conference to write you and express my deep personal sympathy with you in the loss of your remarkable father. While my acquaintance with him was not intimate and I did not have that opportunity of association with him which I would have greatly appreciated and enjoyed, what little I did see of him enabled me to develop a great admiration for his knowledge of human nature and his ability to inspire men with ideas which make for the good of humanity. His death is a loss not only to this country but to all the world, and in this connection it may interest you to know that he was beginning to be very liberally quoted throughout Latin America. His writings and sayings were attracting attention there, and many of the principal magazines and newspapers were giving special space to them. May I, therefore, as a Pan-American myself, state that all America keenly suffers from his sad and sudden departure from the midst of our activities, but we all wish you success in carrying on the splendid work which he initiated.

*Director-General Pan-American Union
Washington, D. C.*

John Barrett.

Imagination is sympathy illumined by love and ballasted by brains.

THE epochs of the ages are marked by the transit of great souls through them. The soul of Elbert Hubbard was a treasure-house of sense. His mind was a mint of keen, sensible satire. His gift was magic in words. His disposition to attack the vanity and vain-glory, the avarice and falsehood of life, was as bold as unshackled truth itself. His pen was his sword of offense and defense, and when a product in the form of "The Philistine" went abroad, it proved sharper than any two-edged sword in its effect on the shams of life. He was an apostle of commonsense, as opposed to the irrationalism of superstition and the despotism of militarism ☸ ☸

Managing Editor "Chiropractor"
Davenport, Iowa

F. P. Myers.



FOR many years I have been one of a vast army scattered from Coast to Coast, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, which has held Elbert Hubbard as its leader in the National Movement towards higher standards of thinking and living; and I believe that a multitude of our people feel a personal loss today, as I do, through the unspeakable tragedy that has deprived America of a foremost thinker and a leader in the work of creating new ideals, or, at least, new standards of truth and sincerity.

General Director The Louisiana Company
New Orleans, La.

C. W. Marsh.

ALBERT and I did not always "hitch," but no man had more respect for his wonderful ability than your humble servant, who feels his untimely death a personal loss.

He did things, and he did them well. In spite of obstacles which would have discouraged most men, he carried out his plans to the letter. Some sought to crush him. He came out on top like a cork on water. Others ignored him. He made them sit up and take notice. He violated dogmatic codes and made his critics ashamed. He exposed the shams of society, the humbuggery of the Medical Trust, the hypocrisy of religion. He taught and practised the simple life. He left gems of literature—and died with his boots on.

Editor "Mature Medicine"
Chicago, Ill.

Charles McCormick, M. D.



If there is a life after this, we are preparing for it now, just as I am preparing today for my life tomorrow. The kind of a man I shall be next month depends on the kind of a man I have been this month 30

ELBERT AND ALICE HUBBARD

HAND in hand with smiling faces,
For nearing danger had no fear,
Side by side each other waiting
The Master's welcome held so dear.

Death nor danger had no horror,
Life had been a work well done;
Now they sleep beneath the billows
Kissed by morn' and evening sun.

Sleep, dear friends, and may your slumber
Wake in us a hope benign:
May we profit by your precepts,
May we make our lives divine.

*President Knoxville Business College
Knoxville, Tenn.*

Hu Woodward.



THE hardest thing about the death of Elbert Hubbard is in realizing that he is gone.

In a way we have all been expecting that some man sauntering on the Irish sands, or some steamer slowing down to pick up her pilot, would happen upon a floating bottle, and in that bottle a message from our friend the Fra.

He must have thought of that when he knew the " Lusitania " was sinking. There surely came upon him some wish to send his good-by to his friends. There was a thing then that he had to say to them to keep for his remembrance. And we dream yet that he found time to write that last word on a sheet of paper, and cork it in a bottle, and cast that bottle on the waves.


For Hubbard was our Speechmaster. He was our Poet. He made his wisdom for our common days. He was of us, the Folks that Make the World; he was as strong, as weak as we are. And we that loved him loved without illusion.

There was genius in Elbert Hubbard—genius and a Song that reached the heart of us and sent us tramping bravely through our days. He made the job we had to do Worth While. He sang the enduring virtues, for he sang of labor and of business and of railroads and the little things we do from morn to night that make the world go 'round.

He took us climbing with him to the Heights ; we sank

with him to Hell until we saw that Hell was but the nightmare of our souls. We sawed wood with him ; kept shop ; went to our banks ; hammered the iron upon the anvil 'till it was a creditable shoe ; dispelled our doubts and fears concerning failure ; sang in the morning as we scrubbed our face ; and went to bed, holding that life was excellent.

And now he lies deep in the old Atlantic and listens to the ship's bells overhead and goes to sleep again when they have passed.

Well, let him lie there ; the sea 's the grave of heroes ; and, when it opens to the Trump of Doom, he will walk up the sands and stand before the Throne and say in answer to the Herald's challenge, " I did the best I could." 

We like to think of Hubbard standing there ; that smile of his serene and undisturbed ; looking at God as one looks at a Friend ; ready to ask that things be On the Square and fair to each last sinner of us all.

We like to think of him in Paradise ; joking with Peter ; telling tales to Paul ; the Secretary of the Apostles' Club ; sending a message by a shooting-star down there to East Aurora ; making his Little Journeys to the Saints ; wishing at times to see the colored man walk through the Pullmans droning " last call for dinner in the dining-car."

Well, he will never hear that call again until Mankind sits down to table at the Day of Judgment to sup with God the King.

But we will think of him until the end—a friend who is not dead, but waits Somewhere for us to greet us unawares. For he is but upon some Journey gone, and when we follow him it is our hope that we shall go as he went, cheerful and unafraid, content to die or live as it should happen, and saying in the end, "Life liked me well." ❧ ❧

Elbert Hubbard dead ! Go to ! He is immortal, and with the immortals sings today.

We knew him and we liked him. He made songs from the commonplace. He made the commonplace seem Best of All. His little books were testaments of courage.

¶ He must have stood up when he knew that Death was coming and hailed Him with a cheer and said : "Come on, Old Man, don't look so glum about it. It 's your job ; don't you see ? So do it gracefully. Smile, damn you !" And Death said back to him : "Hubbard, a few like you would put my game upon the blink. I 'm busy, Elbert, but not too busy to wish you 'd stayed at home. Life 's where your business lies."

That 's how I think of him the last of all. And then the sea runs smoothly where the " Lusitania " sank.

Well, let 's keep the work still going that he started,

cheering mankind and making the Job Worth While. And who knows but that, some day, he may get to us by wireless and say to us, " Well done ! "

For, some day, we shall hear again from Elbert Hubbard. That message in a bottle is bobbing 'round the old Atlantic. We 'll wait for it until it drives ashore.

Editor "Denver Post"
Denver, Colo.

H. H. Tammen.

ELBERT HUBBARD'S writings and sayings will be handed down to future generations as among the best that ever were published. I have used his mottoes and his writings a great many times, and certainly I shall miss words from his pen in the future. All I can say is that the whole country will miss Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard and the grand work which they have done in the past, and particularly the writings of Mr. Hubbard to young people.

Supt. Rolling Stock, N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.
New York City

F. W. Brazier.

THROUGH well-nigh twenty years of the most pleasant business dealings with Mr. Hubbard we had course to know his matchless integrity and those high qualities of mind and spirit that bespoke the greatness of the man.

Buffalo Electrotype Works
Buffalo, N. Y.

William Wilhelm,
Andrew R. Koehler.

I CAME to know Elbert Hubbard through his books: first the outside of them—they were so beautifully made—then through the inside, and I recognized that a man who could make a book so beautifully would do everything he touched with the same care and exquisite regard for the sake of its appearance and for its intellectual appeal.

Of course I knew that he was not making these books, but that he was insisting that others should make them as he himself would have made them had he been brought up to that trade.

"Do what I tell you to do," is what made the Roycroft Shop what it is: the beautiful furniture designed, the beautiful bindings, the beautiful typesetting, the beautiful statuary, and etchings; indeed, the whole aspect of the place is the result of other people doing what the master mind had told them to do.

Hubbard, himself, could not have carved a statue or perhaps have drawn a picture, but when he was about his mind was of the character that would compel others to see things his way, and to do accordingly—and his way was good because he was good—artistic, high-minded, clean in spirit and body.

The man Hubbard was the guiding spirit of the place, as he was one of the guiding spirits of the world.

New York City

David Bispham.

I HAVE known Mr. Hubbard since Nineteen Hundred Three. Coming here from New York I engaged in business with more brains than money and naturally a little fearful lest I could not make it a paying thing; when one day the good news came to me that Elbert Hubbard was to give a lecture here, and I assure you I lost no time in going to see him and hear him also, for by that time I was really at the crossroads, mentally.

Only those who know the joy of meeting old friends can appreciate my feelings at the moment when Mr. Hubbard stepped on the platform, and his first words were, "If you want to be a success in this world, then the first step is to abolish fear, for the power that places a responsibility on you knows that you are equal to it or you would not be selected to assume it." Well, I almost wept with happiness, and from that moment to this I have been a success; and today his picture graces my desk where many tangible problems are solved. Mr. Hubbard's picture, today as we look on it, is a blessing, a benediction and an inspiration to me and my force.

Oakland, Cal.

Margaret Weeks.

Elbert Hubbard was as a brother to me. I shall miss him until the end comes for me.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Byron W. King, A. M., Ph. D.

IF it were possible to find adequate words at my command to express the love and appreciation that is in my heart for Elbert and Alice Hubbard I would be most happy. But, it does seem an impossible thing to voice what is in my heart. The sense of personal loss, the feeling of eternal obligations to those two great intellects and mighty souls, are almost overpowering when one faces them. Surely no two people alive or dead are so absolutely alive as Alice and Elbert Hubbard, whose written and spoken words have carried and will carry such mental stimulus, such optimism and incentive for big thoughts and deeds to all who have been fortunate enough to know them, either personally or through their great work.

Ocean City, N. J.

Laura Nelson Hall.



ELBERT HUBBARD added many notes to the chromatic scale of literature, playing his scores of "Little Journeys" thereon with the most acute and perceptive melodies of the Human Heart.

No other American has imparted so much Strength, Courage and Inspiration to the youth of this nation as he.

¶ And as for his wife, she wrote one article that I have read more times than I have any other in our language.

Adieu, sweet souls—Adieu!

Awlander, N. C.

R. E. White.

I THINK I liked Elbert Hubbard because I have always liked preachers, and this he was although at many times he failed to fellowship with some of the more orthodox ones, and he very often perverted the text for fear he would be called orthodox; but is there any difference between "Cast your bread upon the water" and "The man who never does any more than he gets paid for never gets paid for any more than he does"; or between "Be a good forgetter" and "Forgive your enemies"?

Elbert Hubbard rendered a great service in helping people to sense the great philosophies of life. I am putting up as a tribute to him a lot of his sayings in the shape of a frieze in one of the rotundas. In this way will the memory of the man who has done much to help me be perpetuated in my family and among my friends ☞ ☞

*The Mission Inn
Riverside, Cal.*

Frank A. Miller.



Put yourself in the other man's place and then you will know why he thinks certain things and does certain deeds. Put yourself in his place and your blame will dissolve itself into pity, and your tears will wipe out the record of his misdeeds ♫
The saviors of the world have simply been men with wondrous sympathy ♫

CROSSING THE BAR

(A Favorite with Elbert Hubbard)

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.



IN all this horrible war, the passing of Elbert Hubbard is the supreme tragedy ☛ ☛

To me he was easily the deepest thinker, the sanest philosopher and the ablest writer of his time.

No other man has so profoundly influenced me in every human faculty.

He constantly revealed things I long knew and believed, but did not know I knew and believed them until he told me.

The Fra's intellect swept the universe and ventured far out into uncharted space.

He was a universal man.

He brought our notions about Deity down to date ; helped more than Ingersoll to laugh the devil out of existence ; made doctors unnecessary by prescribing fresh air, laughter and work ; and showed how little justice there is in law.

He taught the divinity of work, and revealed how much happiness there is if you simply reach out and take it ☛ Every topic he touched took on a new and interesting aspect ☛ ☛

If he wrote about sawdust, the theme became absorbing under his surpassing genius.

The dear Fra wrote words that leaped with laughter, and still other words that were wet with tears.

His sense of humor was as keen as any blade that ever came out of Damascus, while his wisdom and knowledge

were profoundly deep. If men ever touch fingers with the Infinite—if the Almighty ever speaks to mortals, as is alleged in Holy Writ—then Hubbard was one such man, and he was a prophet as surely as the prophets of the dead and misty past.

Those who have listened to Elbert Hubbard in his inspired moments at the Chapel, and looked into those strangely magnetic eyes when the voltage was high, can only believe that this man was surely set apart to influence and direct the times in which he lived and the times that are to come.

That the Hubbard philosophy will make still more rapid headway is certain, for it is one of the paradoxes of life that we do not recognize and appreciate genius to the full until we lose it.

To many of us the fondest recollections go back to the late Eighties and the early Nineties, when Hubbard was a stray comet in the literary sky, which had not yet found its orbit.

In those good days the specter of a large payroll did not haunt him, and the burdens of a great institution were not fastened upon his back.

We love the days of the fireside talks, the cider and apples and hickory-nuts, the merry persiflage when the sun sank in golden glory in the West.

Our hearts return to the time when Hubbard fished his

" Little Journeys " out of the ink-bottle away off in the little cabin in the woods ♫ We look back fondly into the past when the making of things by hand was the guiding inspiration—when lassies from the farms beautified books with brush and colors.

To me the growth of the Roycroft Idea into a great commercial institution was almost a tragedy, and yet we now see the wisdom and foresight of a master mind.

¶ The great Roycroft Shop henceforth has a mission that will make it still greater, and that is to print and send out over all the earth the mighty works of this mighty man.

To this purpose every heir to the genius of Hubbard should dedicate himself, and the compensation will be the satisfaction of bestowing a blessing and a benediction upon the human race.

We mourn the loss of every life in this mad and insane war, but most of all do we mourn the loss of Elbert Hubbard ♫ ♫

Of the millions of human beings that crowd the earth, there is not one to take his place.

This thought must now comfort us :

He always lifted up his voice for Liberty, and his philosophy eternally advocated Happiness, Health and Honest Work.

*Treasurer Omega Chemical Co
New York City*

Bert M. Moses.

ALBERT HUBBARD, more than any one else, living or dead, helped me to live. He was a practical philosopher, an apostle of the workaday. To leisure folk he might mean spice or tabasco in the flavor of their lives, but to those who live by doing he was the needful bread for every-day consumption.

I never clasped hands, nor exchanged spoken words, with him, but there was no need. His simitar-like mind, his great soul and capacious heart spoke to us across the spaces. The spirit of our Fra Elbertus was pervasive. Distance did not count, nor does it now count. He has left so voluminous a record of his thoughts that we can feed upon and live by them to the end of our lives, even though there be future centenarians among us.

In my scrapbook of precious things I have pasted two letters on the cheery yellow Roycroft stationery. It is significant of him that both began, "My dear Ada." Formalities among his readers were not for him. Referring in this letter to a manuscript of mine which he afterwards published in "The Fra," he ended kindly appreciation of it with the words: "It had the actinic ray. It contained the friendly germ." Certainly the friendly germ dwelt within, and multiplied in, him. It was part of his gospel not to walk with eyes star-fixed, and so walking to stumble, but to walk shoulder to

shoulder, palm to palm, eye to eye, among one's fellows.

¶ He was a foe to snobbery in the name of morality.

"I care not what a man is. I only care what he has become," he said, and saying, practised.

"Work, study, laugh, love, play." This was his litany of daily living. It comprehended the gamut of life. It was the recipe of human happiness. Often he repeated it, but not too often. With innumerable and always cheer-bringing variations, he preached those five necessities of the balanced existence.

He enriched my life by guiding my reading away from the particular into the general. He gave me vision of the largeness of life and the universality of human interests. He taught me to be gentle in my judgments, and showed me the futility of rancor. He slackened furiously beating pulses by his words, "In a world where death is, there is no room for hate."

He taught me not to fear life. He caused me to discover that it is no bodeful enemy of ours, but a vigorous sparring partner, no more to be feared than the punching-bag with which we exercise of a morning, and that while it deals us a blow now and then, does so without malice and because of our own awkwardness.

He has left us his philosophy and his shining example. But even the memory of that sun of his spirit, that could not be eclipsed, can not pluck out the bitterness

of his passing. In one of his letters in my book of precious things he referred to a delay and said, "It was caused by the atrocious conduct of Bill Kaiser, who is kicking up so much dust across the sea." In one of his latest lay sermons he repeated his doctrine of courage, of work, of good-will. "The man who lives thus nothing can harm," he said, "and when he goes down it will be amid a wreck of worlds."

He was such a man and he has gone down. Upon such wreckage of worlds we seem to have fallen, that made the manner of his death possible.

New York City

Ada Patterson.



ALBERT HUBBARD was one of the greatest emancipators, towering above all men who had ever lived, perhaps, in his ability to state facts more tersely than had ever been done before. Centuries may elapse before such a mind may appear again. His loss is a worldwide calamity.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

Luther Burbank.



I regret more than I can tell the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard. They were my good friends—we exchanged many thoughts. Two great, bright lights have been snuffed out—and, oh, how dark it is!

*The Barker-Swan Service
Chicago, Ill.*

Edwin L. Barker.

I REGARD Elbert Hubbard as one of the greatest men that this country has ever produced, and nothing has happened in recent years that has so much grieved me as the sad, untimely death of this great thinker and writer. I have been reading everything that he has written for a number of years, and I am pleased to say that I am a bigger and better man for having done so ♦♦♦

Atlanta, Ga.

J. D. Atkisson.

I FEEL, as do thousands of other Philistines, that the world has lost a man whose immense soul was full of love for all humankind and with a mind that could, seemingly without effort, delve to the profoundest depths or soar to the lofty heights of canonized bards ♦♦♦

As the Sixteenth Century was marked by Shakespeare, and the Eighteenth by Pope, so will Elbert Hubbard's writings portray the spirit of these days and the advanced civilization of the New World.

Troy, N. Y.

B. B. Williamson, D.D.S.

I loved Elbert Hubbard and share in the loss of our friend. The world needs such men. Words can not express my regrets in his being taken away from us.

Chicago, Ill.

W. E. Buehler, M. D.

ELBERT HUBBARD

GES—I knew him well:
He was a kindly man,
And I am glad that I have lived
To hear a thousand little squeaking squibs
That once spake ill of him,
In patriotic guise now pipe his praise.
He was his Country's sacrifice :
He had no fear of self or men or death,
And I can see him, even as the ship goes down,
“ Contemplate with pleasure the exquisite ‘ transition
of death.’ ”

He lived each day prepared to live, and so prepared to die.
He told me once, no inspiration greater ever came to him,
Than when he visited Whitman, and Old Walt
With palsied hand beat with his cane upon the floor,
The while, with mighty voice, he read aloud these lines :
“ Come lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.”

It was a little prairie town where he was born,
Close by where Lincoln lived,
And where the voice of Bob Burdette with laughter rang,
And Ingersoll with thundering challenge spake,


And where the poet Hovey first saw the light of day;
All these he loved,
And each impressed his stamp upon his soul,
And he, the many-sided man,
Contained the elements of all—
Counselor, jester, reasoner, poet—all in one.

He spread new Gospel o'er the land,
And opened wells of inspiration
That quenched the thirst of many a famished soul.
He gave to Art a higher place,
To Labor newer zeal,
And thundered so against the battlements
Of Orthodoxy, that men began to feel
That God was in themselves, as well as in the Church.

He rests—a victim of strange Fate,
And though we curse the cause,
We will not mourn for him—
He would not have it so—
But we shall draw our inspiration from his source,
And live our lives, that we may prove :
" To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Indianapolis, Ind.

George Bicknell.


An American Religion : Work, Play, Breathe,
Bathe, Study, Laugh, Live and Love.

IN assuring you of the personal loss I have sustained in the passing of Elbert Hubbard and Alice Hubbard, I fully realize my inability to adequately express myself.

The shock, the sorrow, the pity of it that such things could be are too great for mere mention. I admired Elbert Hubbard not only for the brilliancy of his writings, but because I believed him to be a sincere worker in the interests of his fellowmen. The world can illy spare such a man, but the gems of thought he left behind will remain to cheer and encourage the faint-hearted of this and coming ages.

South Bend, Ind.

J. D. Oliver.

IHAVE known Mr. Hubbard for the past ten years and his writings and brilliant lectures have always been an inspiration to me. That he was an uppermost factor in the uplift of mankind goes without saying.

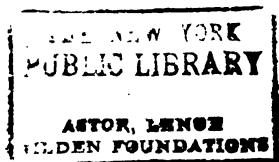
*Fairbanks, Morse & Co.
Chicago, Ill.*

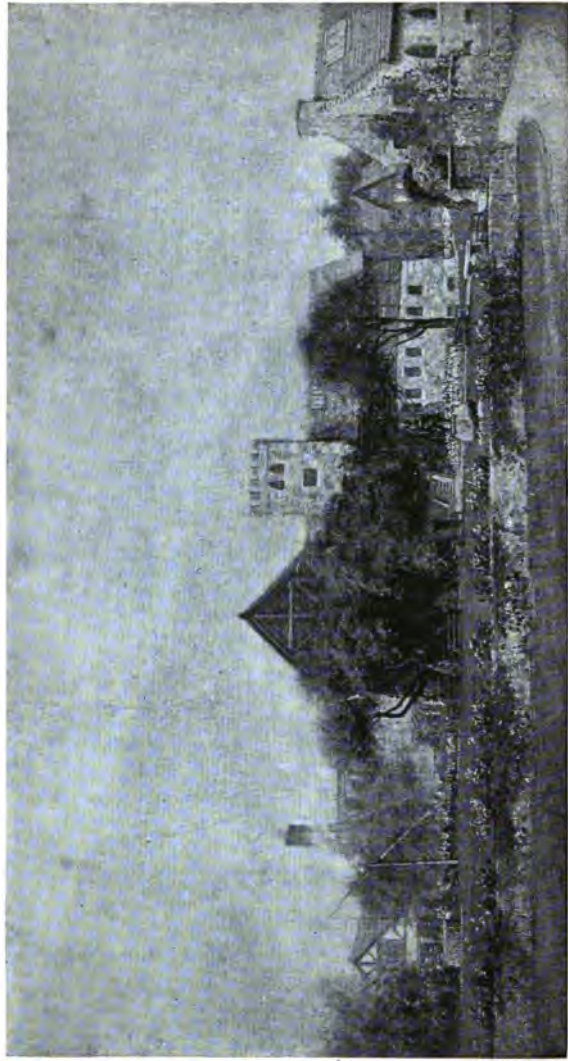
F. E. Kaeppel.

The loss of Elbert Hubbard is a great loss to the world. His writings made people think. His place in history will be among the brightest minds the world has produced.

*Grand Consul Washington Memorial
Highway Ass'n, Fairfax, S. D.*

Col. Charles A. Johnson.





THE ROYCROFT SHOPS — A PANORAMIC VIEW

AT a meeting of the Men's Club of the Lafayette Reformed Church, held Tuesday evening, June Eighth, the following resolution was passed:

Whereas, in the passing away of Elbert Hubbard, this Club has lost one of its most distinguished members; a man whose name and works are known in many parts of the world, and

Whereas, he honored this Club by becoming an active member, which he was induced to do by his expressed approval of the objects of the Club and the goodfellowship which existed, be it

Resolved, that the Men's Club of the Lafayette Church, Jersey City, does hereby express its sincere regret over the severe loss which the Club has sustained.

Jersey City, N. J.

*Oscar A. Lindauer,
General Secretary.*

I HAVE been entertained, enlightened and in turn convulsed and saddened by the works of Elbert Hubbard, more so than by any other writer who ever lived; and the knowledge that the curtain has forever fallen is almost unbearable.

Philadelphia, Pa.

William A. Beavan.

Like Lincoln, Hubbard went down to the assassin of a lost cause. It's a shame. Perhaps it had to be.

*Notary Public
Hespeler, Canada*

Winfield Brewster.

WHATEVER may be our personal opinions of his characteristics, which some of us may consider a departure at times from the conventional requirements of society, we yet may pay tribute to the genius of the man, in admiration for his bold championship of the rights of free speech and thought, and to his expressed intolerance of shams and hypocrisy. A genius so beneficial to mankind justifies us, I think, in the hope, if not the belief, that it has not been snuffed out by the waters of the sea, but has only been transferred to a higher plane of activity where under better conditions it will grow and benefit even more than it did on this plane of existence.

*President Rotary Club
Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Geo. W. Duffus.



**If we are ever damned it will not be
because we have loved too much,
but because we have loved too little.**

ELBERT HUBBARD

GOOD-NIGHT, friend Fra, you 've gone to bed
Among the cohorts of the "dead,"
Your body sleeping in the sea,
Your soul wrapped in Infinity.

On earth fair war on written page
Your pen was ever strong to wage;
And though your corpse ne'er knows the sod,
Your soul now knows the Only God.

Philistine, Fra, O mortal wise,
Who saw all things with Prophet's eyes,
Torpedoed on material sea
You 've now reached your Infinity.

Cincinnati, Ohio

Howard Saxby, Jr.



EMERSON said, "When God lets loose a thinker on this earth, beware." There certainly was a thinker let loose when Elbert Hubbard was born. He was a born discoverer of men, a man who had a genius for arousing the ambition, especially of

the young, a man who had a genius for energizing people. He was never dreary, never commonplace. He always compelled attention. However we might differ with him in his opinions we never could help listening, and we were always influenced by him.

I certainly feel that I am very greatly indebted to him. He has been an inspiration to me for many years.

From the last number of "The Fra" I quote this sentence: "The last test is this: What influence has a man's life had upon civilization?" Now, we all know that Mr. Hubbard has influenced civilization as very few men have. I don't know of any man, possibly barring one or two, who has helped to discover so many young men as has Mr. Hubbard. Many young men have told me that "A Message to Garcia" has been the turning-point in their career. It has shown them ability, resources which they never before dreamed they possessed. If Mr. Hubbard had never written anything else than "A Message to Garcia," I believe that one thing would have made him famous. It has done more good than many profound works on theology, and will continue to be a living force for many years to come.

In trying to measure Mr. Hubbard we should have to put a measuring-line around his atmosphere. He was not all accounted for between his hat and his boots, as some writer has said. He was not all accounted for in his physiology and his anatomy. There was something in Mr. Hubbard—something back of the flesh, but not of it—which made for a powerful personality. Wherever he went he was like a huge magnet attracting people to him. No matter whether they agreed with him or not, he attracted them, he interested them, and wherever he went he was the observed of all observers. I have often seen people stop and turn around on the street to look at him. He was a remarkable personality, and however we may estimate his life we must acknowledge this, that he was a tremendous force—a masterful man.

New York City

Dr. Orison Swett Marden.

I BECAME a subscriber to "The Fra" because Elbert Hubbard seemed to be a man quite out of the ordinary—what the Icelanders used to call "not an every-day man"—and I found in the work which he produced with such extraordinary enthusiasm and energy very often ideas expressed with a freshness and originality which pleased me very much. I greatly regretted his sad and untimely loss.

U. S. Senator From New York

Hon. Elihu Root.

NIVE men were doomed to die today, dangling at the end of the hangman's rope, within these walls.

Five smiling pictures of Elbert Hubbard, above my desk, seem happier since reprieves were issued at the last moment, for he always was against Capital Punishment as inefficient, non-deterrent, an anachronism from the ancients, a blot on civilization. It is appropriate, too, that he suffer the Death-Penalty in a murderous, legalized War, that his death might be a protest.

Practical reform in penology lost one of its ablest advocates. A half-million inmates are heavy-hearted, for he was truly a friend to these friendless. His purse was open, his hand outstretched and his heart a-smiling open-doored towards prisoners, for he knew that their weaknesses and Society's ruthlessness had made them social outcasts. He knew how they hungered for the kind of friendships that would strengthen any effort toward better things. He gave me something of a hope like that felt by these condemned men today. He came to me when almost all had spurned me. What cheer it was to feel that a man of Hubbard's standing could find something worth while in my make-up—and—when years later, he came to visit me at the prison and put his stout arm across my shoulders, I felt something very

like a father's love — something I 'd never known !
Those of us who knew the MAN, loved him. Some of us have said savage things, to his face—whilst carping critics have done little more than bark at his broad back. Perhaps these last will be kinder, now that he sleeps where tender fronds of sea-mosses make soft his pillow. He was my friend and I can remember only his fellowship. Perhaps he smiles beneath the beryl waters, as he smiles above my desk, for surely he knows he is remembered in our hearts!

Florence, Ariz.

Louis Victor Eytinge.

YOU must have received many very sympathetic letters of condolence, as well as many sincere enthusiastic letters of praise and admiration for Elbert Hubbard

Certainly no one could ever better express good solid truths—truths necessary for every one to know and live by if we wish to perpetuate our country and the principles upon which it is founded—than did Elbert Hubbard, and I doubt if any one ever reached a larger and more appreciative audience than he.

It is to be hoped that the work he commenced and the institution he founded, may go on successfully, following the lines laid out by him.

New York City

Theo. N. Vail.

WHILE many kinds of human activity must miss the gigantesque head and heart and hand and voice of this all-around Man, to whom "nothing human was foreign," I feel that he is most to be mourned and acclaimed by us freethinkers, to whom for a generation, and especially since the death of Robert G. Ingersoll, he was mouth-piece and publicity-agent-to-the-millions.

For years, long before I went on the religious rampage myself, Elbert Hubbard prevented my feeling lonesome. He made it easier, because of his own glad and easy freedom, to say freely what I felt most deeply. His own exuberant and significant individualism made it a simpler matter for one to be self-insistent, when conscious at the same time of the desire to be thereby the more efficiently serviceable. He gave glory to "crankiness."

"A man, for a' that and a' that," yet the Fra was a typical American, in that his whole career was a warm, throbbing, marching embodiment of the Declaration of Independence. Practically, he said to the Past and to Society: "I thank you for all you have given, and all that you are, to me! But through me, too, speaks the Universal Life; and I am a Creator of endless Society and of the infinite Future."

*Leader of the Sunday Commons
Boston, Mass.*

Charles Fleischer.

ELBERT HUBBARD

WE judge you now by what you hated,
You trained your lance on fraud and cant;
Your wit and humor concentrated
Have pierced some hides of adamant.

A manly nature, kindly, gracious,
With no good cause or work at odds;
Through your own genius, glad and spacious,
We have a message from the gods.

You wrote of Lincoln, Christ-like, tender,
You saw his humor, loved the man;
You taught the truth his words engender,
Like him, a true American.

The good, the true, the great, the gentle,
Ah, how sweet you made the themes;
No man dare call you sentimental,
But you have dreamed some pleasant dreams.

What man is here so dull or stoic,
What soul that knew you well or long,
But has learned the strain heroic,
Which formed the burden of your song?

You said bright things and having wed them
To diction fair from your rich stock,
You took no heed of having said them—
The man was greater than the talk.

It may have been that in your singing
A discord lingered, now and then;
But through your life, as music ringing,
Comes clear and true your love for men.

Should there be within your garden,
Some noxious weed-growth, as in mine,
I will not let my judgment harden—
The bloom you gave us was divine.

L'envoi

Ended here a " Little Journey,"
Of sweet conception, noble plan;
Victor oft in joust and tourney—
A gentle man.

One would ask for rhythm sweeter
To equal this fair theme's demands;
I 'm sure you 'll smile at good Saint Peter—
And just shake hands.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Harrison D. Mason.

WITH the passing out of Alice Hubbard there went one of the great souls of the day. Large in thought, magnetic in personality, great in sympathy and loving-kindness, she made hearts happy.

Her friends were blessed in their contact with her gentle soul, for she strengthened their spirit and put an inner fire into their very being.

She was an ardent worker for the emancipation of women, using the great volume of her literary attainment unsparingly for the Cause.

I shall ever treasure the letter received from her before sailing, when she rejoiced in the opportunity for a study of the woman question across the water and for the analysis which she expected to make of the woman's movement there.

There was a subtle bond of friendship between us—the kind of friendship which neither asks nor demands explanation. We understood and loved each other. Between us there was the broadest possible human sympathy. Whenever I sought the Roycroft she was there with help and inspiration. This inspiration can never pass away—warmed by love and a broad sympathy it must live ever in the hearts of those of us who knew and loved Alice Hubbard.

Buffalo, N. Y.

(Mrs. F. J.) Nettie Rogers Shuler.

WHEN Elbert and Alice Hubbard went down with the "Lusitania" we lost two good personal friends indeed ; and yet this was a little matter compared to the world loss. An old saying of King David's came into my mind at the time, " Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel? "

I wonder if it was not well ordained that Elbert Hubbard should die a victim of the system he fought against, for in his death he at least will help to give it a deathblow.

"The Fincherie"
Greenwich, Conn.

Ernest Thompson Seton.



FOR many a year I have derived countless hours of pleasure, instruction and amusement from the writings of Elbert Hubbard, and of late I felt a still stronger bond of affection for him for his timely and vigorous denunciation of my country's enemies. I mourn his loss, as do thousands more, and I only hope his work may continue unabated in intensity and extent.

Green Lane, Carnoustie
Scotland

Archibald Briggs.



Elbert Hubbard has left behind a legacy of thought—jewels beyond price. I have loved him and always shall. I revere his memory.

Omaha, Neb.

R. E. Swetland.



MY first opportunity to spend a day at East Aurora was on Independence Day, five years ago. I arrived in East Aurora on the evening of July Third, and with Elbert and his wonderful partner, Alice, I spent the Fourth, returning to Wellesley on July Fifth. It was the year that they were leading the fight for a sane Fourth. Everybody then thought they were crazy and unpatriotic, but today their principles regarding the celebration of the Fourth of July have been adopted the nation over.

I was especially pleased to spend Independence Day with them, because they seemed to stand for independence in the broad, worth-while sense, more than any couple whom I well knew. They had caught the vision that true happiness can come only through real independence, which should be the goal for all of us. On the other hand, Elbert and Alice Hubbard also recognized that no one of us can be completely independent until all are independent with us. We can save ourselves only as we permit others to save themselves also. Certainly they both demonstrated this at the time of their tragic death ; and were they here today, I believe that this would be the lesson that they would draw from the fatal accident.

I also have a warm spot in my heart for them for the sympathy they gave me in my fight that the world should

recognize that the law, "All action is followed by equal reaction," applies to economics, politics and even ethics, as well as to physics, chemistry and mechanics. They recognized that the Golden Rule was based on this principle, and only when it was so taught as a scientific proposition would it begin to command the respect it deserves.

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Roger W. Babson.

I WAS a warm admirer of Mr. Hubbard and have enjoyed vastly the writings of him and the dear lady who went down with him. This is a distinct and irreparable loss to the whole country. Mr. Hubbard was doing a wonderful service and his aid to humanity was infinite and helpful, and I add my sorrow to theirs over his untimely taking.

Shreveport, La.

J. B. Ardis.

SHE loss to the United States in these two lives alone is far greater than any "Lusitania" or her cargo.

Mr. Hubbard was the very embodiment of clear, fair judgment and good-will to all sound commonsense with the benevolent spirit. Who is there that can take up his work?

New York City

Henry W. Bellsmith.

DAKER of thought, you are gone! Master of words, you have left us! And not e'en a tomb at which we may pay homage. Into the depths of the unknown you have passed to your rest, head up, shoulders back!

I can see you at your desk writing out the "good stuff"; I can see you in the assembly-room voicing your wonderful philosophy; I can see you in the shop permeating good-cheer; I can see you on the playground, loving, laughing, playing!

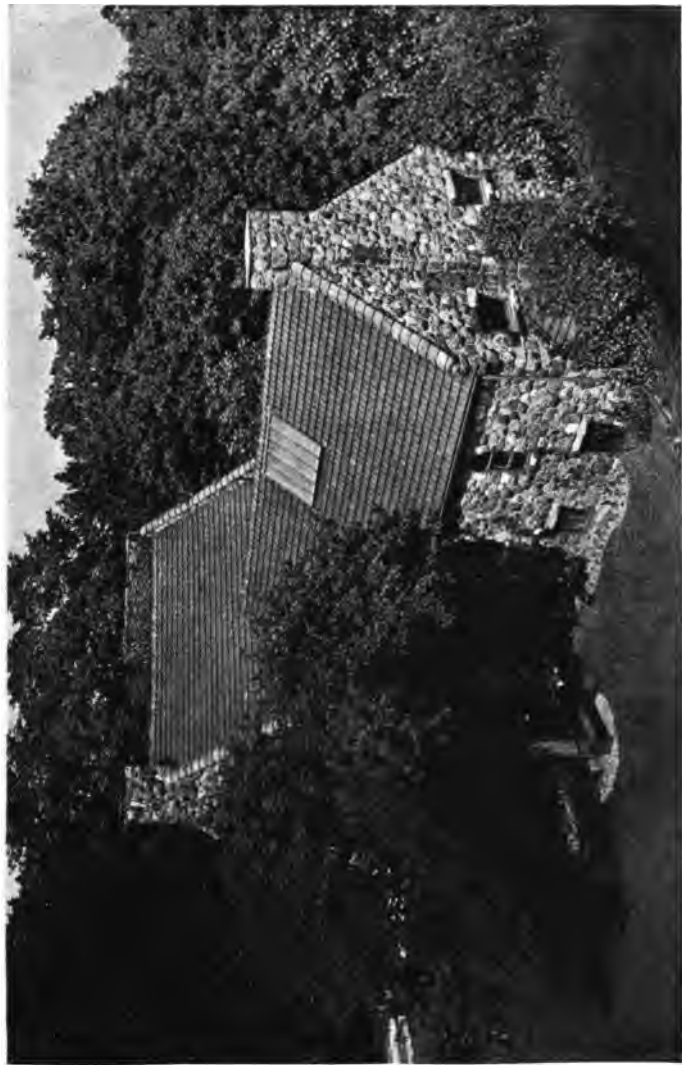
I can see you standing by the boat-rail looking into that fathomless depth—your grave—with a clear eye and a clearer conscience; I can see you cheering her whose heart your blessings cherished; I can see you, arm about her, completing your last "Little Journey." You have gone!

But we can not forget the doctrine of your heart; we can not forget the cheer, the love, the work; we can not forget the heritage, weavings of your wondrous mind; we can not forget you—we shall not forget you—Fra Elbertus!

Los Angeles, Cal.

Alfred A. Samuelson.

The truth is that in human service there is no low or high degree; the woman who scrubs is as worthy of respect as the man who preaches.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ROYCROFT CHAPEL

NEW
LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

ALBERT HUBBARD knew life and humanity. He loved and served his fellowman. Indeed, the great law, the law of human service, was in his heart. His mind went straight as an arrow to the minds of the past that have served their fellowmen; from such "Little Journeys" he brought forth their truth in relation to the service of man. Without bitterness, without personal offense, he threw his smooth, round pebbles from the brook of truth with unerring aim at the apostles of humbug, wherever he found them. He was kindly to all men, but revered only the truth that was in them; and their truth must be serviceable to humanity.

To their truth he made his "Little Journeys." His great journey to his fundamental source of truth I am sure he never revealed. I always meant to talk it over with him some time in the future.

There never was but one mind in this world able to sketch the geography of the universe—the universe of man—and give its longitude in love, its latitude in truth, and point out clearly how these bounded a universe of uses.

I knew when I began to read Hubbard, and found how true his lights were on the laws of human uses, that he had touched the one spring that Charles W. Eliot and all other clear thinkers have touched to get

the light of creation upon the truth of humanity. I said to Hubbard, as I once said to Eliot, "You must have read Immanuel Swedenborg in your youth," and both confessed they had, but each, true to the wisdom of that great author, refused to surrender his individual opinion upon many points. Neither of them could follow the heights and depths in his *Laws of Correspondences*, *Maximus Homo* and *Influx*; but fundamentally they had from that source the great laws of human uses. Hubbard loved not only man and the service of man to his fellow, but all forms of life. The noble horse, the useful cow, the high-tasseled corn, the ripening grain, the trees of the forest, the grass on a thousand hills, all had meanings for him as a prose-poet of humanity. Nobody in his age ever rolled truth, the truth of humanity and the laws of human service, into such epigrammatic crystals of thought. He brought truths up from the earth and down from the heavens and set them in stars—scintillating crystals of light for the man at the forge, at the bench, in the factory, and in the counting-room. We shall not soon see his like again. The sun will continue to shine by day, but in the night, when nations are at war and politics and business are at war, we shall miss some stars of bright, particular, epigrammatic shining—his stars.

Manager "Boston News Bureau"
Boston, Mass.

C. W. Barron.

FOLLOW a woman old enough to be your grandmother to offer you her sincere sympathy for your sudden and overwhelming sorrow, which is also a public calamity.

As a life subscriber to "The Philistine" Magazine, I wish to bear witness that the just and uplifting writings of your talented father have made my later years more bearable and in every way more pleasantly practicable than they might otherwise have been.

Mitchell, S. D.

Kate Barhyte.

ALBERT HUBBARD was the most forceful writer of good English of his time. A man of genius whose facts were sublimated by his relation of them, and whose commonsense was doubled in efficiency by his method of statement, he was the one superlatively Great Teacher whom we could not spare. To foster a love of knowledge and learning; to continue the good work of emancipating the human mind from superstition and thus establish a true "Rule of Reason"; to popularize once more commonsense, and common, human courtesy and kindness among men, and amity among the nations of the earth—this was his mission here; and he discharged it, to the last hour of his busy, useful life.

*Attorney at Law
Hillsboro, Ohio*

Henry A. Pavey.

ELBERT HUBBARD has done much to ennoble mankind and to bring out the thoughts of minds kindred to his own. Hubbard, like all strong characters, often too pronounced in their utterances for their own good, has said and done many things that tended to his undoing. He has been criticized, ridiculed, calumniated. A part, we admit, has been justified. A still greater part has been the result of mean enviousness due to the feeble faith of men in one another, and misguided or ignorant impressions of what the man has stood for ☛ ☛

Elbert Hubbard has helped, far more than his traducers have ever done, to stimulate his hearers and his followers with words of cheer and hope and desire for the better. His great axiom was the power of "initiative." His life was an expression of the force of the word and the deed itself in his capacity to express "initiative." ☛

Cincinnati, Ohio

John F. Pogue.



Without love the world would echo only
cries of pain ; the sun would shine
only to show us grief ; each rustle
of the leaf would be a sigh, and all
the flowers fit only to garland graves.

MY COUNTRY, 'T IS OF THEE

(A Favorite With Elbert Hubbard)

MY country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain-side,
Let freedom ring.

—*Samuel Francis Smith.*

TO ELBERT AND ALICE HUBBARD, LOVERS OF THE GREAT WEST

*A Tribute From an Easterner Written on Western Soil
By Joseph H. Appel, Advertising Manager, Wenamaker's*



I HAVE come three thousand miles to write this tribute.

I tried to write it in New York. I failed. My heart was heavy. Sorrow was still in the air. Words limped. ¶ Then we started West ; my wife and I.

Scarcely had we crossed the Mississippi when my mood changed. The gloom lifted. The sun shone. I felt a presence on the train—a new presence. The presence grew. It became more distinct ; more familiar. As we stepped aground in Kansas City I was not in the least surprised to find standing there by my side Elbert Hubbard, and Alice Hubbard, too.

Oh, yes, they were alive ; very much alive ; they always were. Alive, alert, active, smiling. They radiated that same charm of manner, that quiet feeling of reserve force, that hearty good-fellowship which endeared them to all who came within their sphere.

We did not talk. No, it was not a time for words. It was a time to feel. Yet we understood one another as we always had understood.

The train pulled out of the station. We climbed aboard. They climbed aboard. And we traveled together—they and we—for a week or more. Over the vast plains to

Denver ; on to Colorado Springs ; into the solitary desert—not solitary now ! On to Albuquerque, where Elbert at once melted into the landscape of Indians always at the station—bronze face, eagle eye, long black hair. ¶ There we dined together in the Fred Harvey restaurant. It was a merry party, I swear it. We sped on together again—always together—over the alkali desert—to the Grand Canyon, the beginning and the end of the world, where we communed for a day with the Great Creator of all things.

No, it was not uncanny, this spectral trip. It was not a dream. It was real. I tell you it was the real man and the real woman who were with us. I cared not where their bodies were. Their souls were here ; they were here.

And so we traveled, I say—over the broad free country so dear to these two lovers of Nature—into sun-kissed California, through the golden orange-groves, down to the Harbor of the Sun, the blue bay of San Diego and Colorado. Then up again to Los Angeles, that giant of the Southwest, up through the mission country redolent of Roycroft memories, stopping long enough at San Gabriel to witness together the mystical Mission Play, epic of the Indian, where again Hubbard seemed brother to the Red Men on the stage—men that kept the faith—that kept the faith even unto death.

And now I am in San Francisco. I enter the Saint Francis Hotel. My eye lights on a book on the table—yes, a Roycroft book, sure enough—"A Little Journey to San Mateo County," by Elbert Hubbard.

I am at peace. My companions leave me. They wave their hands farewell. They are gone.

I begin to write. My heart speaks. I am no longer dumb. I realize now why I can write here what I could not write in New York.

This is the reason : The Hubbards, Elbert and Alice, were lovers of the Great West. They belonged to God's open country. They lived and walked in the open road. They slept under the stars. They were part of the great outdoors. They were Nature itself. They were pioneers. They were rugged in body, in heart, in soul. They were part of the forest, of the mountains, of the plains. They were children of the Sun.

And so here—in sunny California—with the sweep of the Pacific on one side and on the other the vast reaches of our own dear country about which they wrote so eloquently, I speak these words.

To you, Elbert, was given a mastery of God's greatest gift to man: the gift of self-expression—the power of language.

With this gift was linked another: a rare insight into man himself—into his weaknesses, his foibles ; into his

fears, his hypocrisies, and into his better nature as well. ¶ Words you used as a surgeon's scalpel. With them you probed into the living flesh to cut out the cancer of ignorance and fear. Oh yes, you hurt. You used no anesthetic. But you were cruel that you might be kind. You cured or you killed.

You made mistakes—what surgeon does not?

You were misunderstood—who is not?

You, at times, were false to your better self—who is not? ☛ ☛

But you kept on battling against the wrong and against hypocrisy, confident that the end would bring you out right ☛ ☛

And now the end has come—a little too soon, but none too soon to make you an immortal to your friends ☛

To a businessman your greatest achievements were these two : You brought literature into advertising ; and advertising into literature.

First you brought literature within reach of the people. That is a wonderful boon. You familiarized the people with the classics, with the masters, with science and art and education.

You pinioned higher education on the point of your pen, and then dissolved it into lower education—so that all could understand.

But your greatest service was just beginning when you

left us so untimely. You dedicated "The Fra" to business, to the business of living. You recognized that business is life and that life is business.

And so I say your greatest achievement is in making literature out of advertising—which is the language of business; and in bringing literature itself into the domain of business through advertising.

Business has in it all the sum and substance of life. It is man's workshop, the crucible through which he evolves into a higher life hereafter.

And so business needs literature, it needs culture, it needs art and science and education, it needs religion itself. ¶ And religion and education, science and art, culture and literature, all need business.

To you, Alice Hubbard, was given the gift of gracious womanhood; the understanding of woman—of her needs, her longings, her rights. And having this understanding of woman you necessarily understood man. You were gentle. You were kind. You were generous. You never lost your poise.

You, also, were a master of thought and of diction. In the playfulness of your moods I doubt not that often you and the Master palmed off one another's writings on an unsuspecting public.

You were a home woman. You mothered the whole Roycroft family. You mothered the guests at the

Phalansterie. ¶ You managed the hotel, you managed the Shop and the workers, you "managed" your husband—yes, you did, and Elbert knew it, too; he told me so ♪ ♪

You were a business woman and you fought for woman's rightful place in business.

You were an emancipated woman and you fought for woman's freedom.

Well, you are gone. You are gone on another journey, this time to a greater land than even the Great West. You are gone together as lovers should go. Inseparable here, you are inseparable there.

Your work goes on also. But it goes on here. It must go on. It shall not die.

Roycroft shall live: Roycroft ideals; Roycroft ideas; Roycroft literature; Roycroft art; Roycroft humanity ♪

¶ ALBERT HUBBARD was a unique character, possessed of a great talent to write vigorous, effective English, through which ran a pleasing vein of humor and homely philosophy of good sense. He made for himself a unique place in American literature. ¶ He was truly great in his simplicity and modest in manner. These qualities made it a pleasure to meet him ♪ ♪

Pittsburgh, Pa.

H. J. Heinz.

YOU were indeed fortunate to have lived a while in the presence of those two great souls, Elbert and Alice Hubbard. Many of us desire such immeasurable privileges, but Fate, or the circumstance of time and place, denies us. But none may deny us the pleasure of reading their masterpieces of literature, for they belong to the immortals. Our perspective grows clearer with the passing of time, and just so our appreciation of their greatness will be enhanced, as the day of their sojourn here grows more distant from the horizon of the living ☛ ☛

Shreveport, La.

W. A. Anderson.

HUBBARD was a man of marvelous versatility—an eminent lecturer, a prolific writer, a popular humorist, and last and best, a true philanthropist. If a man's age be counted by his usefulness to his fellows, then Hubbard was indeed patriarchal.

Kingstown, Ireland

M. M'Phail.

Although I have never known Elbert Hubbard personally, I have felt on familiar terms with him for years and have enjoyed his writings immensely and have appreciated his wonderful gifts and enjoyed his writings to the utmost.

Fort Sam Houston, Texas

General J. G. C. Lee.

THE sincerity, kindness and unselfishness of Elbert Hubbard were never more manifest to me than one time at a meeting in Emerson Hall. He had returned from some hard trip, he was tired, but just the same he went to a meeting of his people, and on top of it he dressed up in the long coat, and he looked to me like a gentleman of the Sixties. He sat at the table and his head was bowed—a splendid head, too, one for both thought and action. He was a bit worn, and I felt a great surge of affection go out to him. He talked to us, and it was one of his best, I believe, because it was simple, yet deep, human and full of understanding.



La Crosse, Wis.

Leigh Toland.

I LEARNED to admire Elbert Hubbard's many kindly traits, and I consider that in his particular line of writing he was a genius and certainly stood alone. America can never produce another Elbert Hubbard—and I beg to be inscribed among his devoted friends. To his memory be it said : he loved his fellowman, he loved children, he loved animals, he hated cruelty, he abominated militarism, he loathed hypocrisy, he stood for America, he fought for her prosperity, he dared to speak economic truths. May peace in another world reward his activities here!

*Severn Lodge
San Mateo, Cal.*

Henry P. Bowie.

HE ready pen rusts on his desk, an expectant hush hangs over all, the study-door stands ajar, waiting, listening—surely, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," but Fra Elbertus walks no more, at eventide, under his beautiful oak-trees—he comes not to his own again. Scarce yesternight, he was here—cheery, humorous, sarcastic, biting mayhap, but always human; today the gray-green waves off the bleak Irish coast croon over his unfound body, and the Banshee wails his requiem—for does not the Master of Roycroft Inn lie fathoms deep in Kinsale waters, "with his head thrown up to the lips of the waves, and the curls on his forehead astir with the wind"? 

I miss "The Philistine"—"published by Elbert Hubbard every little while." The fearlessness of the free-lance was in his messages—yet the tender beauty of the early Spring morning, the calm and quiet of dawn in the hills, breathed in his word-poems. Cruel and more than "nine" were the stones from his sling at all creeds and forms of creeds, and at times we rose, aghast, at his mocking and indifferent blasphemy, but we stopped at his gay halloa! And forgave him, as we met him at the corner, caressing a hurt child, pleading for the weak, defenseless and depraved—or making immortal the dauntless courage of our little West

Virginia lad—who carried the "Message to Garcia."
Q Might he not have been presaging the "one clear call," when he wrote late last Summer, "With Mother Nature we are happy and content; and when the twilight gathers, and for us the day is done, she will hold us in her loving arms, and croon us a lullaby, as care casts anchor in the harbor of a dream"? And Mother Nature still cradling him in her arms—the Sea refuses to give up its dead ♫ ♫

Grafton, W. Va.

Rose McGraw.

IT seems impossible to realize that Elbert Hubbard is gone. I had known him for many years and always took a great interest in his writings; they were unique and he had a way of putting things that no one else I know of had the faculty of doing. His friends will miss him and the world has lost a character that it will be very hard to replace.

Chicago, Ill.

J. Ogden Armour.

Fra Elbertus was one of the most interesting characters I have ever met and I counted him amongst my good friends. He was especially close to the electrical industry, and we have practically adopted him as our working brother.

National Lamp Works of General Electric Co.
Chicago, Ill.

E. H. Haughton.

ALBERT HUBBARD was my friend. I mourn, with thousands, his untimely taking-off. He was an educator. His style was that of the iconoclast; and, because of this, many took offense. But he could not have injured a human being knowingly. He was as tender-hearted as a baby.

Hubbard was a stylist of rare beauty and strength—a master of diction. He played on the English language as few masters of music play on their instruments. He played on the emotions of people at will, and was hated and loved for it. But he was loved more than hated. I have known Mr. Hubbard for fifteen years. Little did I think that it would fall to my lot to write of his taking-off. I hoped it would be my good fortune to have him as my advocate and defender when I ceased to be able to defend myself. If such had been the case, how very much better my chances would have been for acquittal than his ! Every man goes to judgment ; but, I conceive, not before gods or God, but before his peers.


Hubbard was a great man. Those who do not agree to this are not able to judge. His equal will not soon appear; his superior never will.

Denver, Col.

J. H. Tilden, M. D.



To escape criticism : Do nothing, say nothing, be nothing.

HE Memorial Meeting of the friends of Elbert Hubbard had been called for three o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, May Twenty-third. At two o'clock I was at The Playhouse, charged with the duty of passing upon the general arrangement of the stage.

Even at that time people were standing about in the street, awaiting admittance; going back on the stage, I found everything in order—the scenic setting was in soft tints and showed a paneled interior, a conventional drawing-room. The curtain was raised, the doors were opened and the audience began to enter quietly. Preferring to see and hear the proceedings from the front of the house, I declined an offered seat on the stage; standing back of the orchestra seats, I watched the people come in. Some I knew, others were pointed out to me by those who had called the meeting: there were actors and authors, advertising men, newspaper people, musicians, architects, artists, businessmen and a fair proportion of young men. The gathering was about equally made up of men and women—these latter might be classed as of the professions noted.

There were no ushers, nor were any needed; the audience seemed to be self-contained and automatic, disposing itself easily among the seats until all vacant places were filled, the later comers going readily to the balcony

above. There were no printed programs, and only a few persons asked for them; the general air seemed to be that of an assemblage sure of itself and the object which had brought it together.

Quite apart from the tribute paid by those on the stage and by the audience itself, the actual matter of the proceedings was a delight and an entertainment: a graceful introduction by a man of letters, softly played ensemble music by a trio, a dramatic reading from Hubbard's Works by an excellent actor, a song from a well-known baritone, a discourse by an inventor and businessman, verses from a picturesque poet, feminine points of view by a leader of New Thought, a piano-solo by a master of the art, an appreciation from a fellow-craftsman, and a closing address by a journalist of national repute—all moved as smoothly as though the parts had been studied from a single book and rigorously rehearsed. The audience was receptive and responsive to a degree—to recite, to play, to sing and to speak to it must have been a joy to those who offered their gifts in grateful memory of the man who had sailed away to the Great Beyond.

The wonder of it all to me is that three days before the date of the meeting nothing had been decided, that the expected announcement had not been sent to the New York readers of "The Fra" and "The Philistine,"

that the City papers, almost without exception, had declined to give advance notices—the wonder is that so good a thing was done in such seemly fashion, with the friendly assistance and visible approval of four hundred persons—and such a four hundred as they were!

Hubbard Memorial Service

Program

Elegie A. Renski

Carl Tollfensen Trio

Opening address,

Dr. Orison Swett Marden

Invocation Elbert Hubbard

Read by Wilton Lackaye

" Crossing the Bar " Dudley Buck

David Bispham

At the piano — Mrs. Florence H. Jewell

Address Hudson Maxim

Address Elizabeth Towne

Funeral March Chopin

Aldo Randegger

Address J. Clyde Oswald

Reading of communications

Closing address Dr. Frank Crane

New York City

Joseph P. McHugh.

I DO not suppose among all the men I have known any man was better prepared for death than Fra Elbertus. His passing is a real loss to the world. It is not merely his humor, his sound sense, his literary capacity that is to be considered. He made a real advance in dealing with men, with social problems, with the great question of employment and the development of the best in those around him.

Elbert Hubbard was a Rajput, a true man of action and Kshattriya, and his whole philosophy and practise were based on action, or Karma Yoga.

Toronto, Canada

Albert Ernest Stafford Smythe.

I COULD never express in words the gratitude I feel toward Elbert Hubbard, but I do feel it; and there are countless times when an hour spent with "The Book of Business" has given me ideas which when worked out brought success when failure was imminent ♣ ♣

*Brush Electric Co.
Galveston, Texas*

Robert A. Wood.

Elbert Hubbard's place in the world was so unique and his personality so strong that he will be sorely missed for many a year by the wonderful host of friends he had throughout the entire world.

*Sinclair & Valentine Co.
New York City*

E. Sinclair.

ALICE HUBBARD said much in favor of women, of their rights, of their privileges, of their place in human society. She called our attention often to the fact that democracy demands votes for women, that without votes for women there is no democracy, which is the truth. Men can represent themselves, but they can not represent women, because they can not understand women. Much less can they represent the babies. But the women can represent women and children. We must have both sides represented, both sides voting, all votes counted, before we can get the voice of God through the voice of the people. Alice Hubbard called our attention to that repeatedly, and Elbert Hubbard, I believe, was the inspiration that enabled Alice Hubbard to formulate and to help him formulate the expression of these things.

Holyoke, Mass.

Elizabeth E. Towne.



The world reserves its big prizes for but one thing, and that is Initiative. Initiative is doing the right thing without being told. Next to doing the thing without being told, is to do it when you are told once.

ELBERT HUBBARD

VAST and mysterious as his life
Was his sad death at sea,
In darkest outrage of the world
As nations all agree,
When helpless innocents were blown
To long eternity.

The "Lusitania" went down
Before war's heartless blast—
The wildest storm since time began
And may it be the last!—
Unwarned the Innocents went down,
Their dream of life is past!

His only grave the solemn sea,
Our kind Fra is no more,
And wild waves sing his requiem
On every sea and shore,
And chant the memory we love
Above oblivion's roar!

Silver Springs, N. Y.

John F. Howard.



ELBERT HUBBARD is dead—but his wholesome, uplifting spirit is alive and beautifully expressed in the hearts and hands of his co-workers in the Roycroft Shop.

Two weeks ago I could have written only the first four words of the above. In fact, as we approached East Aurora, I could only think with sadness that my friend, Elbert Hubbard, was dead. I did not then realize how thoroughly he had imbued his fellow Roycrofters with his splendid Spirit of Service.

No other individual can have his unique personality and wonderful command of language in which he could express the fine, simple thoughts so forcefully. His originality and his wonderful capacity for getting at the kernel of eternal truths were most remarkable. For instance, what could be finer than his saying, "We are punished by our sins, not for them"?

His idea of faith was quite different from the wag's definition, "Believing those things which you know are not true."

He realized more than most of us the vastness of the universe, and that human knowledge could probably never penetrate behind the veil. He studied all religions and sought the truth wherever it could be found. In a broad sense he was not an iconoclast, but an upbuilder. He recognized that Righteousness was not dependable upon any certain cosmogony of the universe, nor indeed

upon any fixed creed. Creeds change with the times, but Righteousness and basic truth abide. I believe his creed was as simple as mine is coming to be :

Do right because it is right—not for hope of reward.

¶ Shun evil because it is wrong—not for fear of punishment ♪ ♪

Rejoice in your work from day to day, and wherever possible lend a helping hand.

Hubbard exemplified the truth of that unequalled philosophy of life first given by humanity's Supreme Ideal :

" Whosoever seeks to save his life shall lose it, and whosoever seeks to give his life, shall have life more abundantly."

The Man of Sorrows knew, as no other man ever knew, that service was the keynote of happiness and contentment. Hubbard had this spirit—he would not " pass by on the other side." The world is better because Elbert and Alice Hubbard have lived and worked together for the uplifting of humanity. They met death bravely. Their influence for good will live in ever-increasing waves and help many to do each day's work faithfully and cheerfully.

Hubbard came of fine stock, as I realized when I had the great pleasure of meeting his father and mother. His father, while feeble, is a grand old man of ninety-four. His mother is eighty-six, and as bright and

charming in her conversation and nobility of outlook on life as any woman of half her years. I treasure highly a beautiful book of poems of one of her daughters which she had collected with the assistance of "Elbert and Alice" just before they sailed on that fatal voyage.

Philadelphia, Pa.

W. Atlee Burpee.

ELBERT and Alice Hubbard accomplished a great deal in the few short years they lived. Their writings will be appreciated more as time rolls on. The working principles of their new religion will become the standard by which every civilized nation will be measured.

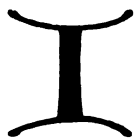
The truths so ably taught, the high ideals dealt with in the writings of Alice Hubbard, will ever be an inspiration and guide to the women of every country.



"A Message to Garcia" and the "Little Journeys" of Elbert Hubbard will place his name high among the writers on the literary tablets of history.



The Roycroft ideas, and the institutions operating under that name, are now monuments of success to the united efforts of these two illustrious persons and in the future will become the American Mecca where millions will meet to honor and respect the sacred Memory of Elbert and Alice Hubbard.

*Attorney at Law
Detroit, Mich.*

Ernest G. McClemon.



REMEMBER Elbert Hubbard with very affectionate regard. He took some of the cobwebs out of my brain and I learned from him some of the wisdom of simple living  

When I first visited East Aurora he gave me a flannel shirt, a pair of overalls, and a bandanna handkerchief, with which I dressed myself, and rode horseback with him. The outfit was probably worth in money three dollars, but I was satisfied in it. I was at peace in it. I was happy, dressed in a three-dollar suit, and I rode with Elbert Hubbard by the hour and talked philosophy, and of the problems of life, literature, art and of higher things  

He was a thinker of a high order—loved to work and loved to play—constantly thinking of others and of how to teach them the lessons of life.

I believe that when Elbert Hubbard made a mistake he made it honestly and tried honestly to correct it, and more than this no man can do.

I remember, also, his gracious companion, Alice Hubbard, who appreciated him and who was worthy of him.

*Chairman Committee on Banking and
Currency, United States Senate*

Robert L. Owen.



The love you liberate in your work is the only love you keep.

THE tragedy of the "Lusitania" had no sadder blow or greater loss than in causing the death of Elbert and Alice Hubbard. The beauty of their lives together was a boon to the public in the work and wisdom the world received from their efforts. His genius in the expression of original ideas and hers in the art which immortalized them were rare contributions to literature superbly housed. His "Message to Garcia" was a tribute to courage and resourcefulness never surpassed. He told the truth as he understood it, and with a clarity and confidence that carried conviction. The death of Elbert Hubbard in the youth of his usefulness was nearer a calamity than a loss.

*Chairman N. Y. C. R. R. Co.
New York City*

Chauncey M. Depew.

I HAVE always had great admiration for Elbert Hubbard's literary ability. His style of putting things without the use of big words was attractive. He has written some gems. I regard his "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great" as masterpieces.

*Evangelist
Winona Lake, Ind.*


William A. Sunday.

I have greatly deplored the tragic death of Elbert and Alice Hubbard and offer you my sincere sympathy in the great loss you have sustained.

*The Secretary of the Treasury
Washington, D. C.*

W. G. McAdoo.

HIS passing of Elbert Hubbard casts a shadow on more men and women than perhaps that of any one man who was removed from the active life of this country by that sad catastrophe.

His death comes to me as a heavy blow, and shock. He has been for years a warm, personal and intimate friend. His personality was agreeable and his companionship delightful 

Elbert Hubbard was "sui generis." If we accept his own definition of Genius, he might well be regarded not only as a genius but as one of the marked and higher type of those which our century has developed.

Mr. Hubbard was a man of restless energy and he had prodigious ability to focus this power.

He surely had the hungry mind. His fecundity was equal to and perhaps greater than his hunger.

Three lifetimes would not have satisfied his desire for knowledge. It may be described as a thirst—perhaps a passion. He was the most prolific writer of his style of our century.

Editor "Medico-Legal Journal"
New York City

Clark Bell.

Not since William Morris has there been a printer so widely known throughout the world as Elbert Hubbard.

Editor "American Printer"
New York City

J. Clyde Oswald.

IT seems but a few days ago when Elbert Hubbard spent an afternoon with me in my lath-house in my garden. We had not met for over fifteen years—in fact, not since the gathering at the Minnesota National Park excursion into the North Woods. Of course our talk was along reminiscent lines and of men, some of whom had already passed on. Except for a little iron in his hair, he had apparently grown no older. And so in my memory he sits in the corner of my lath-house and talks of the past, even as he does to me today. He promised to bring Mrs. Hubbard to call when they visited the Fair this Fall, but we will meet now only when I too, and soon, shall cross into the country of doubt *so so*

Point Loma, Cal.

Charles Cristadoro.

ELBERT HUBBARD is the greatest literary product of this commercial age, the most masterful "ad" writer the world ever produced, and has contributed more toward understanding and appreciation of industry than any thinker who ever penned a line or hummed a tune on this planet. He was the most accurate historian of human nature, the most capable sculptor of human thought, and the most able painter of human action of the age in which he lived.

Fort Worth, Texas

J. A. Arnold.

TODAY we are to celebrate a transition—not to bemoan a passing. We gather not in prayerful gloom but in prayerful joy, for that is how Elbert Hubbard would have it," said Howard Saxby in opening the simple exercises in remembrance of Elbert and Alice Hubbard at First Congregational Unitarian Church, yesterday afternoon, July Fourth. The church was filled with those who by their presence desired to pay a silent tribute to the two geniuses of the pen.

"These were minds we can not replace," he continued, "and whose loss is an ineffaceable blot upon the religion, the civilization, the culture, the education, or whatever else you choose to call it, of the nations of modern times." He read tributes from Elbert Hubbard II, George Ade, James Whitcomb Riley and The Roycrofters.

John Fleming Pogue read "The Prayer" of Elbert Hubbard, in which he expressed his desire to uplift, to inspire, to radiate life. "One and all we loved him," said Mr. Pogue, "and across the miles, as he was wont to declare, we still feel his hands pressing ours in loving fondness." Mr. Pogue repeated his original poem, "Au Revoir."

"Elbert Hubbard was a born newspaper man," said William F. Wiley, of "The Enquirer." "He lived in the

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ELBERT AND ALICE HUBBARD AT THEIR WORKING-DESK
IN THE ROYCROFT SHOP

sun, and to carry light into every darkened corner he grasped that blazing torch of enlightenment, the newspaper. None better than he knew the power of the pitiless light of publicity to uncover festering corruption in private or public life; none better than he made use of its potentiality to heal and uplift.

"Through his own publications, unique and saturated with his own personality, Mr. Hubbard had talked to an understanding and appreciative audience week after week and year after year, until the vigilant and versatile newspaper-publisher opened to him the forum of the American daily press. He was not a common scold, and it would be most unfair to picture him as such. Talking with multiplied tongue to myriad ears, he became what every truly great newspaper man should be, a teacher and preacher.

"Jonathan Edwards, Spurgeon, Beecher, Talmage—all of the great preachers of modern or historic times—never preached more eloquently or effectively to congregations of the magnitude that sat at the feet of the Gamaliel of Aurora. His was a gentle, kindly religion, filled with the milk of human kindness, and his disciples sipped only of the sweet waters of Hebron.

"Elbert Hubbard enjoyed unusual fame during his eventful life. It did not take the might of death to give him place among the immortals. And yet, as his body

washes along the chalky cliffs and shores of an alien coast, possibly in death's embrace with his beloved consort, who shall say that Elbert Hubbard is not greater in death than in life? "

" The Intellectual Freedom of Elbert Hubbard " was the theme of Dwight S. Marfield. " Elbert Hubbard early in life," said he, " joined those independent thinkers who, in asserting their right to freedom of mind and thought, confer a benefit on every member of the race. This is the real value of Elbert Hubbard. He had intellectual liberty, reveled in it, lived it, was eager to share it with others. No one owned him. He was a free man through and through.

" It is no easy thing to claim intellectual liberty in this world. The inertia of satisfied minds is all against it—the self-interest of countless members of priesthoods of conventionality and superstition is against it—the lassitude of minds weighed down at the thought of having to adopt new ideas is against it; the insolent pride of hereditary social caste is against it—everything at times seems against intellectual liberty except—yes, except the Eternal Being.

" Let us thank Elbert Hubbard for his service to humanity in reasserting in his own way the declaration of intellectual independence. His voice will not soon be forgotten."

Mr. Saxby pronounced the benediction as, he said, Elbert Hubbard would have done it himself.

"In Paradisium" was the opening musical number, with Lillian Tyler Plogstedt at the organ and Mrs. Louise P. Brannin accompanying with the violin. Miss Florence Hinkle sang tenderly and with all her great artistic skill the Robert Louis Stevenson requiem, the words of which adorn the shaft that marks the final resting-place of this versatile genius. "I Hear You Calling Me" was beautifully sung by Master Francis Todd.

H. S. Barnett sang "White Hyacinths," a barytone solo, which was written for the occasion by Howard Saxby Jr., and set to music by Lillian Tyler Plogstedt, who presided at the organ. Before reading the composition Mr. Saxby recalled Elbert Hubbard's words: "If I had but two loaves of bread I would sell one of them and buy white hyacinths to feed my soul." Mr. Saxby also read later a great favorite of Elbert and Alice Hubbard—Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." The singing of "America" brought the exercises to a close. ¶ Mrs. Plogstedt played an impromptu recessional, "White Hyacinths," on the organ.

Harry M. Levy was Chairman of the Musical Committee, and Joseph Garretson Chairman of the Committee on Speakers.—*Cincinnati "Enquirer."*

HY first acquaintance with the writings of Fra Elbertus began with the publication of the "Message to Garcia," and since that time his splendid productions have been a constant source of education and inspiration. I don't think I'd ever formed any real conception of the advantages of learning or the dignity of labor until the Fra made it all clear to me, and by his wonderful manipulation of ideas and words instilled the necessary moral and intellectual uplift to insure my course along the upward way. And I have since read hundreds of his splendid preachments, and like countless others among his host of ardent followers, have been taught many valuable lessons and have imbibed such rare mental stimulus as only a great philosopher and teacher can impart. In youth and early manhood my life was a barren intellectual waste, which was in a measure reclaimed by the advent of Hubbard. Such educational advantages as I have been able to receive were inspired by his masterly preachments. And while now the great Hubbard is gone, it is gratifying to know that the wisdom he has given shall not perish—that his thoughts glow with the immortal spark of life and will continue to speak unto us from the printed page and through the medium of his great organization of loyal and zealous Roycrofters.

Little Rock, Ark.

Sidney W. Mase.

HUBBARD was a brilliant genius, distinctly individual, seeing with his own eyes and telling what he saw in his own inimitable way. He resembled no other American so much as Ben Franklin, only they belonged to different times. He was not only a thinker and a writer, but he made a record as a doer. He sought to ennoble work in the popular mind. He continually sounded the praises of service, and lived his own philosophy. Although he declared that Emerson had said all the good things that would be said for a hundred years, his own unforgettable epigrams outnumber Emerson's.

The world has lost one of its most picturesque and forceful personalities. Such a man is himself an era. His passing ends an epoch. When he dies a new age is fully born ♫ ♫

Portland, Ore.

Lora C. Little.

THE benefits of the good work of Elbert Hubbard will long remain; entirely apart from his literary fame, he will ever be remembered in East Aurora for his philanthropy and public spirit. No matter what he may have said in the play of his wit, his heart was with us. Personally we differed now and then on many subjects, but I know we were friends.

East Aurora, N. Y.

Henry H. Persons.

ECCE MAGISTER!



HERE only the filtered sun-fires veer
Through the dome of the rolling deep,
With the beauty of Ocean to brood his bier,
They say that he takes his sleep.
With a spar for pillow, and flame of flowers
Fair candles to be about him,
'T is said he has vanished this world of ours—
That the world must do without him.

"Ashes to ashes" the ritual old
Forever, they say, must rule us,
And "dust to dust" with its phrases cold
To death's dread mandate school us.
And many there be who would welcome, too,
His passionless sleep at sea,
Swung to the song of the swinging blue
And timed with Eternity.

For ever are ciphers and duplicates
From the man-mold freely flung,
Each rounded with limits and doors and gates
On the hinges of habitude hung.
Not theirs is that chivalric Oversoul
So one with its guiding God
That it fears no finite end or goal,
No sepulch'ring sea or sod.

And yet do we drink to a soul thus bred
 The lees of a coward's creed,
 And picture him dead on his sea-made bed
 Miles down in the drenched seaweed.
 We offer the ciphers and naughts of time,
 Dark portals and tomb-ward doors,
 Memorial wreaths and a somber rhyme
 To greet him on yonder shores!

Forgetful that living is greater than life,
 That loving surpasseth love,
 Why harry with little men's stir and strife
 A greatness we know not of?
 First to bid music and wine, and a toast,
 To jest and be genial of heart,
 To minister mirth and be heartiest host,
 Were he of our gatherings a part—

Our Fra, of the poised, imperial mind,
 And patient, patrician soul,
 Would bid us leave cypress and sables behind,
 And quaff from a cheerfuller bowl.
 Of the Sea he would speak as a king of his crown,
 Or of Death as a fortunate sleep,
 This man who descended untimelily down
 To mingle himself with the deep!

So, like battle-music that cheers from its tents
Some hero who wins through the fire
Of the foe, let our paeans proud-hearted go hence
To the height of high heaven, aye higher.
For more than all might of all monarchs of yore
Our Fra valued valor of heart,
And fain must his spirit have been to pass o'er
At the full of its ardor and art.

His monument, then, be the men he has made,
Its candles the lives he has lighted;
No tablets of bronze in the granite be laid,
Nor drear elegiacs recited. . . .
Far better, each annual autumn, to bring
Fair fruit of the Master's own sowing— [fling
Staunch hearts and strong hands and full serving—and
Their fragrance to every wind blowing,

That he who has smiled at the Brutus of death,
And Caesar-like folded about him
His toga serenely, may savor its breath
And know that we live not without him:
That each seed candescent which falls from his page
Still burgeons and blooms ever-living
To symbol a nation's supreme heritage—
The gospel of getting through giving.

*Manager Detroit (Mich.) Office
The Service Corporation*

Lister R. Alwood.

I NEVER exchanged any word with Elbert Hubbard, but I heard him speak and have read pretty nearly everything he wrote, so that his death fills me with a present sense of personal loss. Today I am a better man and a little nearer heaven, for having absorbed the thoughts he expressed and because he lived. I have been a loyal "Philistine" uninterruptedly since Eighteen Hundred Ninety-six, I think the year following its inception, and my interest in the "good stuff" was shared for many years by a loving companion since taken from me.

London, Eng.

G. W. Springmuhl.



ELBERT HUBBARD was of his time — virile, direct, broad, sympathetic, generous. He did great good and I shall always count myself his debtor for the wisdom and sense of his philosophy. He was a Twentieth-Century Franklin in his application of good sense to modern life.

*Secretary of the Interior
Washington, D. C.*

Hon. Franklin K. Lane.



We believe that in all the world there was not another man who possessed a greater all-around mentality than Elbert Hubbard, nor a woman keener and more logical than Alice Hubbard.

Anderson, Texas

W. T. Neblett.

AS Officers and Directors of the East Aurora Club, we are called together that we may pay our tribute of respect to the memory of Elbert and Alice Hubbard, both friends and benefactors of our village. ¶ Their untimely death robbed the world of two great souls. East Aurora has suffered a loss that is immeasurable.

Their institution, The Roycroft, here in our midst is a fine monument, a noble example of their work. Elbert Hubbard, the founder, was always fair and just with his helpers. He was loyal to East Aurora. He could always be depended upon for generous support in any improvement. The loss of such a man among men is irreparable.

¶ We honor his memory and rejoice in the fact that we have known him as a friend, and have seen the physical manifestation of his great mind in the growth and maintenance of his wonderful institution.

Arthur E. Hammond, Pres.

E. Harlan Williams, Vice-Pres.

Arthur B. Avery, Sec.-Treas.



Art is the expression of man's joy in his work. You must let the man work with hand and brain, and then out of the joy of this marriage beauty will be born. And this beauty mirrors the best in the soul of man—it shows the spirit of God that runs through him.

THE PASTOR OF PHILISTIA

HE preaches, and prays, and practises,
He—of "The Philistine";
He wears no robes or phylacteries,
He—of "The Philistine."
His "Church" is as wide as the great old earth;
He preaches the doctrine of toil and mirth;
He prays in deeds of mighty worth,
He—of "The Philistine."

He is "doctor," "farmer," "philosopher," "friend,"
Chief of the Philistines;
But he studies, and digs, and thinks to one end—
This Chief of the Philistines;
To help the great soul imprisoned in clay,
Whatever its place in the world today,
To realize itself through work and play;
This Chief of the Philistines.

He believes in the majesty of toil,
This Prince of the Philistines;
In the good that works through the world's turmoil,
This Prince of the Philistines;
Through the love in his heart he reaches each mind;
And the good in the worst of us he'll find,
By his gentle art of "just being kind,"
This Prince of the Philistines.

*June, 1907
Philadelphia, Pa.*

Florence A. B. Swain.



ELBERT HUBBARD is dead, and I know that he went to his ocean grave fearlessly, for although he loved life, he had no fear of death : this note runs through all his writings.

¶ He has taken his last " little journey " — a journey undertaken

to report on the War for the Hearst newspapers. No longer will he use his brilliant pen to inspire and instruct. A great genius has gone, and advertising men have lost a good friend : he was a strong man physically and mentally, and his followers can ill afford his passing.

¶ No man of any age understood so well the power of publicity, and none could compare with him in the writing of advertisements. He dignified his profession — he was never ashamed of anything he did.

The first signed advertisement was Elbert Hubbard's, and no advertisements have paid advertisers better than the hundreds which have appeared under his name. His articles on business and his booklets describing business have been read by practically every American and by thousands in other lands. Most American firms of reputation have utilized his facile pen on their behalf ; he was not only the greatest advertising writer of his time, but also the most highly paid. His " Message to Garcia " has been printed in nearly every language, and has been the making of many a man ; whilst his " Little Journeys " constitute the most delightful of reading.

He was one of the greatest exponents of William Morris, and his printshop and bindery at East Aurora are famous among those who rejoice in good printing. He was the first American journalist to write boldly against Germany, and his booklet, "Lifting the Lid Off of Hell," has had a great circulation.

A lover of his fellow men and women, he was an influence for good. No writer was better known in America—none had a greater following. Although he was called "eccentric," he was simply natural.

Elbert Hubbard was always himself.

He wrote as he thought, and he wrote well. I owe much to him. He influenced my career more than any other man I have ever known, and yet I never spoke to him. He taught me to love my work. He told me from the platform and in his books that work was the panacea for human ills, and I believed him, and am glad I did. He was an open-air man—a man of the fields and hills—he loved human people and detested the fop and the waster ♣ ♣

A great orator—I have watched him hold an audience spellbound for hours without music, effect or introduction; he was just a simple, unassuming man with no stage "presence," as it is generally understood, talking calmly about such an every-day topic as "work," and yet I was one of over a thousand people who left the

building perfectly satisfied, and as I came out I almost thanked God that I had the courage to spend eight shillings for a seat to hear this man talk. Why? ♣ Because here was a MAN, simple and sincere—a man with a message and the ability to deliver it, who always practised what he preached.

I feel that I have lost a friend—and friends are rare. Elbert Hubbard was a kind man—a good man—a “human” man. He had no patience with the cant and hypocrisy of the social whirl. He was a rugged, simple soul; his big heart, generous mind and open hand were inspiration to the youth of his homeland. ¶ I was in America when he was striving against big odds. I was one of the first subscribers to his books, and I shall cherish all I have ♣ I feel I am one of Hubbard's “boys”: he was like a father to my thoughts. If I ever do a good job, Hubbard—not I—deserves most of the credit. We shall never see, in our time, his like again ♣ ♣

London, Eng.

Charles Frederick Higham.

—•••—

America has lost one of its greatest Business Philosophers, and not only America, but the Allies. We are just beginning to appreciate Elbert Hubbard's writings concerning the present National crisis.


*Australian General Electric Co.
Melbourne, Australia*

A. E. Carroll.

ANY personage who has the gift to cause humanity to think and act, will be despised by some and revered by others.


We recall four such celebrities; namely, Elbert Hubbard, Jesus Christ, Confucius and the Devil.

Personally I admire Elbert Hubbard the most, as he was a combination of the other three.

His sermons, both oral and written, have changed for the better thousands who walked in darkness; and these pilgrims, like the "mouse-trap man in the woods," have made a beaten path to his door; and among these pathfinders none is more zealous than his old, old friend 

East Aurora, N. Y.

Tom Millar.


I FEEL a personal loss not only for myself but for every one who knew him, and who will miss the bright, uplifting and helpful articles that have done so much in the past to make people look on the bright side of life, and to employ the healthful means of right living. The heritage that they have left is one uncommon to the lot of men, and I have, ever since their taking away, been reading over many of these writings, and they have made a deep impression on my mind, even deeper than when I read them first.

Denver, Col.

J. F. Edmonds.



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BOARDING THE "LUSITANIA"
THE LAST PICTURE TAKEN OF ELBERT HUBBARD

NEW YORK
JUL 10 1964
AMERICAN
FOUNDATION

DY old friend, William T. Stead, used to say: "There are only about half a dozen men in any country worth knowing. These give the key to the others. The rest are either ciphers or duplicates."

Although Mr. Stead never gave me a list of the half-dozen Americans, Elbert Hubbard was surely one of them. A man of brains and a man of personality, forethought, fearless, effective, he stood in a class by himself, a class possible only in those free countries we call Anglo-Saxon.

He could not live among a people that "loves as one" and hates as one. He is at home only when each man trusts his own heart and brain and acknowledges responsibility only to himself and his Maker. And his Maker is no tribal god, "lord of a far-flung battle-line," but the creator of personality, of individualism, of the capacity to be human, and yet no slavish copy of any other human who ever drew breath.

Elbert Hubbard, who hated war, and who did his best to make its achievements seem preposterous and its heroics absurd, fell at last as a war-victim. And withal a victim to that phase of war which is least in its risks and most contemptible in its achievements—the war against men and women who can not strike back. We are grateful to Elbert Hubbard for giving us the

American view of so many questions, the view which is the resultant of brains and personality.

We shall never forget the lesson of the message that was carried to Garcia.

We shall never be unmindful of his lesson of the crass preposterousness of international war.

We shall never forget that this war, in its most cruel, brutal and inhuman manifestation, has added his name to the long roll of martyrs in the cause of humanity.

*Chancellor
Leland Stanford University, Cal.*

David Starr Jordan.

ELBERT HUBBARD will be mourned by many, but by none, we think, more sincerely and with more affectionate remembrance than by his former helpers, who knew him in the Land of Immortality. It was only yesterday, perhaps, but now it is ages ago. Let us play that funeral march of Beethoven's, that was such a favorite with him, remembering, always and forever, that Elbert Hubbard was a big-hearted, generous-natured, kindly-impulsed Man.

Chicago, Ill.

H. T. F. Husted.

Elbert Hubbard's genius was unique and powerful: a combination of the gentle, flowing eloquence of Emerson, and the keen, incisive utterances of Carlyle.

Champaign, Ill.

Geo. E. Pingree.

ALWAYS Elbert and Alice Hubbard have appealed to me like the hunter for truth in Olive Schreiner's great allegory—never so much so as in their passage through the door we know as death.

When they went under the waters and because they went under the waters, a like vision to the hunter's must have come to them.

I have never known two people who could so catch another's meaning, coalesce it with their own, and hand the idea back intact for the creator. This I call the interpretative spirit supported by the universal sympathy. These qualities are possessed by few ; they mark the world-masters.

The Great Apostle of the present moment and work !
The best understander of the power of loyalty that the world has seen.

The creator of the idea of loyalty as it pervades modern business

These and a thousand other workable assets in modern business a coming time will recognize as the creation of and gift from the Genius we called Elbert Hubbard.

¶ It is not too much to expect that he may come to be known as " The Great Modern."

To the world at large Alice Hubbard was best known as " the gracious helpmeet of Elbert Hubbard." This she

was, and in such manner that it is little wonder that the world likes to think of her thus. But—we women for our own sakes must not only think of her thus, but as something other as well.

Alice Hubbard was the best friend of woman that woman ever had ♣ ♣

She understood, as no other person I have seen, that it is "the standing together of women" that must count before everything else.

She was among the very first to think of woman as a human being. No one has held to that point so steadily as did Alice Hubbard. Into the web of life she saw women entering as human beings for a strong warp in a perfect web, or as females only—dropped threads in a worthless warp of a wasted web.

A strong-souled, clear-seeing leader of women went out of the daily task when Alice Hubbard passed under the waves.

Tibbee, Miss.

Lucille Wetherell.



Elbert Hubbard stood for sterling honesty and was a fine example. He was no mere theorist. He told the people how to get the best out of life, and what is more, he showed them how. He believed in his work and in his message, and he strove to make men think.

London, Eng.

Jan D. Romer.

ALBERT HUBBARD was a distinctive American product. Few men have impressed their personality as he has done upon the general public.

He represented what Americans most admire: the force of personality unaided by organization. He belonged to no sect, cult, movement or institution. There was no push of dead men's hands nor dead men's money behind him. What he did was by his unendowed, naked soul.

He was the modern heretic, and heretics are what live nations need. Men are constantly endowing institutions to perpetuate orthodoxy ; but it is the heretic that is eternally in demand. Although a heretic he was human. The trouble with most heretics is that they become as inhuman as the institutions they oppose.

He wrote on a level with the great public. His style was a marvel of simplicity and brightness.

His ideal was success. His " Message to Garcia " is probably the best extant brochure on efficiency.

Few of us agreed with him. That is why he did us all good. He made us think.

He did a deal of good by the courage and cheer of his writings. He was an energetic optimist. Thousands loved him and were helped by him.

New York City

Doctor Frank Crane.

THE PHILISTINE came nearer to being Hubbard himself than any other of his publications or endeavors. It was his first literary love, and to it he gave the best of his production, the sharpest of his wit, the keenest of his satire.

What the "Spectator" was to Addison, the "Federalist" to Hamilton, the "Yellow Book" to Beardsley, the "Iconoclast" to Brann, "The Philistine" was to Hubbard. He said it was a first-class publication sent at second-class rates. He used it as Zeno used his scrolls to promote a philosophy which, if it was shared by anybody else, he so garbed it in queer words and twisted phrases as to make it seem all his own. It was his child and he loved it, and somewhere his soul will welcome the news that with his going it, too, disappears.

Baltimore, Md.

"The News."

FOR the vast ocean to be the coverlet of one whose work was so large and whose thought ranged so far and free is fitting—universal. He belonged to us all. The hand of Fate suddenly has swept those twain from the checkerboard of life; but it is not the end. They have returned, Somewhere. He had lived bravely and to much good purpose. Achievement was with him even unto death. ♦♦ ♦♦

Dorchester, Mass.

George A. Steele.

ONE of Elbert Hubbard's convictions was "that man creates his God in his own image," and this conviction was founded on a fact in Nature. Tell me your idea of God and I will write your biography.

Elbert Hubbard, taking his own medicine, created a God of Justice, and he found that God within himself, just where you and I will find him (?) if and when we know ourselves, as Elbert Hubbard knew himself. As time rolls on, we will find that what he said and did were but effects the cause of which not only contains the secret of his genius, but is his real and enduring legacy to humanity.

The cause was a thought, and it is as true as it was when first uttered in India and Syria, that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

This thought was elemental, and therefore universal, and he reaped precisely as he sowed. From the seed of Justice, a balanced life, there came the fruits of Justice, health (physical and spiritual), love, joy, harmony, rhythm, proportion, poise—and last, but not least, Understanding. Knowing himself, he knew all mankind; knowing one woman, he knew all women; having been a child, he knew all children—and behold, a citizen of the world who knew no more about man-made boundary-lines than a migratory bird.

It was the immortal Spirit of Justice that flowed from Elbert Hubbard like an inexhaustible fountain that will make him immortal not only here but "there."

He solved the mystery of "two in one," first by balancing his own dual natures; next, finding his mate, through physical and spiritual unity, he carried the principle to its next higher stage, and then he was one of the few who could say, and say with understanding of its sublimity of spiritual vision, "I and my Father are one in Spirit."

The measure of a man is not, Is he labeled this or that, but is, Is he just, and by this measure Elbert Hubbard, plus Alice Hubbard, was a Whole Man or a Whole Woman, as you please, and having found peace within, they pointed the way of peace to all mankind.

New York City

Charles Lummus Robinson.

The ideas and ideals that Elbert Hubbard stood for, his advocacy of happiness, health, honest work and love, laughter and life, have done more for me and many of my friends than is possible for me to express.

Toronto, Canada

L. Brownhill.

I have long regarded Elbert Hubbard as a teacher, guide and friend—an asset to all humanity.

*Horticulturist
Geneva, N. Y.*

U. P. Hedrick.

DEAR ALICE AND ELBERT: We have been waiting, my wife and I, buoyed up by a hope, born of love, that it is all a frightful dream! Our hope is now gone; our love undying, undiminished! We must speak or write, but to whom we know not, except to you.

Your ears, attuned to eternal harmonies and ever open to cries of the suffering, the misled, the oppressed, the lowly and helpless, are now deaf!

Your eyes, always open to beauty, to truth and justice; eager to seek out avenues of helpfulness and cheer, are now unseeing!

Your hearts pulsing with human love, and, we often thought, greater than divine pity, have ceased to beat! Your hands, quick and strong to grasp us, wavering and weak, and lift us from the ways of fear and doubt, are powerless!

Your feet, nimble and willing to beat down the brambles, to surmount the obstacles and to blaze the way in the sorry path of life, to crush the reptile horde of tyranny, brutality, cruelty, bigotry, ignorance, and lead us along the hard stretches of gentleness and love and pity and justice and helpfulness;

God help us, they halt! They tell us you are Dead!
But no!

Deeds born of devoted, unsleeping eyes, ever-receptive

ears, hopeful, pitying, all-embracing hearts, helpful hands, sturdy, willing feet, can never die !

" Till human time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever."

Consecrated to beauty, hope, joy, love, usefulness, you two have gone ; but you have left a small army inspired by your example and ideals ; less brave, no doubt, than you, less resourceful and rather inarticulate, but oh ! so anxious to do our little to keep aglow the sacred flame to which you gave your lives.

Heirs of the good and great of all time, standard-bearers of Truth and Liberty as you are, we will follow you and, as we may, bless you by blessing others. While thinking beings dwell on earth, you can not be forgotten, and a grateful, loving memory is a blessed Immortality ! That we may do nothing to dim or shorten it, that we may do each our utmost to brighten and lengthen it, is our only prayer.

Good-by, dear noble friends, good-by !

Chaumont, N. Y.

The Amidons.

One of the great evidences of self-control is the power to forget.

AND so has passed to the other shores, the philosopher, the educator, and the entertainer, Elbert Hubbard—the Philistine who inspired, educated and entertained, not alone the present, but the generations that have gone before—who, in his "Little Journeys," introduced and made us acquainted with the Master Minds that have left their impress upon the world, and in "The Fra," "Ali Baba" and "A Message to Garcia" held the mirror up to Nature, reflecting as by object-lessons how near akin are humor and philosophy, illustrating that step from the sublime to the ridiculous, but always with a moral that made amends for any seeming levity, and left a legacy to that advance thought that has relegated to the scrap-pile many of the decayed and discarded doctrines and theories of the past.

Waco, Texas

Alfred Abeel.




ELBERT HUBBARD was one of the best-loved men in America, and was loved not only because of his kindliness of heart, but because of his splendid courage and great spirit. He was not afraid. He seemed to know no fear. It takes a truly great man nowadays to hew to the line of what he believes to be right without fear or favor

President Riverside Publishing Co.
Chicago, Ill.

H. E. Sever.

I WAS personally acquainted with Elbert and Alice Hubbard, in a social and business way, and two more beautiful souls never lived.

Elbert Hubbard had more to do with the building up of East Aurora than most people know. I have been a merchant in East Aurora for the past twenty-four years and can testify that the Roycroft Institution has put many a dollar into every one's pocket doing business here .

On account of the great work of Elbert and Alice Hubbard, our Post-Office has been made a first-class Office, thereby giving the residents of our little village free delivery service. East Aurora and its people owe much to the memory of Elbert and Alice Hubbard.

*Postmaster
East Aurora, N. Y.*

A. E. Hammond.

IT was my fortune to have known Elbert Hubbard for nearly thirty years. I have been with him months together. Have seen him daily, years on end, as nearest neighbor, friend and companion.

I have known him always as true to his ideals—as sincere, purposeful and sagacious—a man of many parts, and wise beyond his time. Always responsive, always hopeful, his life to me was a blessing—his memory a benediction.

East Aurora, N. Y.

Arthur L. Mitchell, M. D.




WHEN at the last Great Day the silver-toned Trump of Judgment shall announce to the people the proclamation that Our God hath sealed the books of men's deeds for all Eternity—and Time on this sphere shall be no more forever, and the precious gems of Old Ocean be gathered up from the unfathomable depths to adorn and beautify the Heavenly Throne—methinks I see a trinity of rare gems merging from the waters responding to the trumpet's call—namely, Elbert and Alice Hubbard and Father Maturin—all in full robings of glory! They will bear the imprint upon their forehead indicative of their well-wrought parts whilst here in this topsy-turvy world.

Compared with the diabolical tragedy of the "Lusitania" sinking at the hands of the Kaiser and his ilk, how the life-work of this martyred three shines out like stars at nightfall! God rest their gentle souls!

*Descendant of Gerald Griffin
Irish Poet and Novelist
Montrose, Pa.*

George J. R. Mack.

While I never had the privilege of meeting Elbert Hubbard personally, and never heard him lecture but a single time, he was my friend and counselor from boyhood, and his writings were to me ever an inspiration and a help 

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Maurice L. Loudin.

AIGHTEEN years ago I was in Mandalay, British Burma, where I picked up the first copy of "The Philistine" I had seen. I read it through and said to myself, "The man who wrote that is all right." I have read everything that Elbert Hubbard has written since, with pleasure and profit ☸ ☸

Elbert Hubbard wrote to thinking people, expressing their own thoughts, as far as they had gone, finishing them in a way that made people sit up.

Indeed, he dared to do and gloried in the doing, because his every undertaking was just. That word "Just" he exemplified.

I never met Alice Hubbard except in spirit through her writings. I have a letter from her before me which is indicative of the nobility and purity of her soul now soaring with its mate above.

Athol, Mass.

Bramley Kite.



I will not pray that each day be a perfect day, but I will pray to lapse not into indifference ☛ I will not pray that each time I shall build both strong and true ; but imperfect, I will pray for impulse that I may build anew ☛ ☛ ☛

ELBERT HUBBARD

THOU passed from out our world so suddenly,
And from the hearts that loved thee long and
well—

Hearts burdened deep with anguish when the knell
Of thy life's ending sounded o'er the sea;

And now that thy great soul from earth is free,

Can we say: God knows best—striving to quell

The grief that rises in us, and the swell

Of sobs that burst in tears that flow for thee?

Ah, no! dear friend, for friendship's tendrils creep

And cling too close to ever let thee go—

There is no comfort in the "God knows best!"

But was there solace drifting to Death's sleep

To feel thou wert companioned, and to know

The one thou loved so deeply shared thy rest?

Greensboro, N. C.

Coral Thomas.

**EXTRACTS FROM THE ADDRESS OF HON.
JOHN J. LENTZ, NATIONAL PRESIDENT
AMERICAN INSURANCE UNION**

Delivered at East Aurora, New York, on Sunday, July Fourth, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, In Memoriam of Elbert and Alice Hubbard



ON my library wall hang two portraits in one frame, and coupling them are the words, "The love you liberate in your work is the love you keep." On one side of that beautiful thought is the picture of Alice Hubbard, and on the other side the picture of

Elbert Hubbard. That was the key to their success. That is the essence of their heroic career in the world, intellectual and spiritual. "The love you liberate in your work is the love you keep." It is the paradox of the world. The more you take out of your own affection and give to others, the more you have left. There is no such thing as pumping the heart dry. You may pump any well dry; but out of the well of your affection, the more you give to others the more you have left. It is the paradox, it is the miracle, it is the Divine itself.

Some old Roman said of some other great Roman, "He was a better friend to everybody than anybody is to anybody." And so I feel that the Hubbards were better friends to everybody than anybody is to anybody. Whatever may have been done by Henry Ward Beecher and his sister, greater than Henry, Harriet Beecher Stowe; whatever may have been done by Thomas

Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln; whatever may have been done by Benjamin Lundy, William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips in behalf of the liberation of the black slaves of the South, much more has been done by Elbert and Alice Hubbard in liberating the human mind ♪ ♪

The others liberated four million black slaves. The Hubbards began and finished their work which has liberated, and continues to liberate, hundreds of millions of minds from the fetishes, superstitions and bigotry of the ages.

Their work and their names were in the hall of fame long before they joined the choir invisible. Whatever we may think of the Brownings, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning; whatever we may think of Damon and Pythias, it is all summed up and surpassed in the immortal career of Elbert and Alice Hubbard ♪

The beauty of it is that they are here with us today and that they know how you and I feel about it. They had a right to the commendation of the world. Wherever you meet an intellectual man or woman of real culture, they know Elbert and Alice Hubbard, and they love the names of our true and loyal friends for what they did for them ♪ ♪

They struggled, they worked, and forth flowed the pure waters of sincerity, of kindly estimate and judgment of

the acts and deeds of all. Instead of living with their faces turned towards the past, they live with their hands in yours and mine today. They have contributed something to the world that no other pair ever did contribute. It was not possible in any of the centuries and generations of European civilization or Asiatic civilization to accomplish what these two friends of ours accomplished ♦♦♦

The best of it all is not the work they did individually, but the work they did indirectly through you and through the hundreds of thousands that they reached from day to day in their respective callings. Carrying messages not only to Garcia, but to every human being who had a mind open and ready to receive a message and carry it to living men, commercial advertisers, lawyers, some preachers, some doctors, carried the messages from the Hubbards and planted these seeds of thought, not upon stony ground, but in soil that was ready. And the courage of the Hubbards was the courage that the world needed, and they inoculated the world with the boldness to think for themselves and act for themselves and to be themselves.

The Hubbards said that the definition of some one was that every great man was approachable. Then the Hubbards were great. The Hubbards were approachable to the humblest and the highest. As we walk and talk

with them, we learn the lessons of simplicity and sincerity. No one ever saw either of them covet or court the ostentations.

They despised and deplored bigotry, duplicity, hypocrisy, Pecksniffian pretense and vanity.

I know of no two souls in history or in literature, or among the good and great men and women I have met, who stamped so indelibly upon a generation, upon a century, the religion of an affectionate and sincere personality as did Elbert and Alice Hubbard.

I have already intimated that, according to my estimate, our friends Elbert and Alice Hubbard summed up their religion in three words: "Service, not self." To put it in another way, I think they showed by every act of their lives that their faith and creed could be summed up in eight words: "He loves God most, who serves man best." ❧ ❧

Or in the happy language formulated by Joaquin Miller:



" He who serves self alone
Serves neither God nor man;
He who serves self alone
Serves the meanest mortal known."

How truly have the Hubbards demonstrated the wisdom of Emerson, who said, "To be rich in friends is to be poor in nothing."

How truly did James Russell Lowell express the creed of the Hubbards when he said:

“ New conditions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast the truth.”

Let the Christian sing, “ I love Jesus.” Let the Jew sing, “ I love Moses.” Let the Republican sing, “ I love Lincoln.” Let the Democrat sing, “ I love Jefferson.” But the Hubbards sang, “ I love humanity.”

The Hubbards did for our generation and our civilization what would have been a spiritual impossibility to the civilizations of China, India, Persia, Athens, Rome and medieval Europe. They taught the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Every thought, every word and every deed of Elbert and Alice Hubbard was but an expression and an exemplification of the fondest hope and the purest purpose of our own immortalized Lincoln, who in his last days said, “ I hope when I am dead and gone it will be said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.” And thus may we all hope to pluck the thistle in the pathway of our friends and plant the flowers  

THE thing about Alice Hubbard which impressed me most was her eternal quest for knowledge, her wonderful, open mind.

She possessed a splendid education, a world of knowledge acquired by reading and by companionship with mental aristocrats, broad experiences as a teacher, a business woman, a lecturer and a farmer, but she was forever in search of more knowledge—reading, studying, thinking ☛ ☛

The smile of Alice Hubbard was very sweet. It was part of the inspiring quality she possessed. It was encouraging, kindly, winning. It warmed your heart. It was one of her greatest charms, changing a face, not young in repose, to one of youth and vivacity. I have heard more than one Roycrofters say that when Alice Hubbard passed and smiled, the day was brighter ☛

East Aurora, N. Y.

Carolyn Patton.

IT has been my good fortune to know many men and women of rare worth and intellect, and I count it a big and blessed privilege that Elbert Hubbard was my friend. I had the greatest admiration for him; his work broadened and brightened my life. America has lost one of her greatest and most patriotic citizens ☛ ☛


West Chester, Pa.

Edward Hicks Streeter Terry.

HMAN like Elbert Hubbard dies; it is a light that vanishes away.

We are seized with sadness which resembles prostration; but this prostration is of short moment.


The faithful souls are the powerful souls.

A strong light has gone out, but the source of light remains 

Necessary beings as was Elbert Hubbard die, but do not disappear; their work pursues them. Their acts and deeds are inlaid, nay, embodied, in the life of humanity.

¶ Let us render honor to his great soul, let us hail his immortality. Such men must die, because it is the common law; and they must last, because it is the eternal law. Nature makes them, humanity keeps them.

¶ As Historian Elbert Hubbard imparted knowledge; as Orator he persuaded; as Philosopher he enlightened. He was eloquent and he was excellent. His heart was equal to his mind.

He had the twofold gift and he followed the twofold duty: he has served the people and he has loved the people 

He will ever live amongst us.

*Notary and Commissioner
Montreal, Canada*

C. J. E. Charbonneau.



An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

PEOPLE have often asked me, "How can Elbert Hubbard be as sincere and unaffected as you say he is?"

My reply was: "You will just have to meet him yourself ☛ ☛"

"Possibly his idiosyncrasies of personal appearance were adopted for advertising purposes—and possibly not ☛ ☛"

"But if you were to meet him, you would realize that his simple kindliness and brotherliness are not poses."

A chat with Alice or Elbert Hubbard was always genuinely helpful to me.

*President Crane & Breed Mfg. Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio*

Austin A. Breed.

WILL you allow me to tender to you my heartfelt sympathy with you all in the untimely death of the leaders of The Roycrofters, Alice and Elbert Hubbard? Our people are appalled at the murders that have been committed by the sinking of the passenger-steamship "Lusitania," and for all the relatives of the murdered we have the most profound sympathy. May the fact that others are sorrowing with you help you all to bear up under the irreparable loss you and all Roycrofters—nay, all civilized peoples—have sustained by the removal of your leaders.

*Chief Justice
Wellington, New Zealand*

Hon. Sir Robert Stout, K. C. M. G.



HEREAS, the Loyal Order of Moose and the State Lodge of Iowa have recently lost one of their most distinguished members in the death of our lamented brother, Elbert Hubbard, in the "Lusitania" tragedy, be it resolved, by the Iowa State Lodge of Moose,

That we hereby express our sorrow at the untimely demise of brother Hubbard and his gifted wife, Alice Hubbard, and

That we deprecate the manner in which his life and those of hundreds of other innocent non-combatants were sacrificed to the Moloch of war. And be it further resolved,

That we at this time express our appreciation of his genius, his talent, his unfailing optimism and high faith in the future and purpose of the Loyal Order of Moose. And be it further resolved,

That we commend to our membership a study of his writings and philosophy as a basis of true fraternalism.

*State Lodge of Iowa
Loyal Order of Moose
Muscatine, Iowa*

*G. A. Kinderdine,
A. G. Cook,
J. N. Wilson,
Resolutions Committee.*



Fra Elbertus was a famous world's figure, and the entire world of literature mourns his loss.

*Lilly Varnish Company
Indianapolis, Ind.*

John M. Lilly.

I WAS not acquainted with Elbert Hubbard personally, but our minds and thoughts on things of life were running on the same parallel line—hence we were natural brothers. He died at the zenith of his activity, after having done his share toward the uplift of humanity, and was going on a humane mission that he might have been able to do more useful work toward helping distracted humanity on the road of peace. He did not care much for the Hall of Fame, I do think, as he knew that "omnia est vanitas," but his name will remain as one of a thorough man, of a progressive educator.

New York City

Prof. Alexander Oldrini.

ELBERT HUBBARD added dignity to work. He put the finishing touches on that old superstition that no gentleman can earn his own living. On his pedestal stood the worker, either by brain or brawn. He said that any man in love with his job has achieved success. He taught many of us that a man may become an artist as easily manufacturing plows as in painting on canvas. ¶ The Fra's romance was the romance of work well done—of satisfactory service rendered. His hero was the man who through supreme skill and industry can bring the World to his workshop-door.

St. Louis, Mo.

Frank D. Boyd.

O know Elbert Hubbard was to be his friend. He was an inspiration to countless thousands. His good work will never die. It has been only a few short months since I bade Hubbard good-by. He had just finished a wonderful message to a large audience in Kansas City. I shall always remember what an inspiration his hearty handshake gave me.

How we shall miss him at our annual conventions. Each year he gave a message of helpfulness and cheer to hundreds of our people from all over the Southwest. My desk contains many letters from these people, mourning Elbert Hubbard.

Elbert Hubbard knew man. His wonderfully keen perception opened the door wide to human character, wherever he found it. Hubbard was a stranger to jealousy. His big heart and soul were continually reaching out to help others. He believed in helping here and now, and right now.

Yes, we miss Hubbard as a Brother, but shall ever be thankful that we were permitted to know him intimately, even though for a few short years.

*Temple of Health
Kansas City, Mo.*

F. M. Planck, M. D.

Speak well of every one if you speak of them at all—none of us is so very good.

IF E has been very good. The gods have been most kind. I have been permitted to do some good work—work which I am quite sure I would never have done had not Elbert Hubbard helped me to become a lover of work.

And what a teacher he was. The good teacher, he used to say, teaches his pupils to get along without him. Hubbard taught me to go ahead under my own steam. What he did for me he has done for hundreds of thousands. They may have touched him but once and may have forgotten him immediately. But the strength they received in that instant of contact has remained with them all their lives.

Moses touched the rock and the stream burst forth. Hubbard touched the hearts of men and liberated streams of creative energy. There is more beauty, more love, more joy, more power in the world because his influence lives in it.

*University Press
Cambridge, Mass.*

Thomas Dreier.

We can at least find comfort in the thought that Elbert Hubbard died a martyr to the principles for which he stood and fought for so many years, that of humanity, and the greatest tribute that can be paid to his memory is the continuance of his work.

Georges Mills, N. H.

Billy B. Van.

IT is with deepest gratitude I give my testimony to the memory of Elbert Hubbard, whom I met for the first time fourteen years ago. ❧ ❧

My own career was just beginning. I had a publisher or two, but was not receiving very much encouragement in the line of royalties; and as my songs, in which I had faith, were my only means of support, I felt the necessity of doing something with them that would produce an income.

At about the most discouraged time of my career I heard Mr. Hubbard lecture on the Roycroft Shops. I was immediately inspired to try to do something of the kind myself.

I was introduced to Mr. Hubbard after the lecture, as one who had written, "I Love You Truly," and "Just A-Wearying for You." He said he knew them. Some one had evidently told him there was a struggler by the name of Carrie Jacobs Bond who was no less afraid than himself. And we became friends.

He asked about my "lectures," as he called them; and I told him I was giving little programs of my own songs, as a means of advertising them, for the munificent sum of ten dollars and expenses there and back. He said: "When can you come to East Aurora? I will give you twenty-five dollars and a return-ticket to New York." ❧

If I remember right I said, "I can come tomorrow," as bookings were rather far apart, and the prospect of a recital at the Roycroft Shops, with enough money to pay my board for a few days in New York with a ticket there and return, bewildered me.

Needless to say I went, and saw the wonderful little Roycroft Shop. I sang in a room where everything was made by hand. It was the upper part of the original shop. The worktables were pushed aside, a platform made, and there I sang my first Roycroft concert.

I said, the "little" Roycroft Shop—indeed little then, compared with what it is now.

It was at that time I determined there should be a Bond Shop, and I would be brave enough to publish my own songs. I began the Shop in a hall-bedroom, with a two-by-four closet for a stock-room.

Enough of my own Shop. This was told so those who would care to read would understand the inspiration the Roycroft Shop and its originator inspired.

Last year I went to visit—as I often did—the dear Roycroft Shops, and my good friend said, "Will you sing for us?"

And I said, "Of course I will," and went over to the piano.

But before I struck the first chord he said: "Hold on a minute! I want to call the boys and girls." It was in the

middle of the afternoon, but within fifteen minutes all the workers in the Roycroft Shops had assembled in the music-room, where they were allowed to listen for three-quarters of an hour to the little impromptu program it was my great pleasure to give.

Does any one wonder why the folks who work at the Roycroft Shops look happy?

And my recital was not the only one that gave an hour's vacation in the middle of a busy day to the Roycroft workers. It often happened.

I knew only one side of Elbert Hubbard—the beautiful side, the side that did the kind things for every soul who was in trouble: the more difficult the trouble, the greater the sympathy.

It always makes me smile when I hear flattering things said of the dead—so many forget the dead do not need encouragement. I said all these things of Elbert Hubbard before the passing of my friend. And I sign myself as one of many who owe their success and belief in themselves to Elbert Hubbard..

Chicago, Ill.

Carrie Jacobs Bond.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Not many people know about Mrs. Bond's "Bond Shop," occupying sixty feet on Michigan Avenue, Chicago. This business of hers has sold upwards of three million copies each of three of her songs—"I Love You Truly," "Just A-Wearying For You," and "A Perfect Day." Mrs. Bond's is a truly wonderful business with immense possibilities.

Be gentle and keep your voice low.


I NEVER saw Mrs. Hubbard but once, and that was some years ago when she called the men in the Shop together and presided over a little suffrage meeting at which I spoke. I was wonderfully impressed by her, and later we had some correspondence, and at her request I sent her an article which she used in "The Fra."

I have never forgotten her face and how her soul seemed to shine through it. She made me think of Poe's lines to Helen beginning, "Helen, thy beauty is to me like some Nicean bark of old." Afterwards when I heard her criticized because she had defied precedent, it seemed an amazing thing to me that a woman who radiated goodness and purity as the sun radiates heat and light could be classed by any one with the sinners of the world.

Hornell, N. Y.

Anna Cadogan Etz.





To love one's friends, to bathe in life's
sunshine, to preserve a right mental atti-
tude—the perceptive attitude, the expectant
attitude, the attitude of gratitude—and to
do one's work—these make up an ideal life.

COLUMBUS

(A Favorite With Elbert Hubbard)

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: " Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say? "
" Why, say: ' Sail on! and on! ' "

" My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
" What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn? "
" Why, you shall say at break of day:
' Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on! ' "

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
" This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone? "
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
" Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on! "

Joaquin Miller.



O one has come back to tell us what were the last words of Elbert Hubbard ☛ ☛

One traveler who thinks he was the last person to see him alive says he saw him standing in a doorway, alone, without hat or coat, calm and

at ease, but apparently taking the liveliest interest in what was going on about him.

It sounds true. And if knowing what was coming he made any comments at all, I am sure they were neither commonplace nor heroic. His was such an abounding personality, so full of life, so intensely interested in everything going on about him, that it seems impossible that the ocean could drown him. I doubt if he credited it himself ☛ ☛

The many-sidedness of the man was a never-ceasing source of wonder to me. Our first talk was about horses. One of our last was about cows.

The first time I ever saw Mr. Hubbard was twenty-seven years ago, shortly after J. D. Larkin and Company of Buffalo discovered that the public was fairly crying for "Sweet Home" soap at six dollars a box, with about ten dollars' worth of napkin-rings, picture-books, coffee-spoons, baby-rattles, wall-pockets, men's neckties, and Chautauqua desks thrown in.

Knowing that the readers of the papers which at that time I represented, needed washing, I went to the office from which came this unheard-of offer of soap

and things. ¶ "Mr. Larkin was not in," but something in the manner of the very bright-looking man who told me this told me also that he was "the man to see." In a very few minutes I was advised that their advertising contracts for the season were all closed.

In a conspicuous place in the office on a brass easel was a fine lithograph of "Maud S." handsomely framed. The interview over, as I reached for my hat I looked at the picture and asked, "Is n't that 'Maud S'?"

"What do you know about horses?"

I answered his question with another: Did he "think Belle Hamlin and Justina would beat their own pole record that year?"

To men who love horses it is unnecessary to go further into details, and to men who do not, further details would not be interesting.

Hubbard himself has referred to this law—that we love others in proportion to the way they reflect something within ourselves.

Perhaps the quickest way of losing confidence in the breadth of human knowledge is to get a man off of his one subject. Hubbard's subject was all subjects. You could no more lead him to a subject that he could not intelligently discuss than you could baffle Edison in electricity. ¶ He specialized in versatility.

In nearly all his works he was an anomaly.

He was an old-fashioned farmer who believed in blood and breed. He was an author who could publish his own works, a poet who could run a bank. Welcome in the home of wealth, a lunch-counter satisfied his needs. He was a printer who could sell advertising, an economist who could make money. As great a moralist as ever wrote in this country, he was accused of having no morals whatever—yet I believe that his ideals were high. Fortune was just, in that the medical profession, at which he always laughed, could have done nothing for him at the end.

New York City

George Batten.

I ATTRIBUTE my success in life to the writings of Elbert Hubbard. When the writer graduated, the orator of the day used for his text, "A Message to Garcia," and this has had a wonderful influence on my life. I have been a constant reader of "The Philistine" since Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, and have always looked forward to it every month as a rare treat indeed.

*Manager Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Co.
Kalamazoo, Mich.*

J. Kindleberger.

Through Elbert Hubbard I secured religious liberty. And what that means to me can not be told on the point of a pen! •••

Peoria, Ill.

H. T. Morgan.

ALBERT HUBBARD was a voluminous advertising writer, and probably never wrote an ad without a touch of that humor which was occasionally over-exuberant, but was often of the kind that goes straight to the hearts of men. When he felt like it he could put the facts about anything in so comprehensive and forceful a manner as to compel interest, attention and thought. He was a far sincerer man than he pretended to be—ask those who lived with him! And many of the advertisements he wrote rang as true as any advertisement ever did; and an advertisement that rings true is a good advertisement. He believed as few writers have done in Work, and Health, and Co-operation, and Peace, and the Joy of Living; and he put this belief into the advertisements he wrote for his own business, and for many others. He was a man of so many moods and times that his advertising work, as well as his other work, was uneven; but this is the case with many of the world's greatest, in all periods. He was cut off in his full vigor; the work that is now being published posthumously is the best he ever did. Let us have faith that he is continuing his labors in a sphere of clearer vision and of peace. Such a man would surely not be content in a Hereafter where "the laborer's task is done."

Boston, Mass.

Harry Albro' Woodworth.

IN our long-haired, necktied, Bohemian days, we artists, sculptors and poets in embryo used to count all things loss if, from our thin earnings, we could not squeeze enough to buy the unctuous and bubbling "Philistine" of those romantic days. There it lay gaily decorating our studio-table—taking precedence of and often substituting for a larder by no means full. Later, when Hubbard the mythical became Hubbard the actual, and his esoteric wisdom was embodied and became helpful companionship, we learned to love him for himself and to appreciate his unconquerable nature. We smile, therefore, with him, at life and at death—knowing him now as master of both.

New York City

Francis Howard.



O know Elbert Hubbard was to love him—kindly, unselfish and just, with a cheery word for all. Before me on my desk is a photo—of the Fra and me—taken at East Aurora (under the shade of an old apple-tree), with his sad, sweet smile beckoning. When he visited Pittsburgh he always called, and my trips to East Aurora were always fraught with pleasure. His like we shall never see again. I shall miss him—I shall miss him. Long may his spirit hover over the village of his dreams!

*Pittsburgh Athletic Association
Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Jos. B. Choynski.

I CAN not express my sincere sorrow in the untimely end of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, nor can I find words to say what a great loss to the literary world and to their friends, the passing out of life of the Hubbards is and will be.

Mr. Hubbard's keen grasp of business perplexities and his creative artistic spirit transformed an every-day matter into an object to be admired. An otherwise plain advertisement became a gem of business literature through the pen of this skilful writer, who has put the stamp of his own forceful individuality in indelible language in the annals of Roycroft literature for all time to come.

I shall miss the cheering greetings and encouraging messages which came from Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard on each Christmas Day. Their warm, loyal friendship has been very precious to me, and has gained for them a lasting place in my heart and memory.

*President Ehmman Olive Co.
Oroville, Cal.*

(Mrs.) Freda Ehmman.

Just a word. He was an old friend. I lift my hat—A MAN HAS PASSED AWAY! Would that he could have told his story before going!

In sorrow, humiliation and shame, I am, an American abroad

Liverpool, Eng.

J. H. Livaudais.

FROM the world of printing and publishing, a unique figure has passed. Pens more able than ours will pay full tribute to the many works of this many-sided man. In thinking of him who scorned conventionality and lip service, the thoughts come fast, but words to express these thoughts are hard to find. Simply and sincerely we say:

Elbert Hubbard, we thank you. You were a good friend of ours in the days when friends were few. One of our first customers, you helped us much.

We treasure the kindly words you wrote us seven years ago: "I thought that perfect typesetting could only be done by hand, and therefore, I stuck to the hand method for a great many years. I have now come to the conclusion, however, that when a machine can do the work better than a human hand can, in the interests of Humanity, we should use the machine."

And you were a good friend to the whole printing world. You taught that only upon the foundation of Quality and Integrity can an enduring business be built.

You exposed many shams and overturned many old theories. You demonstrated that Printing is an Art and a Business, too.

*Linston Monotype Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.*

Joseph Hays.



Happiness is a habit: Cultivate it.

THE friendship of both "John" and Alice is a dear memory to me. I have tasted of their salt as an honored guest. I have ridden and tramped and played with them in the woods and fields in moments of relaxation. It was on such occasions when away from the sight and sound of people, off in the great open or in the leafy shades of the woods, that the Fra would take off his pose and unbosom himself. In these rare moments I saw and touched the real man. He was no god. He was very human—much more so than many thousands of his blind worshipers ever suspected or would believe. And because he was very human, because he was of the earth, earthy, like myself, he was more than ever endeared to me. The best things he ever said were not on the platform nor yet on the typewriter, but out in this way with friends, with all restraint removed. I owe much to Elbert Hubbard. He was one of three men who influenced my life profoundly. Two are dead. One still lives. Perhaps some day when the grief of the present has passed I will try to tell just what in my judgment was Hubbard's greatest claim to greatness, for he was a great man. No one will deny that. And if in later years I had grown somewhat out of sympathy with him spiritually, the man himself was always lovable, always the good comrade, and I love his memory.

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods
Long Eddy, N. Y.

Bruce Calvert.

APOSTLES of love and life and joy, Elbert and Alice Hubbard gave to the world much that was of help and uplift; she, the full measure of a mind rich in those thoughts which strengthen and cheer; he, the full measure of a unique intellectuality which made for independent thought ~ ~

From out the twenty-six letters of the alphabet Fra Elbertus fashioned keen-edged darts, which he hurled at cant and hypocrisy with unfailing aim; in every sham and false convention the barbed shaft of his ridicule found a mark; yet, everywhere he went, he found much that was of good, and from that same alphabet, and "with one hand" as he was wont to say it, he fashioned many a splendid tribute to that which he saw. His journeys took him far and wide—through many lands; he oft touched shoulders with the great, yet in that organization to which he had devoted his life-work, he was just an Elder Brother, to whom they went for counselings and advice. His was a "pioneer soul that blazed its paths where highways never ran," but he also lived by the side of the road, and was a friend to man ~ ~

Elbert and Alice Hubbard have passed on. Long will they be remembered, in thankfulness, for the fragrant flowers of thought they planted in life's garden. Were

but our pen as facile as their own, we then might write some tender, touching tribute, that in a way might speak the loss we feel. They were our friends. In friendship lies life's greatest gift. It knows you well, and even with this knowledge, finds your better qualities. And these they found in frequent journeys on our Line, nor failed to give a generous expression of appreciation of all the good they saw.

*Asso. Ed. B. R. & P. Magazine
Rochester, N. Y.*

A. M. Taylor.

WE bow our heads in silent grief for him we loved so well. Our loss is profound. The peerless advocate of Truth, the mighty exponent of business righteousness, the exemplification of sane living, the great American philosopher, is dead. He was the potent enemy of Ignorance and Superstition, the formidable adversary of Cant, Creed and Dogma.

We have lost a great leader and a great man. His name will go down through future generations with those of Franklin, Lincoln, Ingersoll, Voltaire, Jefferson, Carlyle, Paine and Edison. Posterity will know him as the champion of Intellectual Freedom.

He was the Martin Luther of the New Thought, the John Wesley of the New Religion. He was the herald of a new and better era.

Savannah, Tenn.

Henry G. Sanders.

ELBERT HUBBARD at his best—the real Elbert Hubbard—was a seer, a prophet of a greater God, a greater Man, a greater Earth, and a greater Universe. He was also a warrior and worker for Truth—Truth always in the making, for man. His natural place in the long evolution of human souls from barbarism upward, was the mountain height of a highly evolved consciousness—a place of vision from which he beheld men struggling upward under heavy, hampering burdens of the past. He waged a noble warfare, always in the open. His bullets were made of love and wit and laughter. He sent out diamond arrows of the mind to waken men into thought—to loosen from their backs the outworn packs of inherited, traditional attitudes toward life and “beliefs” that had held them, their world, and their God to less than they ought to be.

Ironton, Ohio

Mary White Slater.

I AM happy to say, “Elbert Hubbard was my friend.” He at least made me think so. Often he made me mad, but he made me think every time he did so. He was perhaps the most prolific writer in the United States, surely the most brilliant and always inspiring to a worker. He knew things: he was posted on anything.

*Osteopath
Dayton, Ohio*

Dr. E. H. Cosner.

"THE GOOD OLD NURSE"

(Dedicated to Elbert and Alice Hubbard)

WHERE are the dead? In your memory and mine.
"The Good Old Nurse" who fastens strong
arms about us—

The arms which lift one above all hurt
More keen—than bodily separation.
How kind and sweet the voice which knew—
And rocked to sleep—while eyes alert
Are seeing far above the strife which beats
And bears the cross—which wounds—
And yet, the Love that cradles the youthful one
Has sped the days for the victory won.
Well said: "Good Old Nurse."

Vain are the words which scoff and laugh,
And say, "Tomorrow I'll do my task."
Not one with one whose gift was rare—
Who gave to the world the wholesome flask
Of iron will and honest heart. Few there are
Who dare to brave the cowardly speech
Of men and knaves; and teach—in place of preach.
To live with the dead oft means this—said:
That it profits us where we are—alive
To the "Spring" whose "waters" are there
And the dead have hope and the living—a care.

War is the battle for power—forsooth!

The law the vindictive meed, to this, to that.

But life goes on—each part—its way,

While Infinite things have, also, their stay.

There—beginneth the reign of Day.

"Thou go not like the quarry slave"—Scourged.

But by the unfaltering, steadfast step

Of onward march—approach thy grave.

"Some one must sacrifice." All needs sacrifice.

Oh—the things we say and the things we do—

When the dead are gone. "There are no dead "

With Eternal Things. Greatness is what Goodness

Does—and then—we rest. Think not so ill

Of work well done or what was said;

'T was the hope they gave, the trust they spoke,

The deeds they wrought—the flowers they grew—

And made of stone the structures true,

As true as the workmen who gave—anew.

Are you—my Reader—who work at play,

Able to know the courage it takes to live

A life—of living life? In place of whirlwind fray?

And—the strength there is, the courage and love

With one who is willing to face the All—

And then—with a farewell kiss to Earth

Bid "The Old Nurse" welcome at the hark of the Call.

Chicago, Ill.

Maud L. Burton.

I LOOK upon the tragic fate of Elbert Hubbard as a loss to the world which will be more accentuated as the years go by. In my case his unique personality was exemplified by the fact that I never even saw him or heard him speak, and yet when I finally realized that he had started on his last, long "little journey," and that my final opportunity was forever gone for meeting him personally, as I had planned to do, a mist gathered in my eyes and a lump in my throat the like of which I had never before experienced, and in that moment I knew what a wonderful personality his must have been to have affected me solely through his writings in this way ☸ ☸

Port Hope, Ont., Canada

Walter J. Helm.



All men recognize in their hearts that they must have the good-will of some other men. To be separated from your kind means death, and to have their good-will is life — and this desire for sympathy and this alone shapes conduct. We are governed by public opinion, and until we regard all mankind as our friends, and all men as brothers, so long will men combine in sects and cliques, and keep the millennium of Peace and Good-Will a dim and distant thing.

A TRIBUTE

Ever ready, with a smile for all.
Like Emerson, his clarion call
Brought vivid signs upon the wall;
Enough to show a better day
Rising before us, on the way
To keep men true, nor lead astray.

He came, he saw, he conquered—then,
Unlike a Caesar, gave to men
Brilliant thoughts with trenchant pen.
Beauty knew his touch; he wrought for good
And won the Marathon, fair and free,
Racing swiftly through the fragrant wood,
Down hills, o'er plains, to yonder sea.

Rochester, N. Y.

C. G. Harger, Jr



WHAT should be the real memorial to Elbert Hubbard, the dreamer of dreams, who found the realization of his dreams in East Aurora? What memorial would Elbert Hubbard have wanted? Not one in everlasting bronze, nor in chaste marble,

nor in a granite mausoleum. I know that he wanted the thing he planted here should live and grow, and it should be like the seed mentioned in the Bible, planted in good ground and multiply a hundredfold. Pilgrimages to this place will be made by those whose hearts and souls have been filled by the fire and genius of Elbert Hubbard, and by those who in the future may be touched by the eloquence of the lips that are now silent and a heart that is turned to dust. As long as the human heart makes pilgrims visit the homes of the men who have made an impress upon the world, and sent it forward, so long will pilgrims come to East Aurora.

Here lived Elbert Hubbard, one of the greatest thinkers that ever flashed on the tide of time. This place is sanctified by the lives of Elbert and Alice Hubbard, and glorified by their death. Here in East Aurora lives the concrete expression of Elbert Hubbard, businessman, artist, orator, writer and philosopher. Here he dreamed his dreams, and as Oscar Wilde said, "A dreamer is one who can only find his way by moonlight, and his punishment is that he sees the dawn before the rest of the world—yes, his punishment and his reward."

He was a sage, and in the words of the Chinese philosopher Mencius, "A sage is the instructor of one hundred ages." His thoughts have tinged the thoughts of his times. His words will live immortal with Homer's and Plutarch's and Shakespeare's.

New York City.


Harry Weinberger.



IN the passing of Elbert and Alice Hubbard, East Aurora has lost its best friends. That splendid courage and optimism with which they met life, their devotion to things that were real and of survival value, their sympathy and understanding, their appreciation and responsiveness have taught us much. We will not soon forget! Personally they have meant much to me. I loved them. I shall miss them greatly.

East Aurora, N. Y.

Mabel Powers.



LOOKING away beyond the great Elbert Hubbard and his helpmeet and their wonderful work, to the far-reaching effects of the frightful crime of the sinking of the "Lusitania," we should all renew again our vows of devotion to the cause of liberty and the extending of Christian civilization.

Wampum, Pa.

David M. Kirk.



Things done in hate have to be done over again.

I KNEW nothing about the death of Elbert and Alice Hubbard, till—some days ago, returning from a short voyage—I found the sad news in "The Open Road," where Bruce Calvert gave them such beautiful homage.

How terrible that they, also, are among the victims of this wild war, which today has lasted a year!

How much poorer is the world today than a year ago! Not only through millions of lost men and lost millions, but through thousands of noble lives, closed before their natural time, like those of Elbert and Alice Hubbard—closed before their efforts had borne all the fruits they hoped for humanity. Of their persons I never had a direct impression. I only admired their faces in pictures and their souls in their writings.

I am glad to hear that their work will be continued in their spirit.

Everywhere, in homes far away, the Roycroft books bear witness of their work, and the thoughts have reached farther than the books. So they two will still:

" Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,

Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,

Be the sweet presence of a good diffused."

Among the many thousands of men and women, feeling with you the cruel loss of your Master, is also,

Strand, Alvastra, Norway

Ellen Key.

ELBERT HUBBARD had that unusual faculty of making me mad in five spots and increasing my regard for him in ten ways, all at the same time. His death was a distinct shock to me and I felt a deep sense of personal loss. My last recollection of him is most pleasant. We were congenial companions on a toast-list in congenial company, and he seemed to be in the very height of his mental power. It is a perfectly splendid picture that I shall treasure always.

Buffalo, N. Y.

John D. Wells.

Elbert Hubbard was a man of power, and his life and writings will have a great and increasing influence not only in his own America but in the whole world besides.


Stockholm, Sweden

"Nordisk Boktryckarekonst."

HIS oft-repeated themes were love, and kindliness, and joy,
To better life and broaden it; to build, and not destroy;
And by his death, as in the dark a lightning-flash illumines,
The wrong of war was shown the world! His great loss
so englooms,
It stings and stirs us to rebel against the Cult of War,
That turns our happiness to hell and gloats o'er human
gore.

Washington, D. C.

Stella V. Kellerman.

WHEN a Voice is stilled, the world suffers a heavy loss. There are so many Echoes, and so few Voices among the children of men. It always has been so; it always will be so. The old Hebrew prophets were the Voices of their day—sometimes crying in the wilderness. There were not many of them. The gift of prophecy is Heaven's choicest blessing to man. The exercise of it demands insight, originality, and above all, that sublime courage that faces criticism, misunderstanding, misrepresentation, and even obloquy, in steadily and unflinchingly following the gleam that leads to the light .

So, I think of our departed friend, the Fra, as a Prophet. No man spoke for him. He was a Voice, not an Echo. That is the explanation of his dominating and inspiring personality. All who came in contact with him had to admit the charm of a man who was always Himself, and never another's.

During several delightful visits to East Aurora, I caught an understanding glimpse of the soul of Elbert Hubbard, and realized his prophetic character. This, perhaps, was more clearly visioned by Mrs. Hocken, as it was by all of the female sex who had the good fortune to meet this unusual man.

A great Voice is hushed. The world is poorer.

Toronto, Canada

H. G. Hocken.

ELBERT HUBBARD has done more to revolutionize the thoughts of men than any one else since the time of Christ. Thousands, yea, millions, of young men today have been shown the way to success and happiness through his eternal love.

He was truthful; he was fearless; he had energy; he had ability, and he lifted up and led his age.

Elbert Hubbard was a personal friend of mine, and I feel his loss deeply. He has told me several times that he had a mission to perform, and that was to make men think. This mission has been nobly performed.

*Lawyer
Junction City, Ore.*

Frank N. O'Connor.

ELBERT HUBBARD'S gift of expression was rare, but no other writer in America had his courage. He is well within the charmed circle which includes Franklin, Paine, Lincoln and Henry George. If we cross the Atlantic we must lay hands on Bunyan and Burns, Dickens and Faraday.

Montreal, Canada

George Iles.

The words of Elbert Hubbard have fanned the feeble flame of hope to realism in tens of thousands of human souls; therefore, he did not live in vain.

*Adv. Mgr. R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co.
Wallingford, Conn.*

L. J. Walsh.

THOUGH I never saw Elbert Hubbard, I came to know him well since his first splendid Message poured itself into my young ears. My Father read those inimitable thoughts to me. I did not dream that they would color my life, and define my path, as they have done. Flower after flower has bloomed in my inner self—because of that first prayer. And now, looking back, I have seen the passing of your Father, and of mine. Both sleep in unmarked graves. Yours was a famous Sire, and mine not less so—unto me. ¶ Thank God your head is up, and your face towards the East!

The Fra has followed me to the steel-head in this new land. Surely a humble appreciation of a unique being may not be displeasing to some one who held him dear. And it is in this spirit that I, a cast-iron Homesteader in Northwest Canada, dare to revere so fine a memory, as a photographic smile on Elbert Hubbard's face; or the tints and shadings of his brain, which he has traced for us, in such exclusive beauty.

I can see that great company, as they hurried towards the Dawning, through the gateway of the ocean. I look once more. Alice and Elbert Hubbard are hand in hand. Thus, in the garden of my brain, a favorite blossom has dropped an incomparable petal.

Winnipeg, Canada

Walter P. Davisson.

THE loss of Elbert Hubbard is a great one, irreparable to those who read and were most benefited by his philosophy. How widely his works were read may be in a measure gauged by the fact that I have found the greatest interest manifested in Elbert Hubbard everywhere. It occurs to me as I write that among his warmest admirers were a Cabinet Minister in England and, in Japan, one of the most celebrated Japanese writers.

Curiously enough, I have located my place of residence, more than once, as a City between Niagara Falls and East Aurora.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Walter H. Schoellkopf.

I HAVE been rich above most men in my friends, and I thank God that Fra Elbertus was one of them.

My faith in the great Creative Power is such that I can not think of the Fra as drowned in any ocean of non-existence.

Somewhere, sometime, I shall hope again to meet him and find him an inspiration as of yore.

But it is a world of love, and while we smile, for he would not have us sad, words can not contain our loss—there is a loneliness everywhere.

East Bridgewater, Mass.

Ernest Linwood Staples.

ABOVE the din and lamentation of this latest and greatest catastrophe—the sinking of the “Lusitania”—the intellectual world feel that, in the death of Elbert Hubbard, they have lost the guiding spirit of the age.

Hubbard's philosophy was the essence of all that is genial and tolerant. He granted every soul the divine right of expansion; his love and pity, and the proceeds of his labor were not reserved for his own, nor for the dispensation of the elect, but went out in freshets of hope and joy to the poorest and lowest who ever suffered a heartache.

As for his wife what could we say more than that Alice Hubbard made Elbert Hubbard possible !

But, as life is for the living, and music and flowers and cheerfulness and sunshine should crowd out every vestige of crape and crypt, we are content with but the memory of these monumental friends to good work and loyal service.

The Bronx, New York

Mrs. A. F. Stark.

In the death of Elbert Hubbard the world has lost one of its foremost philosophers and business-builders, and literature its most unique figure. We are all the better for his having lived.

*Chiropractor
Joplin, Mo.*

Beulah Long.

IT seems impossible for me to translate into words the sadness I felt upon hearing of the untimely death of Elbert and Alice Hubbard.

It was my pleasure to know Elbert and Alice Hubbard not only through the medium of their literary productions, but with the deeper knowledge of personal acquaintanceship.

Volumes will be written about what the passing of Elbert and Alice Hubbard means to literature and lore, but to those whose privilege it was to know them personally, their loss can not be expressed in mere words.

International Textbook Company
Scranton, Pa.

T. J. Foster.

IT is not possible for me to express the deep pain I still feel at the loss of the late Elbert Hubbard. Like most people I regret his loss because a brilliant writer and thinker has gone. Most of all, however, I mourn him because a great, big, kind heart has forever ceased to beat. His and Mrs. Hubbard's were among the few lives which we could the least spare. Yet it is a beautiful thought that as the two faced their Maker they could justly say that the world is brighter and better because of their sojourn in it.

Principal Tuskegee Institute
Tuskegee, Alabama

Booker T. Washington.

The universe is planned for good.

ELBERT HUBBARD was one of the few men who was what he was in a sense distinct from any other human being.

He said, "Most writers do not write what they think: they only write what they think other people think they ought to think."

He, himself, wrote what he thought, and while probably no one in the world agreed with every line that he wrote, not even himself at some times, his words had that rare quality of having come from beyond the veil. The last time that I saw him was last September in San Diego. I had fallen in a slight street-car accident and somewhat injured myself, and was in his room at the hotel disposing of the blood and gore. He was just as friendly and attentive as a brother could be, and when I was rehabilitated there came to the door a man with a diagrammatic solution of all the problems of the universe. Elbert sat down with him as though he thought at last the great interpreter had arrived, treating him with great courtesy and apparent interest while he unfolded his marvelous plans, at the same time endeavoring to suggest to him that it might be wise to go back to the work in which he had been engaged. After the man had used a half-hour of Elbert's time, he went away and I said, "Elbert, do you do that with all the cranks who try to see you?" He replied: "All that I

can. It may be that it is all the consolation that poor fellow will get."

Another occasion that I especially recall was several years ago when Elbert and I were climbing the wonderful hills back of Oakland in order to see Joaquin Miller. On the way we were talking concerning the teaching of Jesus, and I was expounding what seemed to me then like a new discovery, that the practise of absolute trust as the fixed attitude of the mind and perfect love as the unvarying practise of life would solve every human problem, individual and collective.

Elbert turned his back on me for a period of some minutes without saying a word. Then, as he turned he said, "I believe you are right, but I am not quite ready for that—yet."

I think every clear thinker sooner or later must perceive the truth of the power of this principle, and yet our friend was the typical man, on that day when he said, with an earnestness and tone in his voice that can not be described, "I am not quite ready for that—yet."

¶ In my judgment no one will understand Elbert Hubbard who regards him as an ordinary composite man like the rest of us. He seemed to be built in layers, and the different parts of his nature appeared to be distinct rather than interpenetrating, and in the experiences of his whole life he ran through all the scale from the

lowest to the highest note. Some of his utterances were of the quality that will last when even his name has been forgotten. As for example, the words that he wrote about the Great Nazarene in "The Philistine" of October, Nineteen Hundred Nine:

"Power gravitates to the man who can use it; and love is the highest form of power that exists. If ever a man shall live who has infinite power, he will be found to be one who has infinite love."

If I knew his faults, which his critics magnify, I certainly should not emphasize them, but would rather endeavor to do as the artist with the painting of King Philip of Macedon, when he caused the outstretched finger of the monarch to cover the scar upon his cheek.

Elbert and Alice Hubbard rest in the beautiful grave of the shining and friendly sea, and our kindest thoughts will follow them wherever the great Providence may have led them.

New York City

Benjamin Fay Mills.



"While three men hold together
The kingdoms are less by three"

says Swinburne.

Elbert Hubbard could always be counted in. He was a man, and has left a man's mark on his time.

*Ruskin School Home
Heacham-on-Sea, England*

Harry Lowerison.

ELBERT HUBBARD was the poet laureate of labor—he deified and dignified it—he loved the worker and, as love begets love, the worker loved him. The man who gave an honest day's work for an honest day's pay was always sure of encouragement and applause from him, but he tore, with merciless fingers, the cloak from hypocrisy and threw the fierce white light of publicity upon the whited sepulcher. We believe that his work was good and that we are, all of us, the better for his having lived and worked among us.

*Vice-Pres. Stearns Salt and Lumber Co.
Ludington, Mich.*

W. T. Culver.

THE death of Elbert Hubbard is a great loss to the community. I miss him much. I have enjoyed his friendship for twenty-three years. I have always found him true to the temperance cause. Though severe on all kinds of current shams, he was full of kindness and sympathy for the unfortunate.

*St. Vincent's Church
North Evans, N. Y.*

(Rev.) George Zurcher.

Elbert Hubbard was one of our remarkable men—he was doing a service of great value. He will be sadly missed and not altogether replaced.

*Chairman Agricultural Commission A. B. A.
Champaign, Ill.*

B. F. Harris.



HAT Burbank is to plant life, Edison to machinery and electricity, Hubbard was to humanity — a peace advocate with a compelling conviction, a promoter of the spirit of temperance, the founder of a system of education for the highest development of mankind.

Possibly few have been more fortunate than myself in meeting men of all stations in life, casually and intimately—some of the greatest and some of the least—some of the best in educational circles, specialists, scientists, giants of intelligence, physique and morality. And I can truthfully say that from none have I received a greater inspiration than from the great master spirit of the Roycroft.

As I look in retrospect I can now visualize Elbert Hubbard, big-hearted, jovial, brotherly. To the unsophisticated he was protector and friend, surrounding one always with an atmosphere of good-cheer. In this atmosphere I enjoyed the environments of loyalty and love compelled always by his great spirit of humility.

Elbert Hubbard was never penurious of type, paper or space, and in this, as in all else, he gave lavishly to the world of his highest ideals and his great kindness. He was one of God's noblemen, and in the great beyond, I believe he will be a leader of the delegation whose business it is to spread sunshine.

Carbondale, Col.

Eugene H. Grubb.

EVERYTHING Elbert Hubbard touched was made beautiful by the magic of his mind. He was the greatest advertisement-writer of his age, and his methods turned the crying of wares into literary adventures. Each was a faceted gem not to be passed by. He played with words. They were his pawns, and most of them reached the king-row. The more I study his simple, forceful system of writing, the more attractive it seems to me. So full of infinite variety that he never appeared to produce the same effect twice, so wonderfully tender when he chose, so delicate, so true, so full of pathos, fire, feeling, art, laughter, tears ; so thrilling, so compelling, there is no other modern writer to compare with him.

London, Eng.

Agnes Herbert.



The one theme of Ecclesiastes is moderation. Buddha wrote it down that the greatest word in any language is "equanimity." William Morris said that the finest blessing of life was systematic, useful work. Saint Paul declared that the greatest thing in life was love. Moderation, equanimity, work and love — you need no other physician ●●

RAIN

RAIN! come into my garden,
Water the green-folk there;
Grant the parched earth a sweet pardon,
Answer each tiny prayer.

Water the pansies and larkspur,
Freshen each tired, drooping head;
Fill each green cup with thy nectar,
Drench the tall ferns in their bed.
Sprinkle them, spatter them, softly spray—
Steadily, softly spray,
Corn and the trailing tendril
Gladly thy voice will obey.

Rain! from thy heights supernal,
Down from the spheres above,
Into our need eternal,
Everlasting love.

Cleanse our poor world of war-madness,
Purge the sick soul of its dross;
Wash from our hearts darkest sadness,
Recompense every loss.
Silvery spirit-rain, softly spray—
Steadily, softly spray,
Enter the hearts of earth's children,
Steal the war-madness away.

Dayton, Ohio

Archie A. Mumma.



THREE things Hubbard did as no other man has done for which I am truly grateful. First, he was on the side of the masses as against the political doctors who wished to establish compulsory vaccination and other forms of legal surgery. He was

opposed to that great, powerful, omnipresent, formidable association of doctors known as the American Medical Association. He dared to oppose them. In doing so he was not politic. He lost tens of thousands of friends by so doing, no doubt. He knew it. He paid the price willingly. The people in whose defense he wielded such unanswerable arguments were a class of people who could render him no service in return. He was a friend of the drugless healer as against that autocratic doctor of drugs bolstered up by tyrannical laws. The drugless healers of all classes loved him.

Hubbard gained no fame or financial support from his espousal of their cause. I loved him for this.

But, second, I loved Hubbard because he could see with the vision of a prophet that the Morgans, the Carnegies, the Rockefellers were consciously and unconsciously making the world a better place for all of us. With Hubbard's power to write and speak he would have been the most popular socialist the world has ever produced. But he turned from this temptation, and planted his feet on the rock of eternal justice, thereby driving away from him thousands and thousands of

people who could not see the ideal that Hubbard tried to hold up. He could have counted his followers by the millions, had he been willing to prostitute his power to wield the English language to the service of the iconoclast who thrives on the passions of the people. And again, Hubbard was a great preacher. But he stood alone. He refused the shelter and assistance of ecclesiastical associations. He preached to his own people in his own pulpit. He was the only great preacher in the world since Paul who preached without a salary. He stood alone, like some great tree in the open, his spreading branches symmetrical, strong, defying the blasts from every quarter; and yet personally he was so kind, so affable, so genial and companionable that one forgot his greatness in the warmth of his personal friendship. The last time I saw him (at his home, on the green near the well), a large company of men, women and children were assembled to witness the open-air moving pictures, which were exhibited free once a week. Arm in arm with the Catholic priest of the village, he walked about among his people, greater than any priest that ever donned the robes of ecclesiasticism.

Columbus, Ohio

C. S. Carr, M. D.

The art of winning in business is in working hard—not taking things too seriously.

ALBERT HUBBARD was a worker. Work with him was life. In his life he was a great individualist. There were two others in his time who were greater—Emperor William and Theodore Roosevelt. Hubbard was the greatest man ever living in America to popularize and commercialize his writings. He was an Emerson with a business instinct.

Hubbard had written for me, I had written for him, and we had labored together. He would take my matter and make it a classic. Never would he sign his name to anything technical until he knew it to be based on fact. The intricacies of trade and business were analyzed by him with a wonderful force.

He got at the kernel of a thing by a marvelous short cut. Hubbard talked and mingled with many big men. He liked to get their point of view.

Hubbard held his readers as he held his auditors. It was more than twenty-five years ago that I traveled ten miles on a zero night to hear Hubbard, in Salem, Massachusetts, and his charm held me then just as it did in more recent years.

He knew Human Nature, and could make himself at home in any environment. His "Message to Garcia," written in an hour or two, was years in the making, and secured a larger circulation, in nearly every language,

than any work ever before printed, save the Bible alone. Hubbard still lives by the vast amount of work he performed. He could rinse a subject and get the sweet essence better than any advertising man who ever lived. He united a great literary power with business acumen and judgment such as no other man ever possessed. It is rare, indeed, that these qualities are united in one person.

He was criticized because he commercialized his marvelous ability. Why not, pray? Ministers, lawyers and doctors do the same.

Having once taken a position on a question, he could not be moved. That fact well demonstrated his consistency and straightforwardness.

He knew the fakirs by heart, and his fearless and brilliant pen dethroned them.

Long life to Hubbard!

Lynn, Mass.

Edwin W. Ingalls.

I once sent a bunch of flowers to Elbert Hubbard when he was talking on the Orpheum. He had very graciously talked before the ad club of which I was president in Spokane. On the note attached was this wording, "To My Mental Father." The finest thing about him was his mind. To be an heir by adoption is an honor.

Bakersfield, Cal.

R. G. Paullin.

ELBERT HUBBARD was pre-eminently the greatest writer of his time, or that the world has produced in the last century. It is doubtful if one can be named that showed such complete familiarity with the history of the world's most noted characters and events.

He was not only a man with a message, but a man with thousands of messages. For more than a quarter of a century the sun has seldom set on a day that he did not deliver us a word that made the world think. He was a persistent advocate of the doctrine of hard work and demonstrated to a remarkable degree that an ounce of useful effort is worth a pound of fine-spun theory. A trip through the Roycroft institution at East Aurora is convincing testimony that the fame of Elbert Hubbard does not rest alone upon his literary ability, but that he possessed to a rare degree, business insight, initiative and executive powers, rarely found with great literary genius.

At the summit of his greatness the sea has claimed all that was mortal of Elbert Hubbard, but he has contributed to the world so much that will live on and exert its influence for the betterment of humanity through generations yet unborn, that history can not deny him a place at the top of those who have made the world better.

Denver, Col.

N. Howard Robinson.

I THINK I could epitomize in a few words the work that I think Elbert Hubbard did in his life. His service was unique. Through it all ran a strain of devotion to the best principles of humanity. His method of appeal was striking and it reached the hearts of many people who would not have responded to any ordinary method of reaching out to them. Mr. Hubbard had a brilliant mind and a big heart; and a literary style that was completely his own—he spoke in a tongue that could be understood. He did much good. His death was like his life—unafraid in the face of moral or physical danger.

*President National City Bank
New York City*

F. A. Vanderlip.

MORE than all else I have read in my life, what Elbert Hubbard has written has made me think. And that man who has made other men think has done a greater work in the world than has any other class of men that has ever lived, or that will ever live. I liked him because he saw through and behind and over and under the unreal in dogma and creed, and said so, and said why, and in his big-hearted and fearless way tried to help men help themselves.

In the death of Elbert and Alice Hubbard the world has lost a big man and a big woman.

Penn Yann, N. Y.

Harry C. Morse.

I REGARD it as a real misfortune that I never met Elbert Hubbard and Mrs. Hubbard, though I have long desired to do so. I have been, of course, for several years past, much impressed by the former's skill and power as a writer and by the pith and cogency of his writings, especially those given in his little magazine. While differing in opinion and sentiment from some of them, others had my most hearty commendation, and I have often wished that I could sit down and discuss with Mr. Hubbard the matters involved.

Most especially interested was I in the result of a letter which I wrote to him, when in quest of information regarding certain noble women. I had purposed to place in the large window of our new Risley College for Women three figures representing Abigail Adams, Elizabeth Fry and Mary Somerville. The result was that he forwarded me some essays of his own which greatly interested me and strengthened me in my plan, which has now been carried out.

One of the hopes which I had formed was that we should have a formal unveiling of the window, and Elbert Hubbard, of all men, was the one whom I had in mind for an address on such an occasion, but, alas, that dream must be forever unfulfilled.

*Cornell University
Ithaca, N. Y.*

Andrew D. White.

YOU tell me that the time has come when one who eulogized the living Hubbards should dip his pen into the ink-pot of his own heart and write a most eloquent epitaph. And yet I can not do it. I have been sitting here all through the sunset and the evening, waiting for words. The air is full of them, soft-winged, brilliant, swift, and I can not catch any of them and make them my very own words in which to express to you my sympathy.

Because, you know, in my philosophy Death does not matter much when one's work has been well done. We may think it unfinished, but Death is the arbiter on that, and so it is finished, though not dead.

Death has dominion only over our bodies. And so Elbert and his gudewife are not dead to me, who knew and loved their minds. These I still have with me and shall have while I myself continue. Nor shall they die ever, while man retains his power to immortalize ideas. I am indeed and most sincerely sorry for you who shall no longer hear their voices and watch their faces and press their hands. And you have my heartiest good wishes in your resolve to keep up their work of creating a desire for beautiful things and making straight the path to acquisition. ¶ But I shall remember, and I do remember, though it may be too much to ask of you as yet, that a man is only the seed of which his work

is the thousandfold reproduction, reproducing itself again and endlessly in the minds of others.

None may snatch more from Time and Chance than this: that he may do himself utterly into his works and so pass into them and out of all physical things. And I would that each of us might come as near to this heaven as have the Hubbards!

Duluth, Minn.

Charles Henry Mackintosh.

I WISH I could begin to tell you the great help I derived from the different writings Elbert Hubbard produced during the past fifteen years. I have been a great admirer and tried to follow out the advice of the late Fra Elbertus. In my work as an advertising solicitor and writing advertising, his books and magazines have been a great help to me.

*Chairman Park Commissioners
Beverly, Mass.*

Charles P. Tindley.

ELBERT HUBBARD had the unique distinction of being recognized as a genius, a constructive literary scientist, in the years his untiring labors were accomplished, and the passing of time will find the laurel, still fresh and green, on the radiance of his precepts and the memory of his loving-kindness.

*Publisher "Pacific Breezes"
San Francisco, Cal.*

Guy A. Buell.

ALBERT HUBBARD was my associate pastor in the People's Church and my personal friend ☸ ☸

Some years ago he came up at the close of a sermon, grasped my hand and said, "God bless you, Golightly, that 's just what I needed—come over to the hotel this afternoon and talk it over with me and Alice." I did ☸ ☸

Elbert Hubbard was a man: "Take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

Physically, he was tall and striking and had worked with his hands in field and factory until his body was the strong servant of a will that could do easily, well and happily whatever he undertook.

Socially, with one or hundreds in salon, club or on lecture platform and circuit he was the soul of wit, humor, satire, pathos, kindness and good-cheer. For years he has set the joy-bells ringing in the soul, planted flowers in life's wilderness way, and lighted and kept burning the stars in sorrow's dark night. The sound of his voice, glance of eye, ring of laugh, smile of face, and hand-clasp made merry hearts which did good like medicine.

*Pastor People's Church
Minneapolis, Minn.*

G. L. Morrill.

Do your work as well as you can and be kind.

SHOULD the whole of Europe start today to pay the world indemnity until the end of time, it could not begin to make restitution for the loss sustained in the death of Elbert Hubbard. ¶ A master in a hundred fields of endeavor, his future loomed up more brilliantly even than his illustrious past. The world waited in constant anticipation for greater things. And of these it has been robbed.

¶ Elbert Hubbard was a brave, keen man, awake to every possibility of the full years that he lived—a man who knew more about making himself understood and who had finer thoughts on a greater variety of subjects than any other man of his day. He was one of the few men who placed performance above promise, who knew the value of human service, and who had the courage to compliment the great army of American men that has brought our nation the distinction of being the greatest commercial institution the world has ever seen.

He was a staunch friend of the man who works with his hands, and just as strong in his appreciation and praise of the constructive business-builder. His ideas were at times radical, but his mind was always clear. It will be many a day before America finds another who can so weld the composite thought of the nation with trip-hammer force.

*Cole Motor Car Company
Indianapolis, Ind.*

J. J. Cole.

IT was not my good fortune to know Brother Hubbard very intimately, as I never came in personal contact with him very much, but I feel, notwithstanding this, that I know him well. He was a man who seemed to me to be always on the highway of life and always looking ahead. He may have fully realized how richly he was endowed by Nature with intellectual power and talent, but he seemed not to. I think the greatest prizes of life were his, and he must have enjoyed his work which he made a game of. In my opinion he was a great force for good in the community and in the world; he carried a great message, and will be nationally if not universally honored. I hope that in some way his influence will be perpetuated.

New York City

Robt. H. Ingersoll.



Modern business betters human environment. It means gardens, flowers, fruits, vegetables ; it means quick, safe and cheap transportation of people, commodities and messages ; it means books, maps, furniture, pictures, playgrounds, fresh air, sunshine, pure water, perfect sewerage, health, happiness, hope, light and love—because business gives opportunities for all to work, earn, grow and become ☛ ☛

ELBERT HUBBARD

HE lifted me out of the valleys,
To the plains where now I live,
He opened my life and proved, to me,
There 's a message I had to give.

He 's shown me all the beauties,
Of this world and the next;
Live, work and love 's what did it,
This was his Golden Text.

He gave me all the hunches,
That 's made life for me worth while;
He has proven to me clearly,
That to make good you must smile.

The tragedy that has happened
Has filled my life with tears,
But I shall keep on smiling,
Through the remainder of my years.

Greenville, Miss.

Adrian P. Clark.



OD endowed and blessed Elbert Hubbard richly and wonderfully: I believe in a Divine purpose in all things, and it was no mere chance or accident that Elbert Hubbard was so strongly developed in his sympathetic nature, in his marvelous

human interest; that he was so constant, loyal and magnetic in his friendship; so magnanimous as an opponent; so blessed with a serene temperament, and notwithstanding these rich, amiable qualities, so vigorous and so virile in all his undertakings; so trenchant in all his sayings and writings.

Through the gloom and sorrow of his death I rejoice that I was numbered as one of his friends, and I am proud and grateful for his influence upon my life. Elbert Hubbard quickly saw the best and brightest in all things. He was the greatest of optimists. He was a gallant fighter—truly, his foes felt the lash of his journalistic whip. Their taunts, their gibes and flouts in feeble response were all tributes to his noble efforts for the uplift of humanity.

In my many pleasant recollections of my friend, come, first of all, his wonderful sympathy for those in sorrow, suffering and trouble, and, again, his joy over things tending to make the world better. His soul was brimful with sympathy. His temperament was, to me, a marvel. I have yet to meet any one who saw Elbert Hubbard with ruffled temper.

I had opportunities in abundance to mark the greatness of the man when serving with him on committees in connection with the work of our great Fraternity, in which he was so sincerely interested. Then I learned not only to admire him, but to appreciate his big heart and brain. A quick thinker, superbly poised, an admirable judgment, his counsel was always invaluable. He wrote the Moose Credo of our Order, and one paragraph comes back to me at this moment: "I believe in sympathy, in mutual helpfulness, in giving assistance to the weak, the young, the aged and all those who need a helping hand."

*Director-General Loyal Order of Moose
Pittsburgh, Pa.*

James J. Davis.

ALTHOUGH I never have had the pleasure of meeting either Elbert or Alice Hubbard, in the person, their writing reflected the great and wonderful personalities which they must have had, so strongly that I have often felt as though I had really met and known them personally, and do indeed feel very grieved over the almost unbelievable fact that they are no more.

May their spirits live and grow as time goes on, inspiring in us and manifesting in our lives, more and more their high and noble ideals.

Jersey City, N. J.

O. Walter Zeidt.

ALBERT HUBBARD impressed me as a timely expression Puritanism had made to complete the correction of herself Emerson so ably began. He was the product of an age that was orderly, frugal and efficient. But in his creation Nature had become wanton, playful even.

Born not far from Lincoln's home, and set back a half-century in this nation's history, it is not strange he should have persisted in an individual and pioneer mode of life and thought. Nor do I feel it was deliberate on his part, but rather natural to him and inevitable. He was a powerful product of an age that was hard and fixed in its belief and conduct of life, and it gave him all that was good and sustaining in that life.

The hour in America gave him freedom, and so I feel Elbert Hubbard comes to us as a freed Puritan, a large, generous soul, steeped in a past that was full of good, but a past too harsh and too cold to admit of the blossoming of a nature that sought first a large, free and full life—shared by all—and then an occupation that contributed to happiness.

Alice Hubbard can not be given too great a place in the completion of that life. To inspire is the privilege only of those who are of the great. To do as well as to inspire seems to have been not only her great privilege and service, but they seem each to have reacted upon the

other so completely that all that was best in both took feet and wings and came tumbling into the world of thought like wanton, protesting children of a freed race. ¶ Elbert and Alice Hubbard have not only built a unique place in the Hall of Freedom: they have given courage and comfort to millions of men and women born out of the same narrow thought of our day and age from which they sprang. How much of an artist Hubbard was is not so important. Art exists to sweeten life; it is the dress of form, the color of expression. Life is the all-important thing in life and the first great work of art of a truly cultured being. Elbert and Alice Hubbard lived a great life. Art for art's sake was as far from them as it is foreign to those who are free of the decadent spirit, and so when I say I never think of Elbert and Alice Hubbard as artists I pay them the compliment I myself most envy and seek. To be men and women, great in the courage of what is right—do that beautifully, is to satisfy the profoundest end of culture and meets the sanest criticism of art. To be a pioneer, a brave and generous soul, beautifully, is the great goal. I felt this more strongly than the pen or phrase-maker in the presence of Elbert Hubbard. He was a great human being, and that he managed to communicate that to humanity makes him a great artist.

New York City

Gutzon Borglum.

OTHERS will comment upon Elbert Hubbard as a philosopher and a writer. I wish to speak of him as a neighbor. He was a good neighbor in the best sense of the term, exhibiting friendly and kindly interest and consideration for his East Aurora neighbors under all circumstances. It happened that, during the earlier years of my residence in the village, I was retained as attorney to conduct a long-drawn-out litigation involving The Roycrofters, and I confess that I felt a little hesitation in approaching Mr. Hubbard while the fight was on; but I soon found that he was so broad and generous in his view of the matter that he overlooked the attorneyship, and did not permit it in any way to affect our friendship.

He gave all of us villagers a warm and hearty welcome to the benefits of the interesting and entertaining assemblages in the Roycroft Salon. On several occasions he did me personally substantial neighborly service that I can not forget, and I cherish for his memory an affectionate and respectful regard, and feel that the community in which he lived has suffered an irreparable loss in his death.

*Justice of the Supreme Court
Buffalo, N. Y.*

Herbert P. Bissell.

Sanity lies in your ability to think individually and act collectively.

I THINK that Elbert Hubbard was essentially a friend and inspirer of the new generation—many new generations, for he never seemed to grow old. I remember the day when I opened packages from him with great eagerness, knowing that a Roycroft book would contain some element of surprise of text or make-up. The first Roycroft book I ever saw was, "On Going to Church," by George Bernard Shaw. It was different, and shocked me into new ideas.

I have never known a man more generous with himself than Elbert Hubbard. Giving was a form of genius with him. He gave without putting you under an obligation. When he gave, it was with all his power. Now I look back upon it, he was always giving to me though I saw him only twice; once on the train to Chicago, and the second time when he and Alice Hubbard and Miriam came to my little office on Twenty-ninth Street. It was a surprise visit, and Hubbard simply came to say kind things to me that he had written in his letters and in his Magazine. ¶ If he gave to the thousands of others with whom he came in contact one fraction of what, without any effort, he gave to me, then he gave more than any other American of his generation. Perhaps the final test of greatness is the power to give.

*Publisher
New York City*

Mitchell Kennerley.

THE COMING GOLDEN DAY

BEYOND the far horizon's rim
The God of War hath sway!
'T is coming, though its light be dim,
The golden, better day.
'T will come in triumph when it comes,
Howe'er it hastes or lags,
But not with trumpets, nor with drums,
Nor yet with battle-flags.
For war, and sounds of war, shall cease,
The banners will be furled,
And liberty prevail, and peace,
And joy, in all the world.

In that, not far-off, glorious time,
When every man 's a king,
Despair to haunt, will then decline,
While Hope will soar on wing.
Then full-orbed Truth all souls shall draw,
Like some great central sun,
And Right be one with Might and Law,
And Love and Justice one.
The good the true, the wise, the great,
All hail its dawning ray;
'T is coming soon, in glorious state,
The Christ-like better day.

Newark, N. J.

R. L. Johnson.

ELBERT and Alice Hubbard gave abundantly of their store; she the full measure of a mind rich in helpfulness and inspiration; he the full measure of a unique intellectuality which made men think for themselves. ♦♦♦

Out of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet Elbert Hubbard fashioned darts of keen edge, which he hurled at cant and hypocrisy, and he seldom missed the mark. At shams and false conventions he aimed the barbed shaft of ridicule. He was master epigrammatist; genius of journalism. To a prolific imagination he coupled a remarkable industry. He had a keen sense of proportion and appreciation of relative values. He loved to frolic in cap and bells while he carried "the message to Garcia." He had that greatness of mind which gave him the daring to laugh at himself.

The friends of Elbert and Alice Hubbard will not mourn. They will remember these two in thankfulness for the fragrant flowers they planted in life's garden.

Editor "Office Appliances"
Chicago, Ill.

Evan Johnson.

Elbert Hubbard lived a beautiful and a noble life—and I am indeed happy to have benefited through his truly wonderful teachings. I shall ever revere the memory of my Ideal Man.

Fremantle, Western Australia

T. Edw. Roy.



WHOM the gods love die young." In the death of Elbert Hubbard the world has sustained a loss which it can ill afford. His wonderfully attractive personality so charmed all with whom he came in contact, that even those who disagreed most strongly with some of his utterances were so disarmed by his magnetism that their feelings of antagonism were robbed of their sting.

The dominant feature of his philosophy, that "labor makes the whole world kin," and that all good things are added to the man who labors, to the support of which he threw his entire life and his splendid intellect, combined with his all-embracing sympathy with every phase of human life, marks an enduring progress and influence in the uplift of the world beyond our power to measure.

Although I had known and admired Elbert Hubbard for many years through his writings, it was not until March Twenty-second of this year, when he visited me at my home in Bristol, that I fully realized and appreciated his wonderful personality, his simplicity, his power of grasping everything at its full value on sight, and his keen sense of humor. In the death of Elbert Hubbard the world has lost one of its greatest men

*President U. S. Rubber Co.
Bristol, R. I.*

Samuel Pomeroy Colt.

Y attention was first attracted to Elbert Hubbard by a short article in one of the magazines—just a few paragraphs—but so vital and brimming with cheer that I resolved at once to know more of the writer.

I sent for a copy of "The Fra" and read it from cover to cover—and the covers, too—advertisements and all; and I have read every copy published since then that same way.

Some told me at first that Elbert Hubbard was an atheist, an anarchist and a dangerous man to follow, but I could not believe that after reading that first article. Since then I have reconstructed some of my former beliefs, and they have all been for the better I think. He has taught me a broad and comprehensive love for humanity that has nothing to do with any creed or dogma. The brotherhood of man has new meanings for me, and the beauty and nobility of life has been revealed to me in ways that were unknown until I fell under the spell of his magic pen.

Conway, Ark.

George A. Freeman.

America and the world are the great losers in the passing of so brilliant a man and woman as Elbert and Alice Hubbard.

St. Joseph, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. O. M. King.

THE bolt that sent the "Lusitania" to her doom was more disastrous to the human spirit than all the big guns of the Skoda factories. It killed Elbert Hubbard and Alice Hubbard. These were two of the finest souls in all the length and breadth of our New America.

In losing them the world is poorer and the American soul is reduced in voltage.

Elbert Hubbard was my friend, and I shall never forget him. He was the incarnate soul of this powerful and intrepid people—one of the gods of the younger days. He is not dead: his presence is the gladness of the world. Day by day I have laughed and loved life better because of this gentle Democritus of East Aurora. Hypocrisy and flimflam, religious sculduggery and social demagoguery—these he sent flying as with a 42-centimeter shell by the high explosives of his mirthful sarcasm.

The poison-gas of class hatred, the liquid fire of vulgar pretense, he scattered to the winds. He enriched the American tongue. Some of his words that we dub "Americanisms" will become the rhythmic syllables of the Tennysons and Shelleys yet to be.

Sharp as the staccato of the rapid-fire guns, one flaming sentence of Elbert Hubbard tore the mask off a hundred years of Europe's shame: "Who lifted the lid off

of Hell?—Bill Kaiser." Europe had rotted into incurable selfishness. Hence the Junker-War. The path of genius is like the path of lightning—always it strikes as if it had never struck before. Nobody but Fra Elbertus could have said so much in just that way. There will never be another Matterhorn, or Taj Mahal, or River Rhine or Elbert Hubbard.

ALICE HUBBARD was the brainiest woman I ever conversed with. She had all the charm of woman and all the breadth of man. As far as I know she was the most gloriously gifted woman in America. This was not widely known. But look at her work along with Elbert Hubbard and The Roycrofters. She had the wisdom and benignity of some ancient Athene in the City of the Violet Crown. She had lived her girlhood among the super-minds of Concord, and had drunk deeply of the Pierian Spring. She brought to bear upon the rugged problems of our day the highest caliber of brain and heart. I mind her sketching out for me the life and work of Jesus and his Mother. It was done with a rare breadth of thought and wealth of learning I have never found in any theologic book.

Why do we love good Fra Elbertus? Because he made rude things romantic; because he made the hyacinth as regal as the rose; because he touched the worker and he stood forth a prince; because he wrote of the toiler

at Labor's Holy Altar and he became more reverend than the robed and mitered priest.

Farewell, dear friend! Thy going doth make the unseen world seem near. Full many a vase of comeliest phrase I keep among my treasures as witness the cunning of thy hand. Thy loving-kindness will live with me like sweet forget-me-nots in Memory's garden, and I will hold the broken thread of our discourse until the Little Journey of my life has come upon the popped path to Sleep.

Boston, Mass.

Peter MacQueen.

IN the death of Alice Hubbard, the literary world loses an original and forceful writer, The Roycrofters a valuable aid, the National Council of Women Voters an efficient member, and this convention misses a most telling message on "Women and War."

Alice Hubbard is best known by her writings. Of the several books which she has written, most of them having some bearing on social life, her "Life Lessons" from the lives of great men and women is perhaps the most important.

In the going down of the "Lusitania," many brilliant lives went out, but among them all, perhaps there were no brighter minds, no more original thinkers, no more courageous writers than Elbert and Alice Hubbard

In thinking of the death of these two, one naturally recalls the words of Elbert Hubbard, written some time ago. At the close of one of his magazine articles he said: "We will not be here forever anyway. Soon Death, the kind old nurse, will come and rock us all to sleep, and we had better help one another while we can. We are all going the same way—let us go hand in hand."

—Extract from the Memorial Services held at the Convention of the Council of Women Voters in San Francisco, July 9, 1915, and conducted by the Reverend Olympia Brown (Racine, Wis.), the first woman ordained by an ecclesiastical body to preach in the United States.



The example and the wisdom of Elbert and Alice Hubbard have helped me in many a tight place and both are present now as much as before.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Marvin Grodzinsky.



The world will be redeemed ; it is being redeemed. It is being redeemed not by those who shake the red rag of wordy warfare, who threaten and demand, but by its enterprisers, workers, inventors, toilers—the men and women who do the duty that lies nearest them 30 30

AWAY

I CAN not say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away!
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
And you—oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step, and the glad return—
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There, as the love of Here.
Think of him still as the same, I say,
He is not dead—he is just away.

James Whitcomb Riley.



IN the Summer of Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, my brother and self made a "little journey" to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and on our way there stopped at a number of cities to visit the establishments of firms engaged in the same business as ourselves—the manufacture of soap.

At Buffalo we visited several large concerns, also a very modest one. This latter—a small, two-story building—may have been at one time a grocery-store or a saloon. To reach the boiling-room of this soap-factory, we had to climb up an almost vertical stair, and there saw a small kettle and a few workmen cutting, racking and pressing soap. Altogether, there was little to see and nothing to learn, and our stay was brief.

Many years after that, a friend of mine called my attention to a new and unique publication—"The Philistine." I liked the contents and subscribed to it, also to "The Fra" Magazine, when later this was published.

Impressed by the originality and forcefulness of the articles in these publications, I wished to meet the author, and about ten years ago, when in Buffalo, went to East Aurora. A card on the wall of the Roycroft Shop announced that Mr. Hubbard would speak in the Chapel that afternoon, and it being near the hour, I entered the Chapel. Promptly at the appointed time

Mr. Hubbard appeared on the rostrum, and in his inimitable, easy, conversational style, fraught with many verbal bouquets, arabesques, etceteras, told of his visit to the home of some big guy—what one I have forgotten. I have a suspicion that the Fra used up much of his supply of taffy in presenting to his hearers that charming, amiable, lovable, wise man to whose home he had journeyed; but that 's poets', story-tellers', and also lecturers' and philosophers' license, and I am the last person to find fault with it. For certain purposes, I like the ornate, polychrome and gingerbread work; but what I did n't like (because beyond my understanding) was the plethora of highfalutin words the Fra did use—words I had never heard before; yea, words that Uncle Noah Webster had never dreamed of. Nevertheless, I was very sorry when Mr. Hubbard broke off his story and announced that he would finish his journey the next afternoon. Most of the audience stepped forward to shake hands with him and thank him for the treat; I wished to do the same; I was delighted with his story and liked his looks, but—I was afraid of his vocabulary, his rhetoric. What if he should ask me a question about something or other in that tony language of his, embellished with those wonderful new appellations of latest coinage? I would n't understand him, and would have to stand there speechless. No; I would just sneak

out of that Chapel and hie myself back to Buffalo on the first train; and so I did.

About five years ago, Mr. Hubbard delivered a lecture in our city. I heard him, and again wished to converse with him, but backed out for the same reason explained above *so so*

A little over a year ago, Mr. Hubbard was in our city on some business; a friend who knew of my admiration for him and also my diffidence, kidnaped me and in his car carried me to his bank, where Mr. Hubbard was in waiting *so so*

I was astonished at the versatility and adaptability of Mr. Hubbard. The man who on the lecture platform controlled every word between the covers of Webster's Unabridged and many other words not contained therein, could also quite readily adjust his vocabulary to the limited one of his company and thus prevent embarrassment; and not only that, but he could talk intelligently and informingly on every subject, from feeding pigs to the latest safety device in railroading or the latest discovery in the field of electricity.

But the thing that astonished me most was his wonderful memory; for, in the course of our conversation, he advised me that the young man who was pressing soap in the little factory in Buffalo I visited in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six was Elbert Hubbard, and that he

had not forgotten the favorable comments I made on the work he was doing. Since that meeting I was no more afraid of the Fra, and we became warm friends. ¶ I relate all this to show that Mr. Hubbard was not only endowed by Nature with a wonderful memory, which is the main essential in the acquirement of knowledge, but that he also knew how to apply and make the best use of Nature's gifts, and from a plain factory-hand rise to a position among the foremost literary giants. Like Mr. Edison, he was a resourceful, indefatigable worker.

Evansville, Ind.

A. Melzer.

ALBERT HUBBARD was my friend, and set for me and others a great example of what it is possible for a man with a great soul and indomitable courage to do.

He was colossal in strength, with the tenderness of a woman. His mind was massive, logical, and analytical to the highest degree, yet free from technical verbiage. His soul was big enough to forgive those who were too small to understand. In this Man among men we had a literary genius who was also a practical businessman, a scholar, a thinker, an efficiency expert, an apostle of advertising and a prolific writer such as our generation has never before known.

He and his wife have started on " Life's most beautiful adventure " to meet and mingle with the good and great men and women who have gone before. In life, " They added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom they did some loving service to bring a blossom to their graves, they would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers."

Chicago, Ill.

W. G. Bryan.

HERE is so much that can be said of Elbert Hubbard, the wonderful writer, the great apostle of ceaseless work well done, through love of work; of study through love of study; of accomplishment through sense of duty loyally performed with faithfulness to the end, that it is clearly beyond my power to attempt to enumerate his virtues. Nor is it necessary: the world knows them and loves him for them.

To one episode in the life of Elbert Hubbard, I am in a position to give direct and original testimony; and that is in regard to the unselfish motive that impelled him to write " A Message to Garcia." Personally I had never met him and he knew me not, except in reference to the manner in which I did my work and played my humble part in the war that was to set Cuba free and give to " a people rightly struggling to be free " a place in the

sun. And it is, with a clear conscience and a clean belief, that I can add that I believe that the same pure motive ever actuated him in his endeavor to emphasize before the world the importance and the value of faithful and efficient effort in carrying through any worthy task, whether set by others or self-assigned. He emphasized before the world the thought that in doing a work for which one is capable, in the best and most thorough manner possible, one is doing a double and not a divided duty, and that one is really working for one's self while working the best one knows how for others. This noble thought enabled him through his matchless diction to engage the attention of the thoughtful in every nation of the world that had a written language. This thought, too, he elaborated afterwards in that fine series of monographs on the work of the great captains of industry and men of accomplishment in our great nation, to the end that many an indifferent worker has become a willing one, and many a callous employer has become a sympathetic and appreciative one. "Give every man credit for the good he has done," said Hubbard, the Great.

Mill Valley, Cal.

A. S. Rowan.

We can never have a noble race of men until we have a noble race of mothers.

FROM the great ones of the earth you have received tributes of love and respect to the memory of Elbert and Alice Hubbard.

Hear now the words of an unknown—one who has never seen the Fra and his wife—one who has not yet enough of the world's wealth to acquire anything more than a fractional part of his writings.

I speak for the multitudes in like situation—young men and women in Canada, Australia, England, Ireland, and in all places where a civilized tongue is spoken. We may be Freethinkers or Catholics, Socialists or Buddhists—it matters not. We are all full of a sense of gratitude to these two people, who have led us out of the wilderness of Petty Thoughts and Paltry Actions into the bright sunlight of Love and Worth. By us he will always be thought of as Fra Elbertus. ¶ To us he was the symbol of success—success won by truth and fearlessness—inspiring us as we stripped for the race of life. To many of us living away from men, in the wastes of Australia, in the prairies of Western Canada, he was an ever real Presence, speaking words of truth and messages of love to us, as we toiled under the sun's hot rays. Alice Hubbard, too; was she not like a sister; to many of us, a mother? To her we would go in spirit for wisdom and consolation, and we came away with full hearts.

Toronto, Canada

G. C. Stubington.

FRA ELBERTUS

FARMER, writer, businessman,
Philanthropist and kind:
The foremost act he did in life
Was the freeing of our mind.
He led the way in great reforms,
But foremost will be said:
He freed our mind from superstition,
Which set the world ahead.

Few geniuses have graced the world
On history's sacred page
To equal Fra Elbertus Hubbard,
East Aurora's famous Sage.
Not only was he versatile,
But foremost will be said:
He freed our mind from superstition,
Which set the world ahead.


Who knew him best, ah, loved him best,
So lovable and kind;
But what the old world needed most
Was freedom of the mind.
He led the way from paths of fear,
Forever 't will be said:
He freed our mind from superstition
And set the world ahead.

The foremost genius of his day
In paths anew and odd,
He led in many ways and thought;
The critics hurled base clod.
His mind too great, his soul too big
On rancor to be fed.
He freed our mind from superstition,
Which set the world ahead.

Our heads are bowed, our hearts are sad,
For his vacant chair today;
And yet we glory in his death—
He 'd have no other way.
He went to rest with the one he loved—
Of them it will be said:
They freed the mind of superstition,
Which set the world ahead.

*Minister Congregational Church
Webster, S. D.*

David V. Bush.

 HE Roycroft Idea, as originated by Elbert and Alice Hubbard, has yet its greatest work to do. Down through the corridors of time their soul-illuminated minds and towering individuality will ever be our inspiration.

And today they stand resplendent, lighting up more than ever the horizon of human consciousness.


And because of their lives, millions will know no more the fear of superstition of the dark ages. And millions more will tear away the masks of a superficial civilization and walk with their heads up and claim their divinity — BECAUSE THEY NOW UNDERSTAND. I am glad I knew them and happy to recall the many pleasant journeys "Afoot with the Fra."

They were everybody's friend: the high and the low, the just and the unjust, alike received their showers of blessings. The bigot, the intolerant, received their smiles. They excluded none.

No greater love had the Carpenter of Nazareth.

*Publisher
Atlanta, Ga.*

R. Lee Sharpe.


WHILE I do not feel that I really can lay any claim to the friendship of Elbert and Alice Hubbard, I particularly enjoyed my visits to the Roycroft Inn, and there is one event that stands out very prominently in my memory regarding Alice Hubbard, and that, her recent visit to the Rochester Ad Club, when she spoke at a Valentine party on the "Opening Door for Women."

It was my pleasure to meet Mrs. Hubbard at the station and to sit next to her at the banquet in the evening. I was particularly impressed by her kindly spirit and her ability to enter into the other fellow's mental bias, and

I was delighted with her talk on the problems of women and their dawning solutions.

No Rochester Ad Man but feels a deep personal loss in the passing away of both Alice and Elbert Hubbard, for we had come to consider them as one of us, and I know we shall cherish the impressions we have of the pleasant comradeship and spiritual thought that have been given to us by both Alice and Elbert Hubbard.

*Lyman's Letter Shop
Rochester, N. Y.*

C. G. Lyman.

DURING the thirteen years I was familiar with Elbert Hubbard and his writings, I grew to love more and more the bigness, wholesomeness, kindness and courage of the man.

¶ In our strolls through the woods at East Aurora, and when he would visit me in New York City, he would relate many good stories, and he had that in his nature which enabled him to laugh when the joke was on him. He stood for everything that was clean, natural and beautiful. He lived the simple but strenuous life. He worked hard mentally, and kept himself physically fit because he understood the value of exercising the body.

He had more working energy than any other man I ever met. He always found time for exercise and sport, whether it was hiking over the hills, wood-chopping,

horseback-riding or baseball. He would discuss the boxing situation with me with the enthusiasm of a fan, and he wound up one of his last letters to me by writing, "So here are love and blessings to all good sports, and if there is no squared circle (boxing-ring) in hell, you and I will arrange one."

We loved him because he loved every man, woman and child of us. If animals and birds could speak they would sing his praises, for he loved them too.

I feel that not only have I lost a friend and The Roycrofters their leader, but the whole world lost a friend and leader when the sage of East Aurora was taken away.

Light-Weight Champion of the World
Venice, Cal.

Freddie Welsh.

IT was my fortune recently to journey to South Bethlehem with Elbert Hubbard, whose tragic death, with others of our citizens, sent such a thrill through the heart of every American, and I had a real example of the walk, play and work idea by this exponent of the simple life. In order that we might leave for South Bethlehem early, it was necessary for us to meet Mr. Hubbard at six-thirty A. M., rather early for Dad, but he was equal to the occasion, and arrived with the rest of us at the Trenton House on time. No Mr. Hubbard. Information elicited the fact that he had left

the hotel, and knowing his habits, we determined he was walking. Such proved to be the fact, for in about twenty minutes he came down Warren Street, hair flying in the breeze, arms swinging, elastic step, and a face which must have shown the effects of his morning walk had it not been covered with a thick coat of tan picked up during twelve months of the year in his outdoor life at home. He informed us that no matter where he was located, he never missed his walk, and on two occasions later in the day, when we were compelled to stop because of tire trouble, he jumped nimbly from the car and proceeded ahead, being picked up later as we resumed our journey. On one of these "walks" Dad joined him, and as the stop was a little longer than usual, they walked five miles before we overtook them. Mr. Hubbard was in fine shape, but his companion—well, I 'll leave that to your own judgment. His ability to do so much really exhaustive work was without doubt gained through his firm belief in the great outdoors.

Trenton, N. J.

Dorothy May Salter.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"Dad" is Dorothy's father, Harry B. Salter, Secretary Trenton Chamber of Commerce.

The brain needs exercise as much as the body, and vicarious thinking is as erroneous as vicarious exercise.

ELBERT HUBBARD

Entertaining and mentally uplifting.

Loyal to the cause of mankind.

Benevolent, beneficent and reverently beloved.

Ever dear to the elect.

Righteous, royal and real remarks.

Tireless in instilling manly and sublime principles.

Honest, honorable and wholesome.

Uplifting a high-grade literary standard.

Bettering the mind and soul.

Bestowing confidence coupled with self-reliance.

Attacking the laggard and the hypocrite.

Rebuking those that preach fear and chicanery.

Devoted to the best interests of society.

San Francisco, Cal.

Aaron Levy.

ALBERT HUBBARD dared to be human, and his daring helped others become so. He put into business life something which was not there before, conceding to it a right to be. He recognized advertising as the advance-guard of the army of progress, rather than as something to be merely tolerated and at best but stealthily negotiated with by respectable professions.

He was an American; and if he died a martyr to that

effete monarchical regime which he so despised and against which he had raised his voice in unmistakable terms, it is but another startling example of the wondrous working of that grim and inexplicable law which some designate as fate and others term "the sport of the gods."

He was an American—and he was a soul unafraid. Undoubtedly he carried the last message as unflinchingly as he had carried the others.

His image will survive in the hearts of those who loved him—an image drawn in lines of higher courage to live simply and to scorn hypocrisy and sham, "to do your work the best you can and be kind."

Los Angeles, Cal.

Olive Gray.

ALBERT and Alice Hubbard genuinely loved Thomas Paine. They loved the spirit of the man and they loved his work in humanity's behalf. Both were zealous in furthering the Paine cause. They were eager to impress upon all people the importance of Paine's writings in politics and religion. Both looked forward to the day when a more general appreciation of the great philosopher would cure the world of many of its ills.

Elbert Hubbard was one of the earliest members of the Thomas Paine National Historical Association, and was

always anxious to help in its work, both by word and by deed. Shortly before he sailed on that last tragic sea-voyage he wrote me offering to do still more for the cause that was so near his heart. On his return from Europe, he wrote, he would deliver a lecture on Thomas Paine, the entire proceeds to go toward furthering the Association's work.

The Paine Association has indeed lost two good friends, and so personally have I.

*President Thomas Paine
National Historical Association
New York City*

W. M. van der Weyde.





HERE is pathos plus a silent but perfect eulogy in the brief announcement which adorns the final cover-page of the July number of "The Philistine"—the little pocket-sized, brown-covered brochure which has come monthly for many years from East Aurora to charm tens of thousands who have loved to listen to the song of a master of superb English and the greatest phrase-maker of the country:

"So here endeth The Philistine—a Periodical of Protest, as written for twenty years and one month by Elbert Hubbard, Pastor of the Flock, and printed every little while for the Society of the Philistines. So passeth the glory of the world!"

Could there be greater tribute to the genius of one man than that there is no one to take his place when he sets out across Death's bar?

How rarely is it given to any person to thus leave a void that can not be filled! Men may be missed—mourned with a depth of sincerity that lives through time; but how often does a man pass without another ready for his place and equal to his tasks?

Yet it is true that when the torpedoed "Lusitania" took Elbert Hubbard to his unmarked grave off Old Head, Kinsale, Ireland, it took the only genius who could pour such swirling, eddying, leaping, tossing epigrams into "The Philistine" as made it a continuously unique epic in contemporary literature. "A voyage with him might take the breath away; you might cling to the rail and call for help, but the exhilaration would quicken your circulation and evolve you away from sluggishness." Though one might violently disagree with Hubbard's philosophy of life, one could no more resist the charm and fascination of his word imagery than one could deny the glories of the rainbow.

The bereft Roycrofters are wise in letting "The Philistine" die with Elbert Hubbard. Its discontinuation is a silent memorial to the genius which made it what it was  .

Kalamazoo, Mich.

G. S. Waite.

FOR years I was a friend and an admirer of Elbert Hubbard—a truly great man with a big heart and a large soul. He was an original thinker; a brilliant writer; and he did a great work for humanity, which will loom larger and larger as the years come and go. He had a following all his own among the thinkers of America, and an influence upon matters of public moment beyond the conception of the ordinary citizen. No one can take his place. He will be mourned by countless thousands.

¶ Elbert Hubbard's work on earth is done; but it was a grand and a glorious work; and he did it like a fearless man who sees the light of truth, and dares to promulgate the truth just because it is the truth. Elbert Hubbard is dead—but yet he lives in the hearts of his myriad friends, and the lovers of Liberty, throughout the world. He hated sham, and cant, and hypocrisy. He fought for the right; and his work for the truth, and the right, and for eternal justice constitutes his monument—and it is a monument more enduring than marble and more lasting than brass.

*Counselor-at-Law
New York City*

Wm. Sulzer.

I have known Elbert Hubbard for many years. He had great influence for good in this part of the country.

*Secretary Board of Trade
Little Rock, Ark.*

Geo. R. Brown.

I HAVE read in "The Fra" the eloquent encomiums on Elbert and Alice Hubbard. While, perhaps, no single one of these sincere expressions of love, admiration and friendship for these dear departed lovers of each other, and of all humanity, gives adequate expression to the sentiments which inspire the whole community, yet the symposium formed by these published communications affords so complete a record, if any such record can be really complete, of these sentiments, that I dare not now intrude what would be comparatively an unsatisfactory and needless addition to the beautiful tributes already rendered ❧ ❧

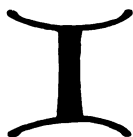
While I regret, as a personal deprivation, the cessation of "The Philistine," yet I must admit that your determination in that regard is the only just course that should have been taken.

For yourself, you have my deepest sympathy in the loss you have sustained, with my earnest wish that you may be successful in the continuation, so far as you have determined they shall be continued, of the works and the aspirations of your father.

*Law Offices of
Hoadly, Lauterbach & Johnson
New York City*

Edward Lauterbach.

Sympathy is the sum of all the virtues.



LOVED Elbert and Alice Hubbard in their individuality. In their personality I knew them but slightly.

Our individuality is bestowed by heredity—by vertical evolution—our personality is superinduced upon this by environment—by horizontal evolution. Elbert Hubbard, in his individuality, possessed a keen, trenchant, brilliant, fearless mind, a sweet and loving temperament, and a strong, intense and vivid character. Alice Hubbard was a truly great woman—a super-woman, in a word—born out of due time. She was not the victim of the social conventions of her day—she was past-grand-mistress of them. She walked her own path through the very midst of these conventions with the balanced serenity of a being born of a higher order of life. And yet she was the most finely human soul that one could possibly conceive—a prophetess in her own individuality of the coming humanity.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Alice Groff.



HERE THEN ENDETH

In Memoriam

AN APPRECIATION OF THOSE TWO GREAT SOULS

ELBERT AND ALICE HUBBARD

DROWNED AT SEA OFF THE OLD HEAD OF

KINSALE, IRELAND

MAY SEVENTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED FIFTEEN

AND WHO, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAK

IN LIVES MADE BETTER



A RECORD OF AFFECTION AND

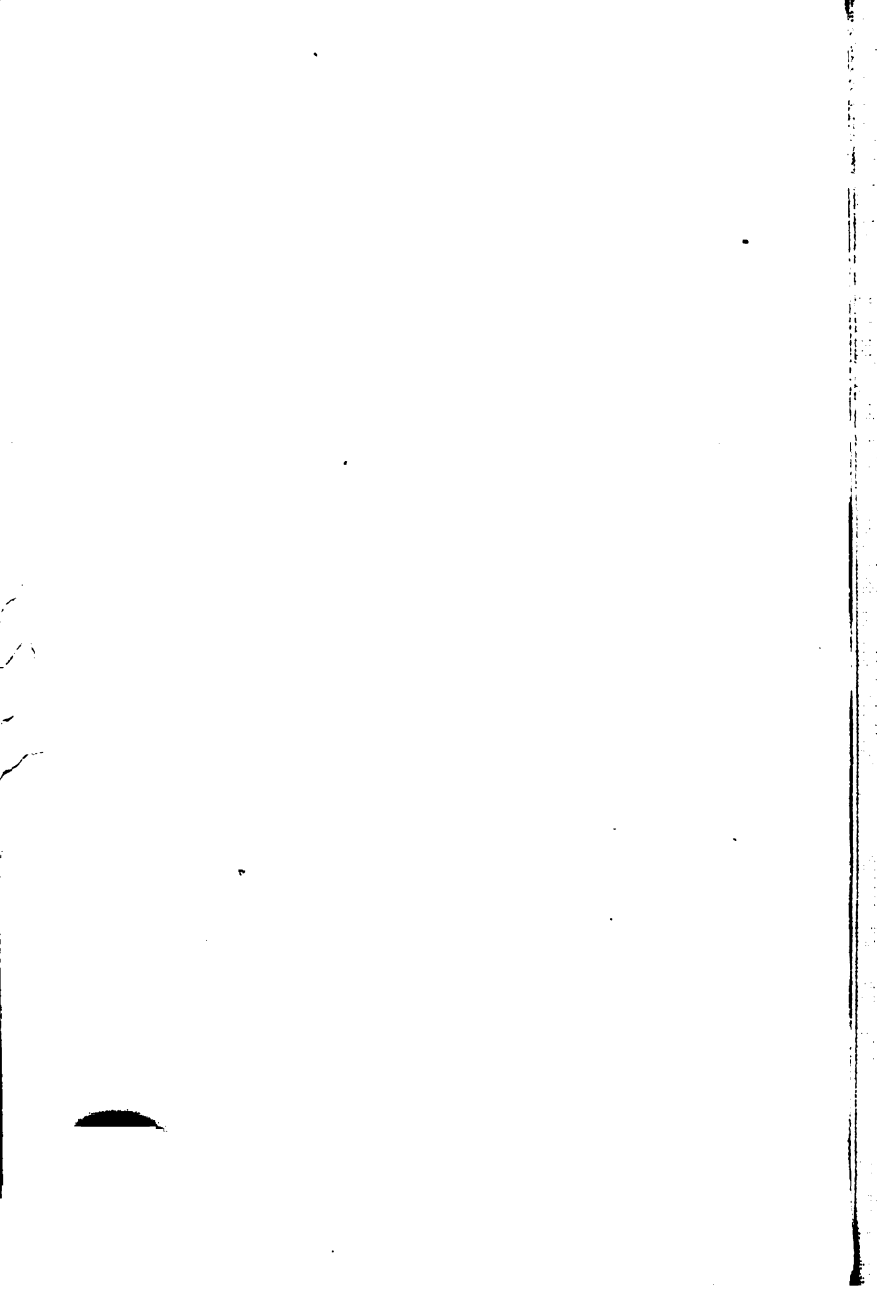
A LABOR OF LOVE

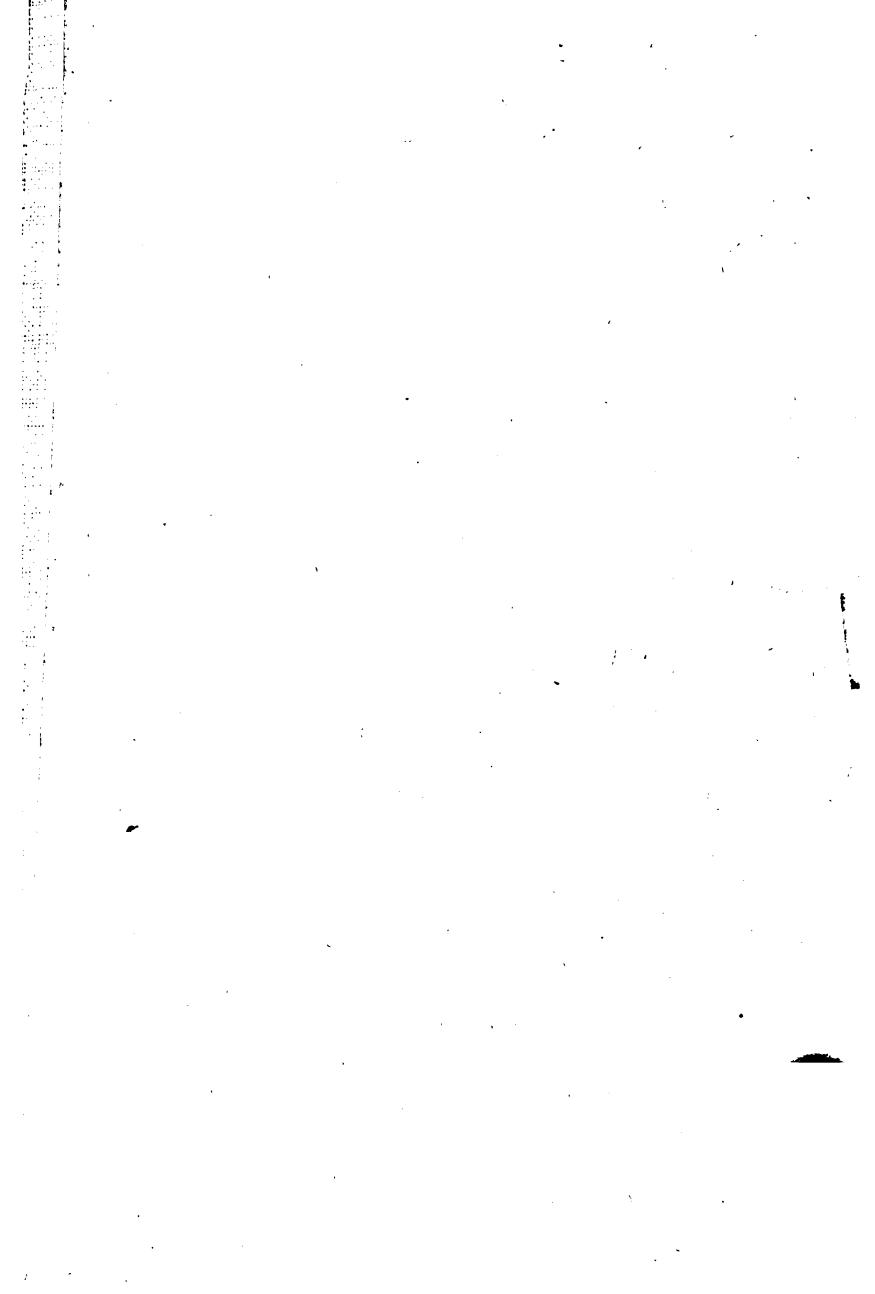


Collected and arranged, secundum artem, by John T. Hoyle, Printing by Charles J. Rosen, Binding by Charles Youngers, Initials, Tailpieces and Cover Design by Roycroft Artists. The whole made into a book by The Roycrofters and finished this Twenty-first Day of September, MCMXV.

Ena

HS





This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

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